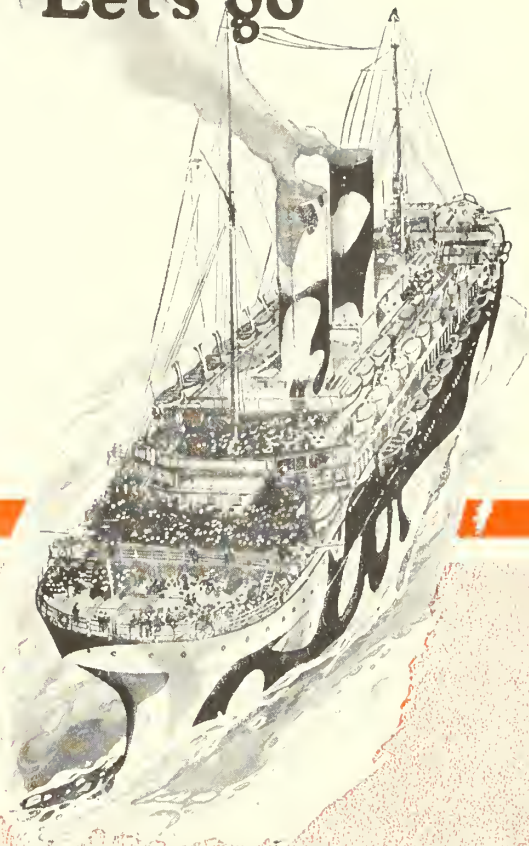


# The **A** MERICAN L E G I O N *Monthly*



Rupert Hughes - Herbert Ravenel Sass  
Samuel Scoville, Jr. - Karl W. Detzer

**"Let's go"**



*The Official Transports*  
*of the*  
**Second A. E. F.**

*Paris, France*

September 19 to 23, 1927

**AMERICAN LINE  
WHITE STAR LINE  
RED STAR LINE  
ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE**

**Canadian Pacific**

**French Line**

**CUNARD  
AND ANCHOR LINES**

**United States Lines**

THE official transports of the second A. E. F. are all de luxe ocean-going liners. Each one is a floating palace! No bunks, mess lines or restrictions. Instead—spacious staterooms, beautiful dining salons and full freedom of the ship. There will be no class restrictions on the transports of the 2nd A. E. F.

Write your state France Convention Officer or communicate with your local representative of any of these official steamship lines for full details concerning the Ninth Annual Convention of the American Legion, Paris, France, September 19-23, 1927.

# WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM- *By Judge Ben B. Lindsey*

**P**ELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a *great* driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that *preventable* inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America, by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic and scientific exercise, and secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic here in America, where institutions and resources join to put success within the reach of every individual. In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By *failure* I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its workings, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization;



JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole civilized world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. He says,

**"The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* 'take care of itself.' Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort, just as muscles can be developed by exercise."**

it makes the student *discover* himself, it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* "take care of itself." Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts, but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some *single* sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

(Signed) BEN LINDSEY.

*Note:* As Judge Lindsey has pointed out Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century it has been showing men and women how to lead happy, successful, well-rounded lives. 600,000 Pelmanists in every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for you.

No matter what your own particular difficulties are—poor memory, mind wandering, indecision, timidity, nervousness or lack of personality—Pelmanism will show you the way to correct and overcome them. And on the positive side, it will uncover and develop qualities which you never dreamed existed in you. It will be of direct, tangible value to you in your business and social life. In the files at the Pelman Institute of America are hundreds of letters from successful Pelmanists telling how they doubled, trebled and even quadrupled their salaries, thanks to Pelman training.

"Scientific Mind Training" is the name of the absorbingly interesting booklet which tells about Pelmanism in detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and clear observation. "Scientific Mind Training" makes an interesting addition to your library.

Your copy is waiting for you. It is absolutely free. Simply fill out the coupon and mail it today. It costs you nothing, it obligates you to nothing, but it is absolutely sure to show you the way to success and happiness. Don't put it off and then forget about it. Don't miss a big opportunity. MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

**THE PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA**  
Suite 107 71 West 45th St., New York City

*Approved as a correspondence school under the laws of the State of New York*

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA,  
Suite 107, 71 West 45th St., New York.

Please send me without obligation your free 64-page booklet, "Scientific Mind Training."

Name -----

Address -----

City ----- State -----



# The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



## Contents

COVER DESIGN:	by Howard Chandler Christy		
	<i>The Indian squaw Sacajawea guiding the Lewis and Clark expedition</i>		
THE MESSAGE CENTER		by The Editor	4
THE INVISIBLE FORCE		by Elisabeth Marbury	6
	<i>Decoration by Walter Jardine</i>		
THE WOLF MOON		by Samuel Scoville, Jr.	9
	<i>Illustrations by Clark Agnew</i>		
THERE'S ONLY ONE KIND OF AMERICANISM		by Rupert Hughes	12
	<i>Decorations by William Heaslip</i>		
REILLY'S BATTERY		by Fairfax Downey	14
	<i>Decoration by Howard McCormick</i>		
THE TWO THAT KILLED THE TWENTY		by Herbert Ravenel Sass	18
	<i>Illustrations by Remington Schuyler</i>		
YOU AND YOUR BANK		by Arthur Reynolds	22
	<i>Photographic illustration by Underwood and Underwood Studios</i>		
THE AFFAIR AT THE SPANISH RESTAURANT		by Karl W. Detzer	24
	<i>Illustrations by Kenneth Camp</i>		
EDITORIAL		with cartoon by John Cassel	28
PUT UP OR SHUT UP		by Jack O'Donnell	30
	<i>Illustrations by Paul Brown</i>		
FOR AULD LANG SYNE: PHOTOGRAPHS			32
THEY ALSO SERVE: PART SIX		by Peter B. Kyne	34
	<i>Illustrations by Cyrus LeRoy Baldrige</i>		
STRICTLY BUSINESS		by Woodward Boyd	38
A PERSONAL VIEW		by Frederick Palmer	41
TEN YEARS AGO		by Wallgren	42
BURSTS AND DUDS		with cartoons by Paul Carruth	43
FIRST AID		by Clara Ingram Judson	44
KEEPING STEP		by Right Guide	46
THEN AND NOW		by The Company Clerk	55
ON TO PARIS		with photographs by Yvon	59

### THE STARS IN THE FLAG

**VIRGINIA:** Oldest of the thirteen original colonies. In 1584, Sir Walter Raleigh claimed much of the eastern coastal region of North America for England by right of discovery and his ill-starred attempt at colonization. In 1607 colonists established the first permanent English settlement in America at Jamestown. Despite struggles against the forces of nature and the Indians, the commonwealth thrived and prospered, especially after John Rolfe, the husband of Pocahontas, discovered a way to cure tobacco. To work the large plantations, the colonists early imported Negro slaves. In 1619, when the Virginia Company granted the colonists the right to govern themselves, the first representative government in America assembled at Williamsburg. Virginia, as a colony and as a State remained first in population until 1820, when



New York took the lead. Virginia once included, among other territory, the region that is now Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, a part of Illinois, and West Virginia. Virginia has mothered eight Presidents—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, William Henry Harrison, Tyler, Taylor and Wilson. Population: 1,700,747,610; 1926 (U. S. Census Bureau est.) 2,518,580. Virginia had 91,623 men and women in service during the World War. The State motto is "Sic Semper Tyrannis"—"Thus Ever to Tyrants." Sir Walter Raleigh named the region of which the present State of Virginia formed a part in honor of Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, who sponsored the expedition of discovery. Capital: Richmond, (U. S. Census Bureau est., 1926), 189,000. Three largest cities: Richmond, Norfolk, Roanoke.

ROBERT F. SMITH, *General Manager*

T. H. LAINE, *Advertising Manager*

JOHN T. WINTERICH, *Editor*

The American Legion Monthly is the official publication of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright, 1927, by the Legion Publishing Corporation. Published monthly at Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second class matter January 5, 1925, at the Post Office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. Price, single copy 25 cents; yearly subscription, in the United States and possessions of the United States \$1.50, in Canada \$2., in other countries \$2.50. In reporting change of address, be sure to include the old address as well as the new. Publication Office, Indianapolis, Ind.; Eastern Advertising Office, 331 Madison Avenue, New York City; Western Advertising Office, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.



**\$7,500 a Year!**

C. W. Birmingham of Ohio was formerly a clerk in a shop, earning \$15 a week. Within a short time he has increased his earnings 900% so that, today, he is making \$7,500 a year. The book—"Modern Salesmanship"—proved the first rung in his ladder to Success!



**Over \$10,000 a Year**

C. V. Champion of Illinois counts it a "red letter day" when he first read this remarkable book—"Modern Salesmanship." He says "It enabled me to learn more, earn more, and BE MORE!" Today he is president of his company and his earnings exceed \$10,000 a year!



**\$1,000 a Week**

O. D. Oliver, of Norman, Okla., was local manager of a mercantile business for 17 years—finally getting \$200 a month. "Modern Salesmanship" opened his eyes and started him on the road to big pay. Today he earns more in a week than he previously earned in 5 months—or \$1,000 in the last 7 days!



**\$7,286 Last Year**

F. G. Walsh was a clerk earning \$1,000 a year, and trying to support a wife and three children. He had to do something. N. S. T. A. training built up his income last year to \$7,286—an increase of over 700 percent.

# -and They Started By Reading This Amazing Book!

Now—For a Limited Time Only This Remarkable Man-Building, Salary-Raising Volume Is Offered FREE to Every Ambitious Man! If You Ever Aspire to Earn \$10,000 a Year or More, Read It Without Fail.

## Where Shall We Send Your Copy FREE?

**A** BOOK! Just seven ounces of paper and printer's ink—but it contains the most vivid and inspiring message any ambitious man can ever read! It reveals the facts and secrets that have led hundreds of ambitious men to the success beyond their fondest expectations! So powerful and far-reaching has been the influence of this little volume, that it is no wonder a famous business genius has called it "The Most Amazing Book Ever Printed."

This vital book—"Modern Salesmanship" contains hundreds of surprising and little-known facts about the highest paid profession in the world. It reveals the real truth about the art of selling. It blasts dozens of old theories, explains the science of selling in simple terms, and tells exactly how the great sales records of nationally-known star salesmen are achieved. And not only that—it outlines a simple plan that will enable almost any man to master scientific salesmanship without spending

years on the road—without losing a day or dollar from his present position.

### What This Astonishing Book Has Done!

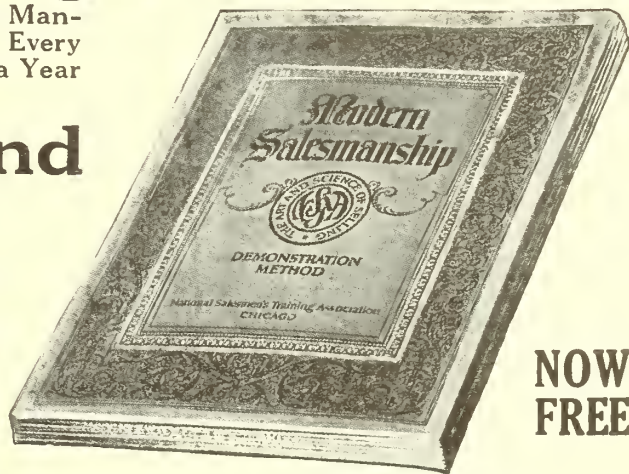
The achievements of this remarkable book have already won worldwide recognition. The men who have increased their earning capacities as a direct result of reading "Modern Salesmanship" are numbered in the thousands. For example, there is E. E. Williams of California who was struggling along in a minor position at a small salary. "Modern Salesmanship" opened his eyes to things he had never dreamed of—and he cast his lot with the National Salesmen's Training Association. Within a few short months of simple preparation, he was earning \$10,000 a year! Today he receives as much in 30 days as he used to receive in 365!

And then there's J. H. Cash of Atlanta. He, too, read "Modern Salesmanship" and found the answer within its pages. He quickly raised his salary from \$75 to \$500 a month and has every reason to hope for an even more brilliant future. And still they come! W. D. Clenny of Kansas City commenced making as high as \$850 a month. F. M. Harris, a former telegrapher, became sales manager at \$6,000 a year. O. H. Malfroot of Massachusetts became sales manager of his firm at a yearly income of over \$10,000!

### A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

There was nothing "different" about these men when they started. Any man of average intelligence can duplicate the success they have achieved—for their experience *proves* that salesmen are *made*—not born, as some people have foolishly believed.

Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet. And through the *National Demonstration Method*—an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. system of SALESMANSHIP training—you can acquire the equivalent of actual experience while studying. Hundreds of men who never sold goods in their lives credit a large portion of their success to this remarkable training.



**NOW FREE**

### Free to Every Man

If we were asking several dollars a copy for "Modern Salesmanship" you might hesitate. But it is now FREE. We cannot urge you too strongly to take advantage of this opportunity to see for yourself what salesmanship has done for others—and what the National Salesmen's Training Association stands ready and willing to do for you. Find out exactly what the underlying principles of salesmanship are—and how you can put them to work for you. No matter what your opinion is now, "Modern Salesmanship" will give you a new insight into this fascinating and highly-paid profession. Mail the coupon now!



Dept. H-20, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Assn., Dept. H-20, N. S. T. A. Building, Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "Modern Salesmanship"

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_ Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

### \$4,800 Increase

"It is a privilege to tell of the many good things I have received from studying the N. S. T. A. Course. After graduation, your employment department offered me choice of representing 48 firms (some service!). I mention this to show the great advantage of being connected with N. S. T. A."

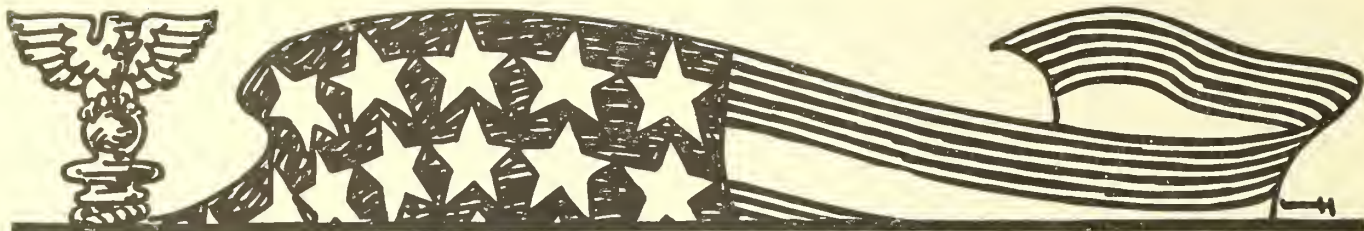
"Last year I made over \$100 a week and expect to make \$7,000 this year. Some increase since my enrollment!"

—F. B. Englehardt, Chattanooga, Tenn.

### \$30 a Day

"Before taking the N. S. T. A. course I was a telegraph operator at \$200 a month. I am now selling paint and find it easy to make \$20 a day. Today I have made \$30. I have made as high as \$200 a day which is what I previously got for one month. I do not hesitate to state that I owe my success entirely to N. S. T. A."

—H. J. Frey, Pa.



# THE \* MESSAGE \* CENTER

**F**IVE new names added to the honor roll of Legionnaires who have read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" clean through swells the total to ten. The idea of the honor roll was born with Gene Tunney's article in the March issue in which he admitted he had struggled through it. Harry L. Symonds of Pawhuska, Oklahoma, read it about three years ago. Dr. Vernon Blythe of Paducah, Kentucky, found time for the task "a number of years ago, while patiently building the foundation of my present professional practise." Loyal J. Miller of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, got a set of Gibbon as a Christmas present when he was fifteen years old, dipped into the first volume but didn't read it through, read H. G. Wells's "Outline of History" after the war and noted the frequent references to Gibbon, decided to tackle Gibbon again and rode triumphantly through the whole works. Edward E. Fuchs, Secretary of the Americanization Committee of the King's County American Legion (Brooklyn, New York), declares his eligibility and adds: "I wish you could allow me to have the space in your paper to describe my impressions of this greatest work on history of all time."

**N**OW stand aside, gents, for a minute while we introduce the first lady to join the club. Meet Virginia L. Montgomery, Adjutant of Sgt. Alfred Stevenson Post of Chester, Pennsylvania, and former navy nurse. Miss Montgomery writes: "May a member of the feminine staff of the Legion declare herself a candidate for honors among those immortals who have waded through Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire'? Although I am a fiend for history and found tremendous interest in those pages, I must confess it did not give me half the kick I got from attending my first prize fight when our Tunney wrote history all over Jack Dempsey's face one memorable night in Philadelphia."

**W**HEN "The Black Devil" appeared in the March issue—by Samuel Scoville, Jr., whose "The Wolf Moon" is published in the present number—we went out of our way to remark that the wolverine, hero of "The Black Devil," "is certainly the only animal in history who has had both a State and a train named after him." Perry H. Woods of Syracuse (New York) Post writes: "The World Almanac gives Oregon the nickname of Beaver and Train 44 on the New York Central (the same railroad which runs the Wolverine) is called the Beaver. Getting away from animals

into bird lore, Louisiana is called the Pelican State, and there's a fast train to the South called the Pelican, though I'm not sure over which road it runs." Investigation shows that the New York Central formerly had a train called the Beaver, but the name has been abandoned in deference to the insignia of the Canadian Pacific, whose coat of arms is a beaver couchant (heraldry for bunk fatigue). The Canadian Pacific has an Alouette (Lark) and a Redwing running from Boston to Montreal, the Illinois Central has a Flamingo, and practically every railroad that runs a night train has an Owl, but unfortunately no States are named after any of these critters. A reasonably exhaustive search fails to locate a train named the Pelican. Can any railroad expert enlighten us?

**R**EADERS of the Monthly will welcome the reappearance of Karl W. Detzer, whose D. C. I. stories were one of the most popular features ever published in the old Weekly. Mr. Detzer, as a captain in the Division of Criminal Investigation, was in charge of the Le Mans office of that department during the great homeward-bound movement of American troops in 1919, when the quiet little cathedral town of central Brittany suddenly became one of the principal junction points in the universe and the Le Mans office of the D. C. I. a crime-detecting center of metropolitan proportions. Mr. Detzer's Weekly stories are available in book form under the title "True Tales of the D. C. I."

**T**HE story which Mr. Detzer contributes to this issue is not, however, a D. C. I. story. Its heroes are those erstwhile recipients of a big share of the A. E. F.'s most colorful abuse—the M. P.'s. "Perhaps no crime in the history of the A. E. F. caused more discussion, resulted in more public anger or gave birth to more false rumors than the affair at the Spanish Restaurant," Mr. Detzer writes us concerning the story in the present number. "Since the first D. C. I. stories appeared in the Weekly, scores of readers have asked especially for this incident. The writer replied each time that the Military Police handled the case without any assistance, that only the aftermath came to the attention of the Le Mans office of the D. C. I., and that he did not remember the details. But here at last is the story, with details supplied by R. E. Flora, the officer who solved the mystery. The names of aggressor and victim are fictitious, but the facts are there." Incidentally, another book by Mr. Detzer ought to be coming

off the press about the time this is printed—"The Masked Man," a thrilling sea story in which the action occurs several hundred miles from salt water. There ought to be a clue to its whereabouts in the fact that Mr. Detzer spends his summers at Leland, Michigan.

**F**AIRFAX DOWNEY, who tells the epic story of Reilly's Battery, has an interest in that great moment in Field Artillery history apart from the fact that Mr. Downey himself was an artillery lieutenant in France. The son of an army officer stationed in the Philippines, Mr. Downey, then a youngster a long, long way from his teens, can recall Captain Reilly himself as a visitor to his home just before he left for Peking . . . Remington Schuyler, who illustrates "The Two That Killed the Twenty," by Herbert Ravenel Sass, is a faithful and accurate student of Indian lore and history. In the decorative strip at the top of page 19 he has retold Mr. Sass's story in picture language. Can anyone translate it? Mr. Schuyler's own translation will be published in a later issue after the cash customers have had a chance at it.

**E**LISABETH MARBURY, author and authors' representative, has decorations from the French Government for services to French men of letters and from the United States, Belgium and Italy for her work in the World War. Several hundred thousand members of the A. E. F. will recall her wearing a K. of C. uniform. Not long ago she published a book of reminiscences under the title "My Crystal Ball" . . . Arthur Reynolds, a banker since 1888, is president of the Continental and Commercial National Bank and the Continental and Commercial Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago, and a former president of the American Bankers Association . . . Jack O'Donnell is a nationally known sports writer, with an extra accent on horses . . . Clara Ingram Judson, Woodward Boyd (Mrs. Thomas Boyd), Rupert Hughes and Herbert Ravenel Sass are frequent contributors to the Monthly.

**N**EXT month, according to a time-honored and pleasant magazine tradition, a special accent on fiction, with stories by Hugh Wiley, Leonard H. Nason and Mary Clare Davron. And Booth Tarkington on Paris.

*The Editor*

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

# Absolutely —

# THE LAST CALL!

If you want to go on the greatest Pilgrimage in history

## The Second A. E. F.

Your application must be in the hands of your D. F. C. O. on or before

# JULY 15, 1927

Below are the names of the Department France Convention Officers. Look for the name of the D. F. C. O. in your State and get in touch with him today for full particulars.

STATE	FRANCE CONVENTION OFFICER	LINE	STEAMER	PORT	SAILS SEPT.	STATE	FRANCE CONVENTION OFFICER	LINE	STEAMER	PORT	SAILS SEPT.
Ala.	S. C. Crockett, P.O. Box 433, Montgomery.....	SEE FOOT NOTE				N.H.	Frank N. Sawyer, State House, Concord.....	Cun.	Seythia	B.	8th
Ark.	E. H. Vonderau, 623 Pecan St., Helena.....	SEE FOOT NOTE				N.J.	Geo. F. Fleming, State House, Trenton.....	Frs.	Savoie	N.Y.	9th
Ariz.	Robert H. Dickson, Box 422, Jerome.....	Frs.	Chicago	G.	1st	N.M.	Herman G. Baca, Santa Fe.....	Frs.	Chicago	G.	1st
Cal.	Al Chase, 4176 Montgomery St., Oakland.....	Frs.	DeGrasse	N.Y.	8th	N.Y.	Robert C. Lee, 5 Broadway, New York City....	Cun.	Caledonia	N.Y.	8th
	M. A. Bessolo, Jr., 347 Pac. Elec. Bldg., Los Angeles }					N.C.	James Leonard, Lexington.....	I.M.M.	Pennland	H.R.	8th
Conn.	J. Frederick Collins, c/o Allen Bros., Greenwich.....	I.M.M.	{Arabic Celtic	N.Y. N.Y.	2d 8th	N.D.	Jack Williams, Fargo.....	C.P.	Montnair	Que.	9th
Colo.	E. C. Calhoun, Rm. 14 Capitol Bldg., Denver...	U.S.	Republic	N.Y.	7th	Ohio	J. J. Saslavsky, 335 S. High St., Columbus....	I.M.M.	{Arabic Celtic	N.Y. N.Y.	2d 8th
D.C.	Joseph J. Idler, 2135 4th St., N. E., Washington	I.M.M.	Pennland	H.R.	8th	Okla.	Fred W. Hunter, 418 State Capitol, Oklahoma City	Cun.	Antonia	N.Y.	8th
Del.	Lester P. Hudson, 2618 Van Buren St., Wilmington	Frs.	Savoie	N.Y.	9th	Ore.	Carl R. Moser, 207 Chamber of Commerce, Portland	C.P.	Montnair	Que.	9th
		I.M.M.	Pennland	H.R.	8th	Pa.	James J. Deighan, 903 City Centre Bldg., Phila.	Cun.	Tuscania	N.Y.	8th
Fla.	Rice King, 516 Graham Bldg., Jacksonville.....	SEE FOOT NOTE				R.I.	Joseph Crump, 7 Weybosset St., Providence....	I.M.M.	{Arabic Celtic	N.Y. N.Y.	2d 8th
		Frs.	LaSalle	N.O.	2d	S.C.	Sam L. Latimer, Jr., 1224 Green St., Columbia..	SEE FOOT NOTE			
Ga.	Joe M. Carr, Rome.....	SEE FOOT NOTE				S.D.	Walter S. Travis, 452 Broadway, Pierre.....	U.S.	Harding	N.Y.	9th
Idaho	Lester F. Albert, 316 Capitol Bldg., Boise.....	C.P.	Melita	M.	9th	Tenn.	Guy H. May, Memorial Bldg., Nashville.....	I.M.M.	Pennland	H.R.	8th
Ill.	Floyd J. Heckel, Bloomington.....	Cun.	Caronia	N.Y.	8th	Texas	Allen C. Ater, 1116 Commerce Street, Dallas...	Frs.	Chicago	G.	1st
Ind.	Kleher Hadley, 777 N. Meridian St., Ind'p't's...	I.M.M.	{Arabic Celtic	N.Y. N.Y.	2d 8th	Utah	Spencer Eccles, Logan.....	U.S.	Republic	N.Y.	7th
Iowa	R. J. Laird, 1003 Reg. and Trib. Bldg., Des Moines	I.M.M.	{Arabic Celtic	N.Y. N.Y.	2d 8th	Va.	J. A. Nicholas, Jr., 201 State Office Bldg., Richmond	I.M.M.	Pennland	H.R.	8th
Kan.	Ernest A. Ryan, Memorial Bldg., Topeka.....	I.M.M.	{Arabic Celtic	N.Y. N.Y.	2d 8th	Vt.	Robert McCuen, Federal Bldg., Burlington....	Cun.	Seythia	B.	8th
Ky.	Paul Jagielky, Crutcher & Starks Bldg., Louisville	I.M.M.	Pennland	H.R.	8th	Wash.	Jesse W. Drain, 509 Third Avenue, Seattle.....	C.P.	Montroyal	Que.	9th
La.	R. L. Mouton, Royal and Conti Sts., New Orleans	Frs.	LaSalle	N.O.	2d	W.Va.	Jackson Arnold, Weston.....	I.M.M.	Pennland	H.R.	8th
Me.	James J. Boyle, 108 Main St., Waterville.....	Cun.	Seythia	B.	8th	Wis.	Howard Dessert, Mosinee.....	C.P.	Melita	M.	9th
Md.	Kenneth A. McRae, Riverdale.....	Frs.	Savoie	N.Y.	9th	Wyo.	E. A. Froyd, Midwest.....	I.M.M.	{Arabic Celtic	N.Y. N.Y.	2d 8th
Mass.	Henry Nicolls, 158 State House, Boston.....	Cun.	Seythia	B.	8th	All States.....		U.S.	Leviathan	N.Y.	10th
Mich.	Robert J. Byers, 214 Lincoln Bldg., Detroit.....	C.P.	Montroyal	Que.	9th						
Mont.	O. C. Lamport, Helena.....	C.P.	Montroyal	Que.	9th						
Minn.	Edwin L. Lindell, Old Capitol Bldg., St. Paul...	C.P.	Montnair	Que.	9th						
Miss.	John Anderson, c/o I.C.R.R. Sta., Jackson.....	SEE FOOT NOTE									
Mo.	Jerry F. Duggan, 3709 Broadway, Kansas City...	I.M.M.	{Arabic Celtic	N.Y. N.Y.	2d 8th						
Neb.	Nels E. Johnson, Valley.....	U.S.	Republic	N.Y.	7th						
NeV.	F. W. Egelston, Reno.....	I.M.M.	{Arabic Celtic	N.Y. N.Y.	2d 8th						

**Key to the points of embarkation and official steamship lines:**  
 Ports—M., Montreal; Que., Quebec; B., Boston; N.Y., New York; H.R., Hampton Roads; N.O., New Orleans; G., Galveston.  
 Lines—C.P., Canadian Pacific; Cun., Cunard and Anchor; Frs., French; I.M.M., International Mercantile Marine (including Royal Mail, White Star and Red Star); U.S., United States.

**NOTE—SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR ARKANSAS, ALABAMA, MISSISSIPPI, GEORGIA AND SOUTH CAROLINA.** On account of the elimination of the Charleston sailing, Legionnaires and other eligibles from Arkansas, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia and South Carolina have the privilege of sailing on any official line and from any official port they desire, but the same official line must in all cases be used both ways.

# THE INVISIBLE FORCE

By  
*Elisabeth  
Marbury*

**L**ITTLE thoughts, little deeds, little towns, little men all have their places. That which is considered unimportant often springs into importance overnight.

Hark back over the years. What do you remember of advice and of comment which was really helpful? Not the long-winded eternal orations, not the volumes of pertinent quotations which seem to be especially appropriate to your failings and to your iniquities, but the few words which, while pointing to a better way, were so inspired to fit your particular case that they remained with you during the balance of your formative period, seeming in the after years an influence which colored and altered your whole moral direction.

Once a tiny lad thrust his thumb into a hole in a dyke, thus saving a village from the flood which threatened it. The small things of life are at times the liquid cement which binds life together. There is not always room for the large pieces. Watch a man building a stone wall.

Pins are small. Crowbars are large. Yet who can deny that the former fill a universal need much more than do the latter? The best goods, we are familiarly told, come in the smallest packages.

Look over the history of any nation and you will find its destinies were often in the hands of the small and of the weak. After all, Napoleon found his place on the map of the world as the Little Corporal.

Examine the composition of every large organization and single out the man who is rarely seen outside of it, who enjoys no title in it, yet who may have been the chief lubricant of this mighty machine for years, understanding not merely every phase of the vast business, but knowing the values and the limitations of every man conspicuous through his visible importance. This little employe is in fact the vital neces-

*Decoration by  
Walter Jardine*



sity of the whole corporation. It is he who has every bit of data at his fingertips. It is he who is familiar with all precedent. It is he who supplies every vacuum and who points to every oversight. His memory is accurate beyond all compute. No office file can rival it. He is always on hand to call upon, and never once has he failed his chiefs at a time of emergency.

Is there any lawyer's office of standing which has not one clerk of this description? One man who gathers the data, who sifts it, who rejects what is of no consequence while compiling those details which may win the case and justify the large compensation demanded ultimately by the firm? Day by day he is the nerve-saver in the establishment. It is this under-paid, unobtrusive employe who is the mainspring of the machinery.

Thus it goes in every circle of life. The history of the world is the chronicle of the invisible people, for it is they who have made history and who have dominated it. How obscure were most of the saints until they had passed beyond, leaving behind them the trail of spiritual beauty, of human fortitude, and of God-given inspiration which has tied them up to contemporaneous life throughout the centuries!

And whose voice has carried through the ages compelling listeners today, that is more poignant or more convincing, than that of the Fisherman of Galilee? The son of a carpenter, the man who lived a short life of some thirty-odd years, the man of humble surroundings, without either wealth or education, yet who became the pivot of enduring faith, the inspirer to life, the comforter in death. Before Him the mighty of the world have bowed. He was the stone which the builders rejected, yet upon whom the cathedrals of the world were raised in their majesty and in their glory.





Free  
to you!



YOUR copy of the 1927 Emblem Catalogue is ready to mail. Write for it today. It's free to Legionnaires.

This interesting booklet illustrates and describes many useful and attractive articles, all of which bear the American Legion emblem, and all of which are moderately priced. And none but Legionnaires may profit by the low prices!

The selection includes *rings, jewelry, post supplies, flags, post banners, caps, grave markers, automatic lighters, auto emblems* and a score of other attractive and practical emblem combinations, all of which have been designed for your personal use.

The coupon brings your FREE copy of this interesting catalogue beautifully illustrated in colors. Mail it today!

THE AMERICAN LEGION  
Emblem Division  
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Gentlemen:

Please send me a FREE copy of the 1927 Emblem Catalogue. It is understood that this will in no way obligate me.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Post No. \_\_\_\_\_ Dept. \_\_\_\_\_

7-27

THE AMERICAN LEGION

Emblem Division

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

**July 2<sup>nd</sup>**  
**is the last day**  
**to convert**  
**GOVERNMENT**  
**INSURANCE**



**Write to nearest office of the Veterans Bureau  
in your State, or to the Insurance Division,  
Veterans Bureau, Washington, D. C.—DO IT NOW!**

**TOMORROW WILL BE TOO LATE!!**

# The WOLF MOON

By  
Samuel Scoville, Jr.

Illustrations by  
Clark Agnew

THE January day was a pearl set in silver. In the south the sun burned low through the frost-haze, a mass of soft white fire. Solemn firs thrust their pointed heads like black tourmalines above the hills, whose slopes were sea-green with pines.

As twilight came in a mist of opal and violet, bands of peach-blossom and dove-color showed in the east and the rim of the full moon wheeled above the trees, pale as a bubble at the horizon. Below, the dark spread a slow stain across the snow, and the stars flared like lamps through the peacock blue of the winter night.

In the deep of that wild, northern country towered Doomsday Mountain, grim and black even in the fairy moonlight. Far up its western slope was the tiny cabin of young Dan Marston, the trapper who had married the still younger Joan Lester of Lester's Valley, the smallest village in all that lone land.

Joan was scarce seventeen, with an ivory skin and eyes in which lurked, behind long, fringed lashes, all the glamour and the beauty of the night. Moreover, her lips turned up at the corners and her murky hair drowned her tiny ears, nor could anyone ever tell what she was going to do next. Although there had been many a man who was willing to spend his life in trying to find out, Joan had chosen Dan from them all, and they were spending their honeymoon at his trapping shack along the slope of Doomsday.

Joan was trapper-bred herself, for she was the great-granddaughter of old Dave Lester, the trapper and wolf-hunter who, a hundred years before, had won Lester's Valley from a pack of black wolves. Again and again they had hunted and harried and besieged him in his cabin. Yet always, with the grim and dogged

courage which was characteristic of the man, he had fought them back with trap and bullet and knife, until at last he had won the Valley for himself and made it the last settlement on the edge of the unconquered North.

When Dave lay a-dying on the night of the Wolf Moon, as trappers have named the full moon of January, the watchers

*Suddenly from clear across the mountain he heard the sinister sound that had come to Joan's ears earlier in the evening*



about his bedside heard at midnight—so the story runs—faint and far-away, the howl of a wolf-pack, although no wolves had been encountered near the Valley for half a hundred years.

Louder and louder came the chorus chiming down the side of Doomsday like death-bells in the dark. Then, as they rose to a terrible and triumphant crescendo, the old man sat up with the death-sweat on his forehead.

"They've come to see me off," he muttered grimly, and sank back dead, while the cry of the pack changed to a long, retreating wail that became fainter and fainter until it died away on the distant slope of the mountain.

From that time dated a belief rife in the Valley, that the night of the new year's moon was an unlucky one for those of the Lester blood, and some of the older generation of that family always stayed indoors while the Wolf Moon was in the sky.

Yet this evening, as Joan stood in the doorway of her cabin, no memory of such a superstition came to vex her. Instead, the magic and the mystery of the moonlight seemed to mingle with her very blood and call her forth into a land of enchantment where everything was strange and new and lovely.

Dan had started for the Valley early that morning to bring back supplies and by this time must be well on his way home, and, as the girl drew in deep draughts of the dry, frosty air, tingling through her veins like iced wine, she suddenly resolved to follow the path which he had taken and meet him.

Slipping on her long skis, in a moment she was speeding down the trail which ran like a silver brook through the forest. Above her the climbing moon was a bowl of frozen gold, while great Jupiter flared from mid-sky with darting gleams and sparkles of light such as metal gives when burned in oxygen. The woods stretched away before her, still as sleep, and only the steady *thut thut* of her flashing skis broke the silence. Suddenly a hollow, menacing voice sounded through the silvered quiet.

"Who, who, who-who?" it called across the snow. Twice more the ghostly notes echoed through the trees, and a black cloud seemed to drift by with the gleam of terrible eyes in its depths as that death-in-the-dark, the great horned owl, passed her on muffled wings.

Forest-born, the girl did not even turn her head at the weird cry but hurried on down the trail which stretched away moon-white among the sepia shadows. Soon she had left the cabin miles behind and began to look for Dan around every bend in the path. On either side of the trail the trees seemed to stalk beside her like dim monsters as she ran, while her shadow danced ahead, a black, gigantic goblin.

Once a white-winged cross-bill, misled by the moon, awoke in the depths of a black-purple spruce and sang a snatch of his golden song to welcome the dawn, so many weary hours away.

Then, so far off that it seemed but a pin-point of sound pricked into the vast stillness, came the ghost of a cry. As the seconds ticked by, it sounded again louder, and closer, like the wail of



some disembodied spirit. Loneliness, hunger, midnight, all were in that sound and something more, something of horror and inhuman cruelty. Always it drew near and nearer, as the girl sped across the blue-shadowed snow, shot here and there with faint gleams of emerald and violet.

Once more the high, wavering cry cut the stillness like a thin, keen blade, and this time through its unearthly cadence thrilled a menace implacable as death itself. Suddenly, to the girl, the shrouded trees by her side seemed to be moving forward in an endless funeral procession and the splendor of the night but a cruel enchantment, for as the wild, ululating voices came closer, she knew at last with a sudden check at her heart that the wolves had come back to Doomsday and were even now on her trail.

It was too late to turn back, but she suddenly remembered that a few miles ahead was a deserted cabin where an old French trapper had once lived many years before. That refuge once gained, she might make herself safe until dawn, and she flashed down the long trail at full speed.

Hurry as she would, however, Death followed faster. Even as Joan reached the bottom of the long slope, which sparkled before her in a great curve of crystal, there burst out from behind the crest of the hill the voice of the pack in full cry.

Looking back the girl nearly fainted at what she saw. Instead of the gray and black wolves which used to infest Doomsday in old Dave Lester's time, down the slope came such a pack as no man had ever seen before below the Circle which rings the Pole. Driven down by hunger were twelve Arctic wolves, white as the snow beneath them, gaunt, terrible brutes, weighing perhaps a hundred and fifty pounds apiece, for only super-wolves can win through the frozen dark of the Far North.

As their spectral forms rushed toward her, with red tongues lolling and eyes flaming like pale fire, they seemed like werewolves loosed from the nether pit itself.



*As their spectral forms rushed toward her they seemed like werewolves loosed from the nether pit itself*

Without daring to look back again, the girl focused like a flame her mind and will upon increasing the length of each flashing stroke of her skis. On and on she sped over the billowed drifts, which seemed to rise and fall like the sea as she crossed them, and little by little she increased a speed which already seemed incredible. Yet ever the death-bells behind her tolled loud and louder as the fierce hunters on her trail called upon their reserves of speed.

Then, as the road sloped downward again and the descent gave skis a slight advantage over paws, the voices behind her grew fainter and the driven snow hissed like a snake beneath her flying feet.

At last, at long last, far down the gleaming path she saw the deserted cabin showing black against the snow, and concentrated every fibre of mind and body on holding unbroken the beat of her skis as they whirled the trail behind her. One slip, a falter, the loosening of a heel-clamp or the breaking of a thong meant death swift and terrible.

Then once more the way became level and immediately the howls of the pack dinned louder in her ears. The blood drummed at her temples, an iron band seemed to tighten about her chest and little flecks and flashes of fire shot across her eyes, strained toward the cabin for whose refuge she yearned unutterably.

To and fro, swift as the ticking of a watch, swung her lithe body as she drew upon her last reserves of strength. Then, when

she was expecting any second to feel the fierce fangs of her pursuers, the empty shack loomed up before her, with its tiny window-holes showing at either side of the gaping doorway like the eye-sockets of a skull. With one final effort she flung herself through the entrance into the unknown dark and saw, with a terrible sinking of heart, that some wandering hunter had carried away the door.

As she disappeared within, the famined pack stopped, checked for a moment by that fear of a trap which centuries of contact with man have instilled into the wolf's very blood. Then, driven on by a hunger which gnawed at their vitals like a rat, they pressed cautiously forward and the girl saw their fierce eyes gleam green at the doorway with anticipation of a kill that would satisfy the demands of hunger.

Almost unconscious with fear and exhaustion, she sank to the floor with a feeling that the darkness all about her was some protection which would be lost if she stirred. Suddenly there sounded a fierce clawing at the wall just behind her. She turned her head and looked full into the dreadful eyes of the leader of the pack, who had circled the cabin, scratched out the chinking between the logs and was glaring in upon her not two feet away, certain that here was no trap to interpose iron jaws between the pack and its victim.

At the sight the helpless girl gave a sob of utter loneliness and fear, while the white beasts crowded forward until the doorway was thronged with fierce heads and the smoke of their breath floated up to disappear a moment later in the moonlight.

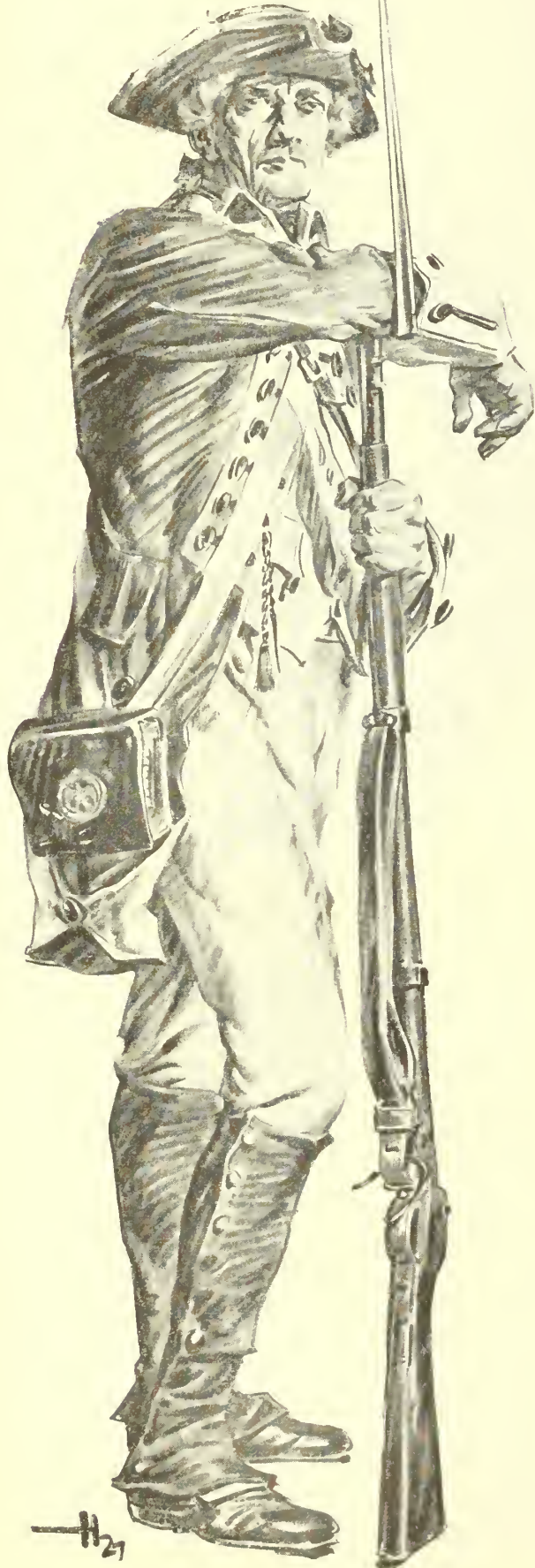
**I**T WAS mid-afternoon when Dan Marston started home from the Valley, and the moon had risen long before he reached Doomsday Mountain. Overhead wheeled Orion's jeweled belt, flanked by rose-red Betelgeuse and flame-white Rigel, while the Seven Stars of the Great Bear looked down upon him incuriously.

Up from the horizon the Northern Lights flared and flamed in bands of incandescent rose, lute-green, and midnight violet, while through the crisp air came that sound like the rustling of a vast curtain blown by winds beyond the world which the Indians believe shows the presence of some wandering spirit of the sky.

Suddenly from clear across the mountain he heard the same sinister sound which had come to Joan's ears earlier in the evening. Faint and far-away as it was, the young trapper recognized it instantly. Louder and nearer the eerie, high-pitched howl vibrated through the minors of two notes and suddenly changed to the chorus of yelps and savage barks which a pack gives when the quarry is in sight. Although, like most trappers, Dan held the wolves of today in high contempt, (Continued on page 86)

# There's only ONE

By Rupert  
*Decoration by*



IF "ALL men are created equal" in any sense whatever, that foundation principle of our Government can only mean that my enemy is my equal and has a right to equal freedom; that the man who disagrees with me has as good a right to speak as I have.

If I, as an American, am as good as any other man in a political sense, that can only mean that any other man is as good as I am.

If I preach freedom, and fight for it, I have fought in vain, or as a hypocrite, if I do not grant freedom to others as soon as I have helped to establish it.

During a war the laws are silent and most of the rules of human conduct are so twisted that the best man must become for the time being as bad as possible toward the foe. But the only excuse for a war is the value of the peace that follows it.

Nothing more glorious has illuminated the pages of history than the high principles of the founders of this Government, and few things have been more horrible than the misbehavior of many Americans in power. They loudly declare themselves one hundred percent Americans, and prove that they are not even one percent.

I am one of those who believe that our entrance into the last war was eminently justified. As I see it, our only fault was that we entered so late and were so ill-equipped. I bitterly regret that we are learning nothing from the war as to our preparation for the next one.

But the next war is not the subject of this sermon, which is concerned with the ghastly mistake so many Americans are making in spoiling the fruits of the recent victory. I lack the credulity or the nobility to believe in the League of Nations, or our entry into it. I confess to being so low-minded that most of the talk about "ideals" has been so pompous and false as to disgust me with the very word. I feel that the people who are talking about "outlawing war" are talking nonsense, at least in so far as their plans promise to realize their hopes for ending war. Crime has been "outlawed" since the beginning of the world, and it shows no signs of coming to an end. As I see it, you can "resoloot" against war till the cows come home, but the next war will start at the drop of somebody's hat. It will come unexpectedly, as war always comes, and it will find us hopelessly unready for it, as war has always found us. But it will come.

In the meanwhile, we have peace—or what we call peace. One of the most striking things about the peace is that great numbers of our fellow-citizens have made war on speakers whose doctrines they disapprove of; they have invaded halls and driven out the audiences; they have prevented auditoriums from being rented to speakers.

This seems to me a ghastly mistake, and an abuse of the very word Americanism, for surely if Americanism means anything it means equality, free thought, free speech, free opportunity for the development of the individual and of the Government.

Americanism means the constant increase of liberty, not its constant diminution, yet the most un-American crimes are being almost daily committed in the name of Americanism. Many of the most violent protectors of Americanism are doing their best to destroy it or make it a by-word of oppression and intolerance.

There is nobody who abhors Bolshevism more than I do, or who would more deeply regret its introduction into this country. Yet Bolshevism was only the reaction to the age-long horrors of despotism, and the best way to make this country Bolshevik is to turn local units of national patriotic organizations into police stations from which czaristic policemen will sally forth to beat up people who are trying to express their honest opinions.

I am such a lover of my country and of the liberties it is built upon that I actually think that there are good arguments for Americanism. I sincerely believe that, properly stated and properly exemplified, Americanism is based upon reasons and sentiments that can be justified without appeal to force, the gag or mob rule.

# KIND of Americanism

*Hughes*

*William Heaslip*

I hate to think that the only proof of American principles is a brick-bat. I cannot bring myself to believe that our ideals are made of such thin stuff that somebody has only to breathe on them to scatter them. I should doubt them myself if I felt that their only safety depended on preventing anybody from discussing them.

I love freedom so utterly that I would not deny it to my neighbor. I would not deny him even the right to abuse me or my opinions, for thus I should lose the right to abuse him and his opinions.

If by force of numbers I crush my neighbor or my visitor when he tries to tell what is on his mind, in the course of time my oppressiveness and persecution may so increase his power that he and his converts will outnumber my fellow-thinkers. Then he has a perfect right to gag and beat me unconscious, and I have no right to complain, for I have set him the example.

And there is no better way of making converts to an idea than to persecute it. This is a beautiful proof of mankind's horror of tyranny, and is the only explanation for the vast numbers that have gathered to the support of so many foolish and ugly causes. The causes could have been laughed or argued out of existence, but force was used and cruelty wreaked and men flocked to the defence of the martyrs.

If an idea is false or vicious, the best way to destroy it is to expose it. The most fatal diseases yield to the sunlight, and prosper in the dark.

Give them the air!

Some years ago George Creel was made police commissioner of Denver, just before the announced visit of a famous anarchist who had been forbidden to speak in the city limits, but had declared that he would either speak or burn the damned town down. He had few followers, but they were desperate and obscure, and hard to control. The very fact that listening to his speech was forbidden even to grown-up men aroused a vast curiosity.

There was much talk of calling out the National Guard to patrol the border of the town and intercept the monster, and it was intended to plant cannon where they could sweep the streets.

To the horror of many good citizens and soldiers who would have died for freedom but wanted to say just who should get just what freedom, George Creel issued an invitation to the anarchist to come on and speak anywhere. He suggested the city hall steps as the best place for gathering the largest crowd within earshot. And he promised the anarchist protection while he said anything he wanted to say!

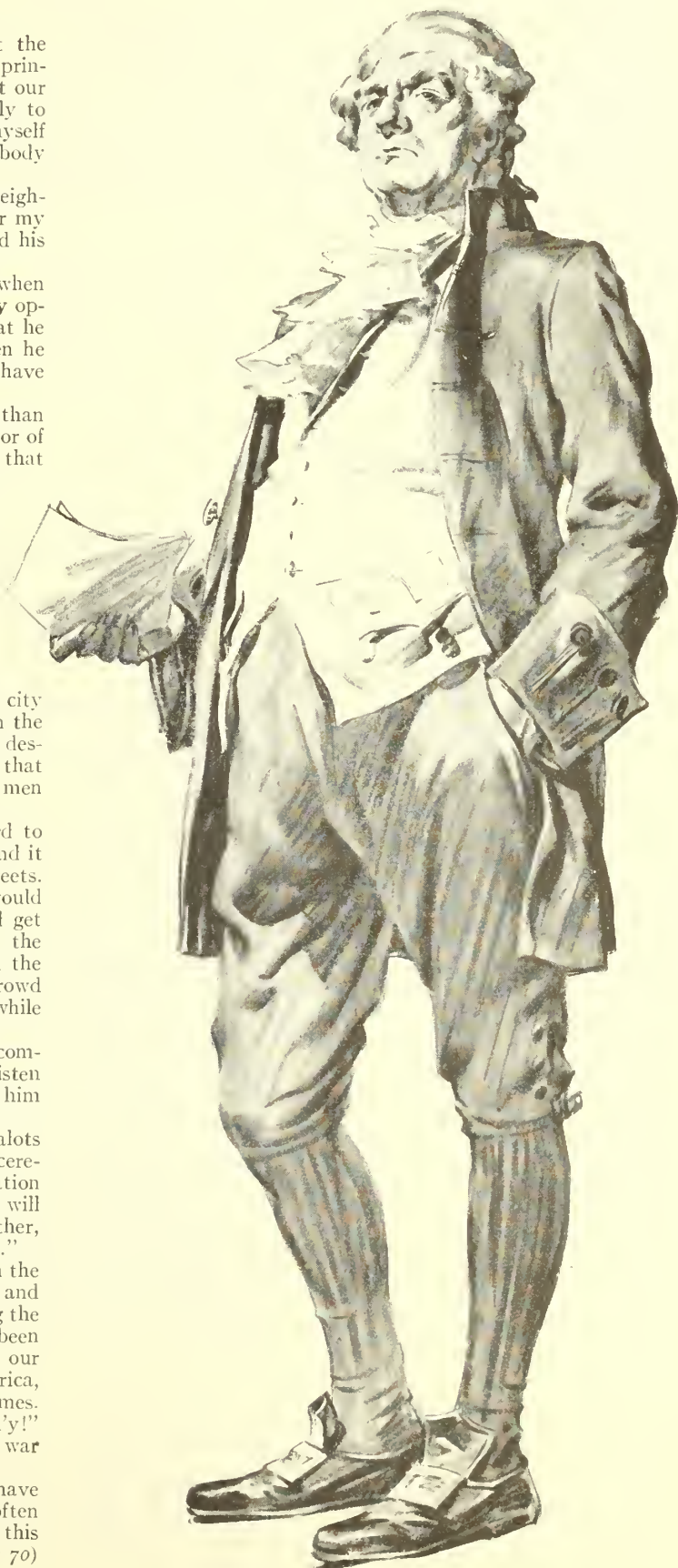
What was the result? Of course, the poor anarchist was completely stultified. He was tongue-tied. Nobody wanted to listen to him. Only a handful of curious people gathered to hear him shoot off his mouth.

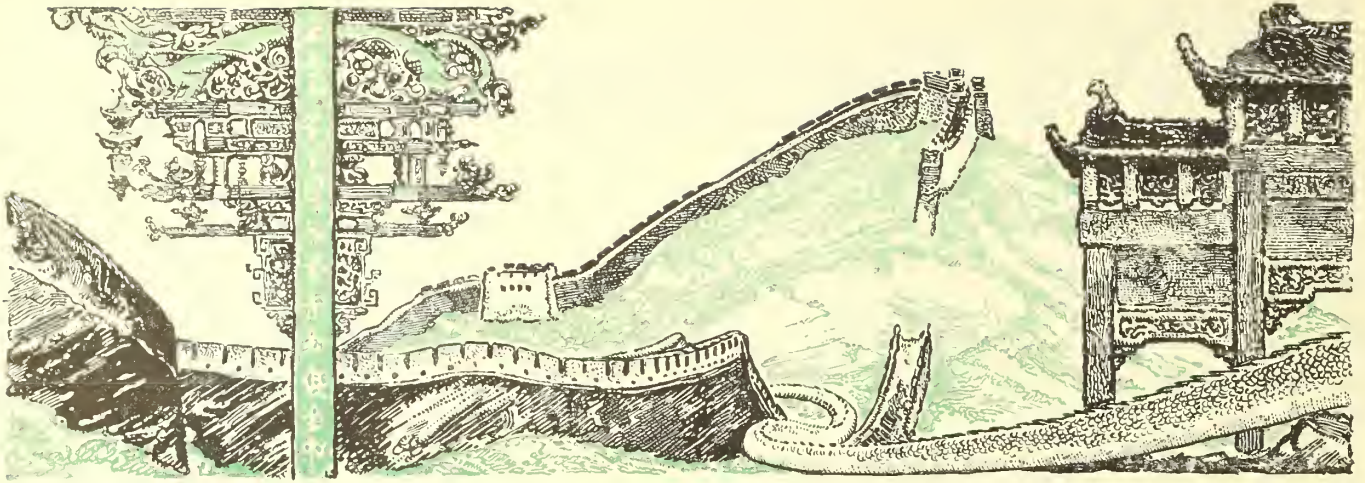
The same thing was tried in New York, when a band of zealots was determined to march to Union Square and hold certain ceremonies if they filled the streets with blood. The administration was sane enough to say, "Union Square is open to you. We will have a few police to keep the crowd from trampling one another, but nobody will be arrested for saying anything whatsoever."

I was living in England when the British were at war with the Boers. Hyde Park has always been sacred to free speech, and one afternoon I saw an old white-bearded pacifist denouncing the government for attacking the Boers. He would have been lynched in this country for the same conduct during any of our wars. One half-drunken soldier, just back from South Africa, grew so indignant that he began to call the old man names. The crowd at once protested and roared "Fair pl'y! Fair pl'y!" and let the old man talk himself out. England won the war without checking freedom of speech.

I am ashamed to think of the numbers of Americans who have been beaten, tarred and feathered, ridden on rails, and often killed for merely trusting in the fundamental principle of this country, which is freedom.

*(Continued on page 70)*





**A** HAWSER snapped with the sound of a cannon shot. A tug faded out in the storm and night on the Gulf of Prihihi, China. And the barge which carried the six guns of Reilly's Battery wallowed helplessly adrift.

A squad of artillerymen manned the gunwales of the clumsy boat and cursed the Navy and all its works. They cursed with the feeling of soldiers who have been six weeks at sea, most of it in a storm, with a fire in the coal bunkers and the deck hot beneath ten thousand rounds of ammunition. That was coming through a lot to go down just lightering from the transport to the shore. Vainly they shouted into the deadening wall of darkness, but the tug that the Navy had sent to tow them ashore from the anchorage off Taku was seen no more.

Reilly's guns were floating crazily back toward the Philippines from which they had come. D. Jones's locker was set to fall heir to the light battery destined for blasting a way for three regiments of American infantry to the relief of the Legations in Peking. And the A. E. F. of 1900 was due to lose its artillery.

An old sergeant digging into the waves with a rammer staff for an oar wished profanely that Captain Reilly had not gone ashore first with the horses. The Old Man, who had fought up the Mississippi on a Union gunboat in '61, could get them out of this mess. But Reilly was past reaching, and all aboard seemed about as useless as a recruit.

But it was a rookie who at last came to the front, the scrawny little stowaway hauled out of the transport and enlisted by Lieutenant Summerall on the hunch that he might come in handy. Like one confessing a dark past, the recruit declared he had been a sailor once. Then, said the sergeant, for the sake of salvation and so forth, sail!

A dive down into the innards of the barge and the recruit came up with two Korean sails which he stepped, and when he had successfully rigged a rudder, the barge began to behave. Around and around in the darkness the rookie cruised his tub with its cargo of precious guns counted on to help win the race to Peking, to bring relief before the pikes of the Boxers could flaunt the heads of the men, women and children of the foreign Legations from the walls. At dawn he sighted a British customs man passing in a small boat, haled him and had a pilot. Across the treacherous bar of the Peiho and past the wrecked forts of Taku, still reeking with the stench of hundreds of unburied bodies of their defenders fallen under the bombardment of the foreign navies, the barge was guided to a landing place. The guns were run ashore and a lap in the race, a lap which came near being the last, had been put behind. Reilly's Battery was ready to gallop into action across a world stage, to follow a path of gallantry which would make its story an epic of the American Field Artillery.

At the shell-torn village of Tongku, Captain Reilly was waiting impatiently. A neat, straight, soldierly man of medium height, Henry J. Reilly. Steel-blue eyes behind pince-nez glasses, a high, intellectual forehead, mustache and close-trimmed beard streaked with the gray which comes with thirty-nine years in the Service. Some of his impatience he may have taken out by grooming his own horse, as was his custom, some by raising thunder with drivers who had failed to make the hides of their pairs shine like satin. What was left of it did not show in the quiet voice with which he gave his command for entrainment. But the artillerymen hopped to it. They knew him.

# REILLY'S

*By Fairfax  
Decoration by*

Guns, carriages, horses, wagons and ammunition—Reilly's Battery loaded them with the speed for which it was noted, leaving harness on the horses that it might show the speed of unloading and getting into action for which it was equally noted. The Chinese equivalent of 40 Hommes-8 Chevaux jerked out of the station. The battery was off again on the race to Peking.

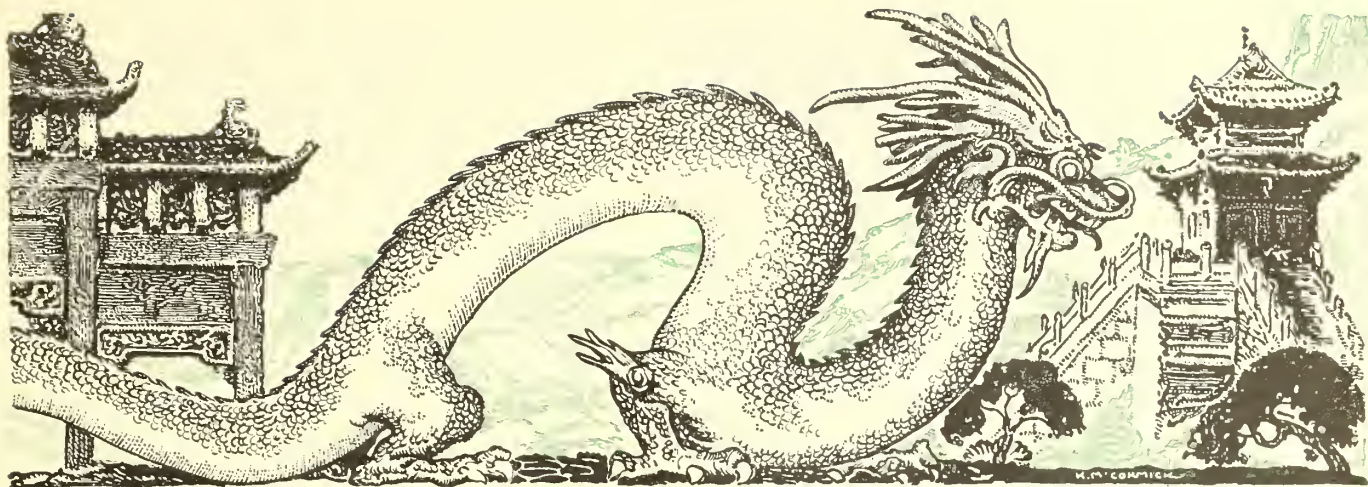
Through the night the train rattled with an outfit which stands out preëminently in the artillery annals, an outfit of veteran non-coms and soldiers seasoned by a year of hard campaigning in the Philippines, its platoons commanded by young lieutenants who eighteen years later would be general officers in France. Every piece served habitually as an infantry-accompanying gun. The splendid horses that pulled them are still remembered by name. Such was Reilly's Battery, called simply that—an accolade won in the Old Army by an outfit led long and creditably by one commander who had forged its traditions in the fire of combat and kept them bright. And that was the achievement of Captain Henry J. Reilly, one of the greatest artillerymen and bravest soldiers our Army has ever known. His single dictum was: "Gentlemen, there must never be anything to explain in the Battery."

Tientsin at last. Detrainment, and Reilly's Battery was on its own wheels again, rid of such uncertain ways of getting somewhere as oceans and rails. Captain Reilly hastened to report to General Chaffee, who had been holding the expedition for his arrival, and the battery watered and fed its horses under charge of its lieutenants: First Lieutenant Charles P. Summerall, now Chief of Staff of the United States Army, and Second Lieutenant Manus McCloskey. First Lieutenant Louis P. Burgess, absent on staff duty, was to rejoin before Peking. Picked men all three of them, Reilly's choice from the Fifth Artillery when Light Battery F had been ordered to the Philippines.

Captain Reilly was back in two shakes of a rest camp with orders to move out. His right hand rose from shoulder high to overhead and as one man the battery swung up into saddles and limber seats. "Forward, ho!" and the battery rolled down into the city, Reilly riding at its head and, as always, leading them close to the infantry as he could get; Summerall, eagle eye which would one day make a whole army corps uncomfortable, on the draft of his platoon; McCloskey, with the look that's apt to be on the face of a man with a name like that when there's a scrap in prospect; little First Sergeant Follinsby on the husky horse that top kicks generally award themselves, with a glance for redlegs recently transferred from the doughboys, to be sure they appreciated the honor of being in the artillery.

They rolled through a subjugated city placarded with Chinese and interpreter's pidgin English—"You should take great care for the fire getting out at any time. The Tientsin Water Society must be allowed to carry water in putting down the fire as possible." "You should come to the U. S. M. C. reporting all





# BATTERY

*Downey*  
*Howard McCormick*

tainly live upon this purpose. If any person disturb the shops or do not pay the money for buying things, I must give some punishments to them."

Past the Marines under Major Waller the battery rolled, troops with whom it had served in the Philippines. Young McCloskey knew them, and he was to know Marines even better when his regiment supported them eighteen years later at a place in France called Belleau Wood. The Marines were buddies of these wagon soldiers passing them and they cheered them to the echo. Give your artilleryman a homecoming parade and he will find the applause of the populace along the sidewalks good listening. But give him the cheers of his own infantry on the way into action and there will be a wide grin on his map and a catch in his throat, for that to him is the grandest noise in the world. There is to him no music like the voice of the doughboy calling, "Make way for the guns!"

Troop M of the Sixth Cavalry, the 14th Infantry, Reilly's Battery, the Ninth Infantry who had left their colonel and many of their buddies on this bloody ground, the Marines—past the battle-pocked walls of captured Tientsin they marched, through wasted areas void of any living thing but rifle with Boxer dead. These 2,500 Americans swung into the cosmopolitan relief column of 18,000: 8,000 Japanese, 3,000 British, 4,500 Russians and 800 French. Other troops, including the Germans, were left in reserve protecting the base and the coast concessions.

It was a formidable force, but it was venturing into the coils of a dragon which had almost crushed the first relief expedition sent in June. And now the weight of the army of the Empress Dowager had been thrown into the scales. The enemy was not now the Boxers, the "Fists of Righteous Harmony" alone, but Imperial China.

In the ranks of the Allies rumors true for once passed around—that the last message from the besieged Legations, received ten days ago, reported the defenders desperate—that the

soldiers of all nations or the native-robbers when they disturb in any building of this section." "All native shops should open for sale because you cer-

as the columns pressed on to Peking. After a few hours of bivouac by the road side, the battery moved out at dawn.

Rifle fire crackled up ahead. The Japanese advance guard was in action, but the columns pushed steadily on. Soon the action became general and the wounded and dead among the Japanese told of the severity of the assault on the Psi-Tsong lines. Good little soldados, the Japs, Reilly's Battery approved, and wondered when they were going to get in the show themselves. Before long, they guessed, knowing Reilly, and shortly the sound of their guns was added to the din of the battle.

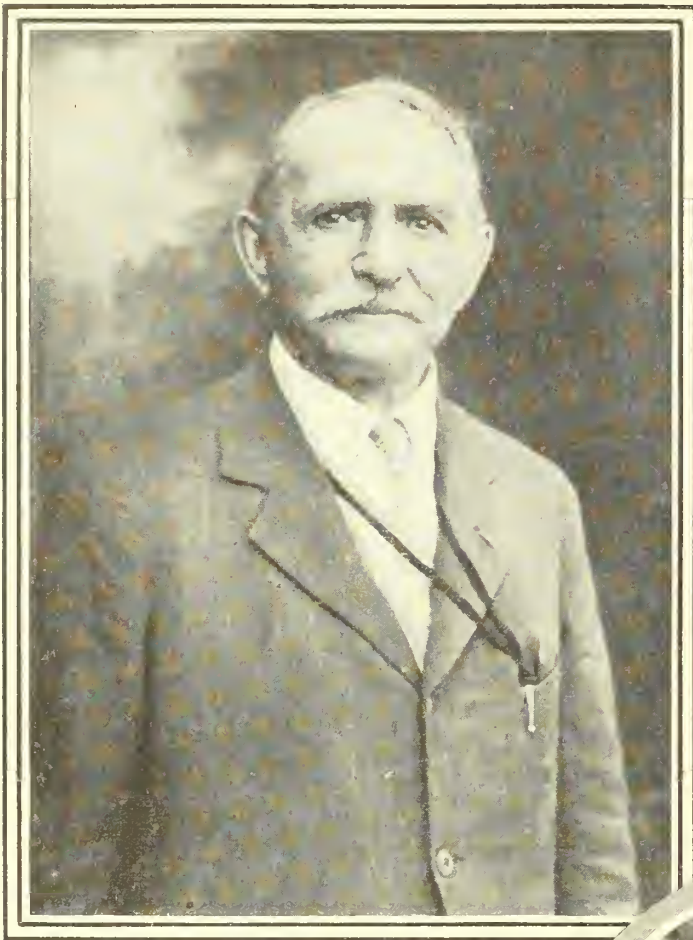
Again, the guess worked out the next day as the American and British columns side by side attacked up the Peiho River. Captain Reilly galloped back from one of his characteristically thorough reconnaissances. A sharp order and the battery trotted front into line; another, and the limbers galloped to the road in the beautiful maneuver of action front, leaving the guns and their caissons preparing for action. Six gunners sighted on the parapets of a fort behind which yellow men swarmed with rifles, pikes and strange triangular banners, and guns threw their shell against the Americans. A few quiet-spoken words from the battery commander and shrapnel began to sweep the crests of the parapets. The cannoneers could hear the screams of surprise of the scattering Boxers who had been persuaded their bodies were invulnerable. Charging, the American infantry took the village. The battery limbered up and followed.

The day was sizzling hot, so hot it parched the skin. There was no water, and men's tongues became so swollen they could scarcely speak. These khaki-clad troops from the Philippines thought they had known heat, and they had—enough to leave them enervated. Now the Chinese sun beat down upon them and men gasped and toppled over sun-struck into the shimmering millet fields. But the attack drove on, the 14th Infantry as its spearhead, Reilly's Battery supporting. Old side-kicks in the Islands, these two. They had a saying in the 14th that no gun of Reilly's ever would be lost as long as there was a squad of the 14th left, and the 14th would never go under as long as Reilly had a gun and a round of ammunition.

From position to position the battery galloped, guns spraying



*"Gentlemen, there must never be anything to explain in the Battery"*



*Sergeant B. S. Follinsby as he looks today. In 1900 he was top kick of Reilly's Battery. Captain Reilly, struck by a ricocheting Chinese bullet, fell back dead in Sergeant Follinsby's arms. In oval, Colonel Manus McCloskey, wounded in the Philippines in '99 and at Soissons in '18, a second lieutenant under Captain Reilly at Peking*

shrapnel wherever the enemy massed or attempted to make a stand in a village—blowing up the things that stopped the infantry and getting their guns where they could do it. Reilly had pounded that mission of field artillery into every one of his officers and men. "Gentlemen, there must never be anything to explain" rang in their ears.

So went the day until at last the scorching sun went down and men and horses halted in exhaustion. The muddy waters of the Pei-ho, putrid with hundreds of floating bodies, quenched their thirst. Dawn broke camp and the columns of the Allies took up the race to Peking again. Reilly's redlegs, hiking along beside their horses and carriage wheels, admired the advance guard of Bengal lancers riding forward through the millet fields, heard the sputtering rifles of the Chinese troops and saw the turbaned horsemen retreat on the main body. After the deploying infantry the battery rumbled while the rising sun turned red the river, drifting corpses to the sea.

Then action again, the 3.2's speaking in salvos and volleys. And always the close contact which the infantry that had fought with Reilly in the Islands expected confidently—had expected ever since they had seen him run his guns up to within seventy-five yards of the rifle pits of the Insurrectos at Putal Bridge and open fire.

Up to a bridge where the river must be crossed the battery trotted and pulled down to a halt. A column of Russian infantry had commenced to move across. Riding to the officer

in command, Captain Reilly in his courteous way requested permission to pass through.

The watching artillerymen saw the Russian officer shake his head and refuse. "Must be loot in the next village," a caisson corporal grunted. Then they saw the figure of the Old Man stiffen ominously on his horse, saw him stare across the river where the American infantry were in action. The next second he had turned in his saddle, ripped out an order and the battery drove through, scattering Russians right and left. "To hell with diplomacy!" the caisson corporal chuckled, shoving a soldier of the Czar into the parapet with his horse's shoulder. On the other side of the river the battery caught up with its infantry.

At night, officers from the Allied forces would assemble at the battery's bivouac where Captain Reilly would offer them what hospitality he could—corned beef, hardtack and coffee. They came attracted by the personality and reputation of the American artilleryman, the man who had made the fighting machine they had seen in action during the day. They sat and listened to his talk.

March, fight, march, fight, the precious days rushed by. The expedition which had started August 5th might with luck reach Peking in eight or nine days, and there the great walls enclosing the city would hold it longer from the relief of the Legations—if relief were not already too late. And now, barring its further progress on the road, the Boxers and Imperial troops had massed by the thousands in front of the town of Yangtsun.

Over the crooked, devil-baffling roads and through the fields nearing harvest, the columns of the nations converged on the town. Skirmishers felt the strength of the enemy and recoiled and assaults were held back as the artillery which the Boxers had brought up began opening fire. British and Japanese artillery replied, and to Reilly's

Battery ploughing through the head-high grain there came an order from its commander to go into action against the Chinese guns.

Summerall's platoon unlimbered under perfect cover, too perfect cover. The grain was too high for the gunners to get their sights on the target, and indirect laying was still in the future. But

Captain Reilly had ordered fire. Unquestionably, then, there must be fire—such was the spirit in which his men always took his orders. From a caisson a fifteen-foot observation ladder was unstrapped and erected. Up that contraption Lieutenant Summerall climbed until he could see the target and calmly began to call down firing data. The target idea worked two ways. Every Chinese rifleman in that section of the front concentrated his fire on the target presented him, a foolish foreign devil perched up above the grain which concealed all his comrades. But they missed and were still missing when the shrapnel commenced bursting among them.

In another part of the field, McCloskey stood on the top of a caisson similarly exposed and directed the fire of his platoon. The enemy's batteries were silenced and the American infantry pushed in with the bayonet.

While Captain Reilly, always making certain of the extent of an advance, ordered cease firing, British batteries, not so well informed, continued to fire, causing casualties in the 14th Infantry. Yet the advance carried on with the fierce sun peeling



skin from men's lips and choking them with a thirst which poisoned wells that must be passed tantalized and aggravated. The Chinese fell back steadily, defiantly leaving pikes on which human heads were set—apparently the heads of native Christians—planted by the roadside.

At last the weary forces of the Allies pierced to within striking distance of Peking. The Russian Lieutenant-General Linivitch proposed in a conference that a concerted attack be delivered August 14th and it was so agreed.

But as Reilly's Battery huddled under its gun carriages and pup tents beneath a terrific storm on the night of the 13th, they heard heavy firing in the direction of Peking. Was it a last assault on the Legations? Every man was standing to horse or at his post by the carriage wheels before daybreak when Captain Reilly returned from Headquarters, where he had learned that the Russians had slipped out of camp during the night. By daylight the battery was rolling rapidly down the Grand Canal Road and the great walled city was looming ahead.

Even the horses seemed to sense the thrill of the drama Reilly's Battery was entering that day, a drama which was to carve a niche for it in martial history—no horse more alert than Putnam, near wheel of a gun section. When his team was turned out of the road's deep cut, he threw himself steadily into draft with the rest to draw the gun up the steep bank into position to fire. Hunching forward in their saddles, the drivers spoke to their pairs, and up the bank the team struggled. They had almost made it when trace springs snapped under the tremendous strain and of the eight horses only Putnam was left in draft. That veteran threw his sturdy shoulders against his collar. The mighty muscles in his haunches flexed and stood out. Alone he held the heavy limber and gun on the grade and saved himself and his teammates from being dragged down into a mass of wreckage in the bottom of the cut.

Nor was that enough for Putnam.

One more herculean effort and he had pulled the carriages up and on to the high ground. When, seven years later, his days of active service were over, McCloskey in memory of his heroism recommended and obtained his retirement, and the grand old steed ended his days pensioned in a pasture.

On a knoll, the right platoon under Lieutenant Burgess, who had rejoined, prepared for action. With a grin, for it is not every day that an artilleryman gets a chance to shoot at a pagoda, he gave a range of 3,200 yards, and his two guns threw twenty shells into that great tower of the Tartar City. Staff duty had not hurt Burgess's eyes. The pagoda at once burst into flames.

With the abandon of men who fear they may be too late, with the anger of troops who have been tricked, the Americans flung themselves on Peking. Unaided, a detachment of the 14th Infantry scaled the walls and planted the Stars and Stripes, the first flag to wave from them. To the flank, Reilly's Battery was approaching a gate, its route marked by Russian dead. The dead led to the living, a column of the Czar's infantry and artillery helplessly stuck in a sallyport under the fire of Chinese riflemen and unable to advance or retreat. A hard-bitten grin went the round of Reilly's men. The Russians had jumped the gun but they had not won the race.

Captain Reilly waited to ask no permission this time. Through the mass of bottled-up Russians he pushed two unlimbered



*It's nearly thirty years since First Lieutenant C. P. Summerall made chalk marks on the gates of the Forbidden City to show the gunners of Reilly's Battery where to aim. He looked, at that time, much as he did in the picture at the left, taken when he was a shavetail (though he did not wear the pickelhaube helmet when wielding chalk). Now, as Chief of Staff, United States Army, he looks more like the picture above*



guns until a house blocked their path. Reilly motioned the gun crews to come up. "Tear this house down," he ordered. Upon that Chinese shack the cannoneers fell with their bare hands and wrecked it. The muzzles of the 3.2's peered over its debris and spouted flame. The crash of their shells against the pagoda which had dominated the sallyport opened a morning of terrific fighting through the streets of Peking, the American infantry and artillery thrusting in hot haste toward the heart of the city and the compounds of the beleaguered Legations now so near to rescue.

Against street barricades, gates and bridges, the three platoons of the battery went into action, separated to support the storming infantry companies to which each was assigned, Captain Reilly controlling them as an artillery brigadier might his regiments—and demanding of his platoons as much. Summerall's guns advanced to sweep the south and east walls of the Tartar City, Burgess pushed through to the Chien gate fronting the Imperial City, McCloskey's fire blew up the portcullis of the Ha-ta gate of the Tartar City. Chinese sharpshooters tumbled from the balconies of pagodas splintered beneath them or scuttled out of flaming huts. Shells screamed down narrow streets and burst in the high-piled barriers that blocked them. So rapidly did Reilly's men rush their guns down smoke-filled alleys that the Boxers fled under the menace of their muzzles. Rolls of lustrous silks, (Continued on page 72)

# The 2 that Killed the 20

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

Illustrations by Remington Schuyler

WHAT do we know about Oconostota the Great

War Captain, and Moytoy of Tellequo, Emperor of the Overhills, and Corane the Raven, and Sinnawa the Hawk's-Head Warrior, and Atta'kulla'kulla the Wise? What do we know of Hiadeoni the Lone Fighter, of the Two that killed the Twenty, of Orontadeka the Fearless, of Atotarho the Grim?

What do we know of the army that came from Mexico and fought its way northward and eastward even as far as the Ohio River, conquering all that came against it, and then moved southward and took for itself a broad empire in that country of fertile savannahs between the peaks of the Blue Mountains and the mouth of the Great River? What do we know of the first war between North and South, a war which began almost two centuries before the war of the Blue and the Gray and which endured for more than eighty years?

To ninety-nine out of a hundred these names are unknown and these events unheard of. We cannot tell of all of them here. Later, perhaps, their stories may be told. This will be the story of the Two that killed the Twenty and of the first war between North and South.

No one knows the names of the Two that killed the Twenty. Neither history nor legend has preserved them for us. Yet these two were great warriors, perhaps the swiftest and most enduring of their nation, though not the bravest, for it is said that all the Mohawks were brave. They did their deeds during the long war which was fought between the Grand League of the Iroquois, who were lords of the North, and the mountain empire of the Cherokee, who had their chief strongholds amid the high peaks of the southern Appalachians; and what they did was fairly typical of the exploits performed during that war, which was the first war between North and South and of which the average American of today has never heard.

The white man was of small importance in America when that war began. The English settlements were confined to narrow strips along the Atlantic Coast, and throughout the East and South the great warrior nations were still supreme.

In the North the Grand League of the Iroquois was undisputed master. The Confederacy of the Five Nations, as the League was often called (Senecas, Mohawks, Onondagas, Oneidas and Cayugas), which had been formed at least as early as the middle of the sixteenth century, had conquered all the tribes upon its borders and exercised dominion over all the vast region between the present State of Pennsylvania and the St. Lawrence River. Southward of them no powerful nation dwelt in the middle territory until, amid the valleys of Virginia, the Iroquois scouts and hunters reached the northern boundary of the Cherokee lands.

Here the warriors of the North met with worthy foemen. The Cherokee were themselves of Iroquoisan stock, having come down from the North long years before in a time of myth and legend to found a barbaric empire of their own amid the cloud-wrapped peaks of the Great Smokies where the States of North Carolina and Tennessee now join. Brave fighters and able hunters, they had made themselves masters of all the southern mountain and Piedmont country on both sides of the Smokies and the Blue Ridge, and so great was their prowess that they claimed lordship over a territory as wide as that of the Iroquois League. From middle South Carolina on the east to the Tennessee River on the west, the Cherokee counted the country their own.

So it stood at the time when the Two that killed the Twenty set forth on the expedition which won great glory for them so that even today their deeds are remembered, though their names have been lost in the mists.

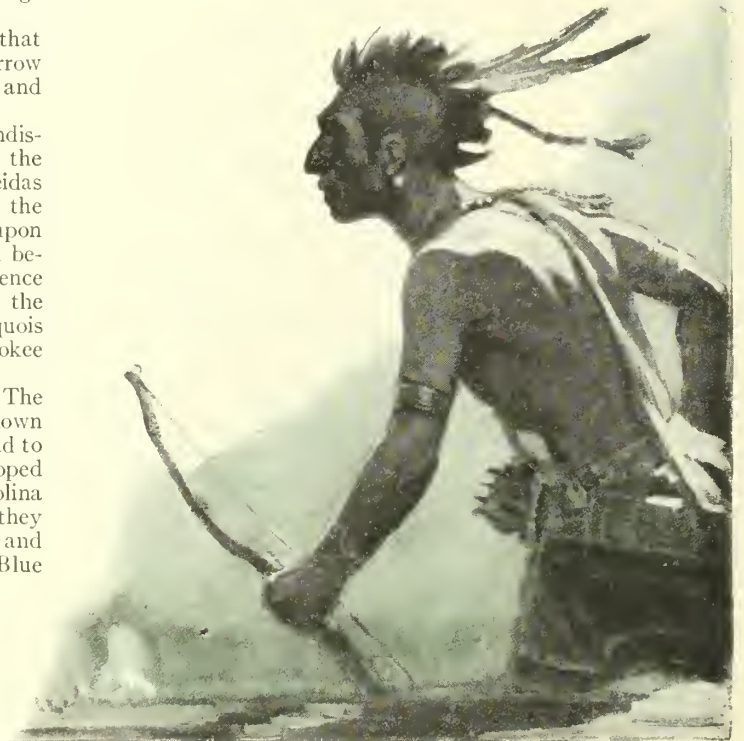
The last snows of winter still lingered on the high northern hills when the Two left their home in the

Mohawk Valley in the country of the Iroquois. It was in the year 1747, nearly a score of years after Moytoy of Tellequo, or Tellico as it is sometimes written, became Emperor of the Cherokee nation, and when the war between the Iroquois and the Cherokee had already lasted so long that only the oldest men could remember the beginning of it.

We do not know what farewells were spoken, but undoubtedly they were tender and solemn, for the Mohawks, though merciless in war according to the Indian code and custom, were an affectionate people devoted to their women and their children. The two warriors—tall, fearless looking men, lithe and light on their feet as panthers, but powerfully built—took with them only their weapons and a little parched corn. A long journey lay ahead of them, a journey of many days.

Day after day the two traveled southward through such a country as we can scarcely dream of or imagine now—a virgin forest, dim, shadowy, mysterious, boundless as the sea. It was a forest alive with game. Everywhere through the woods wound the paths of the white-tailed deer, and often where the undergrowth stood rank and thick between the trunks of the trees the two warriors followed these paths. So dense was the growth that in the perpetual twilight under that unending roof of boughs they could see only a little way to right and left; but often, as they strode silently along the narrow, winding game-trails, they caught glimpses of other denizens of the wilderness that also used those paths—deer and black bear and foxes and wolves, perhaps, and possibly now and then some tall, stately bull elk.

For the most part they kept to the hill country eastward of the



*They had many narrow escapes. Once a large war party*



mountains, though at times they followed the valleys of the Alleghany range; and as they came farther and farther south amid the hills, the forest grew more open, the trees larger and set farther apart, with little underbrush beneath them, so that sometimes for many leagues the country was like a park.

Now they could see far away along the forest aisles the herds of grazing deer and the flocks of feeding wild turkeys, which grew more and more abundant day after day; and now at times the forest fell away before them and they came upon beautiful natural meadows or forest-prairies hidden in the woods, rich with young grass and wild pea-vine, spangled with early wild flowers or perhaps dense with maiden cane.

To the two Mohawk braves these sunny meadows, embosomed like lakes of green in the vast wilderness of trees, were like bits of paradise. Often, perhaps, the two lingered a little while at the edge of some woods-encircled meadow to feast their eyes upon the beauty of the scene. They saw in these forest-prairies of the southern hills bands of shaggy buffalo, not yet driven beyond the mountains by the rifles of the white hunters, herds of elk and untold numbers of deer. Sometimes, perhaps, they stood and watched the strange serpentine weaving of the tall grass and reeds where Klandaghi the panther, greatest of the forest cats and most skillful of all the wild hunters, moved soundlessly through the cover to leap upon the back of a grazing buck and snap its neck with a single jerk of his powerful paw.

But they did not linger long, for they had work to do.

Day after day they journeyed southward through that magnificent primeval forest where the sound of the axe was yet unknown. They saw many strange sights which were to them the common sights of the wilderness. They killed their game when they needed it. They read with practised eyes the signs of the woods. Always they were on the alert for sight or sound of their foes. At last they came, undiscovered by the scouts of the Cherokee, within sight of the town of Keowee, near old Toxawa, the Town of the Shedding of Tears, nestling in the beautiful hills of Carolina, almost at the portal of the Blue Ridge, not far from Sani'gilagi, the famous whitefaced mountain, of which many strange tales were told.

This town of Keowee was their goal.

Outside the town, close to one of the trails used by the Cherokee braves, they made an ambush and waited for what might come. A Cherokee warrior returning from the hunt, perhaps carrying a big wild gobbler or the haunch of a deer, came presently along the trail, and they killed him before he could cry out, took his scalp and concealed his body.

This was done quickly; and when it was done the two Mohawks vanished amid the trees, moving noiselessly as lynxes, using all their skill to leave no trail. Probably they went westward up into the heavily timbered fastness of the Blue Ridge, and there for some days they lay hidden until the warriors of Keowee had given up the search for the missing brave.

Then the two came down again from their mountain hiding place into the foothills; and close to Keowee or perhaps some other hill town, they set another ambuscade and took another scalp.

Time after time they laid their secret ambushes along the forest paths. They worked silently, swiftly. Those that they killed seldom knew what struck them down. Sometimes it was



*of Cherokee braves was in close pursuit of them, and it seemed that they must be taken or killed*

the tomahawk, sometimes the long knife, sometimes, perhaps, a keen arrow from a powerful hickory bow, as sure a weapon at short range as a rifle, and a silent weapon.

The lynx was not more soundless than these two Mohawks; the panther's spring was no more fatal than their leap from cover upon the bare shoulders of an enemy. Their subtlety was for many years afterward a marvel among the Carolina hills. Great trackers though the Cherokee were, adepts in all the arts of the woods, masters of all the stratagems of wilderness warfare, they could not find the secret doom which was slaying their braves one by one.

Yet the Cherokee chiefs were not deceived. They knew that these slayers were men and not magicians, for they found the trail of the slayers again and again, only to lose it before it led them far. But at last, so amazing was the subtlety of the two northern warriors, the belief spread through the hill towns of Carolina that wizards had come among them from the Iroquois lands.

We do not know all the details of the two Mohawks' adventure. The old chronicler who has preserved the story of their exploit tells us that "they had a thorough knowledge of the most convenient ground for their purpose, and were extremely swift and long-winded." Through a good part of that spring and summer, says he, they waged successful war in the heart of their enemies' land. "Whenever they killed any," the chronicler relates, "and got the scalp, they made off to the neighboring mountains and ran over the broad ledges of rocks in contrary courses, as occasion offered, so as the pursuers could by no means trace them." "In this manner," he tells us in the quaint style of his rare and precious narrative, "did those two sprightly, gallant savages perplex and intimidate their foes for the space of four moons."

They had many narrow escapes. Once a large war party of Cherokee braves was in close pursuit of them, and it seemed that they must be taken or killed. But somehow they threw the pursuers off the track, ran around a certain steep hill at the head of the main eastern branch of Savana River, and with panther-like swiftness and silence sprang upon the hindmost of the

Cherokee party, killed him and were far away before the rest of the party discovered what had happened.

So they continued to wage their war until the two had killed twenty of their enemies; and then, to crown their exploit, they resolved to capture a Cherokee brave alive and carry him back with them through the wilderness to the Iroquois country.

In the late afternoon, like ghosts flitting amid the trees, they made their way close to Keowee town. It happened that an old medicine man or conjurer, perhaps in search of herbs for his magic potions, was coming down the slope of a neighboring hill. Despite his years, the conjurer's eyes were sharp. By a strange chance, a trick or whim of fortune, he saw the two lurking Mohawks and recognized them instantly as foes.

The chiefs of Keowee were cunning and experience had taught them the skill and swiftness of the two warriors from the North. When they learned that the Mohawks were at hand they gave orders that the boys and youths should carry on as usual the noisy games which they always played in the cool of the afternoon; and at the same time runners were sent to gather the Cherokee fighting men and apprise them of the plan of action.

It was a well-laid plan and it was carried out with perfect precision. The two Mohawks, watching from their hillside ambush the seemingly unsuspecting town and awaiting a chance for their raid, had no intimation of danger.

Suddenly the forest behind them and all around them swarmed with foes and the Cherokee war whoop rang in their ears. The two fought desperately, seeking death in the melee rather than capture; but they were overpowered by numbers, taken into Keowee, and, in accordance with the Indian custom, doomed to die at the stake. "Their dying behavior," says the old chronicler, "did not reflect the least dishonor on their former gallant actions. All the pangs of fiery torture served only to refine their manly spirits."

So passed the Two that killed the Twenty. Because they had done great deeds of arms and had perished like men, high honor was accorded them in the Darkening Land where the dead dwell.

Their exploit, remarkable as it was, does not stand wholly alone. Their success was greater than most, but their expedition was in many respects fairly typical of the first war between North and South. So great was the distance between the Iroquois strongholds, most of which were in New York and upper Pennsylvania, and the chief towns of their southern enemies in the hills and mountains of North and South Carolina, that large expeditions were seldom undertaken. Small parties of daring warriors traversed the hundreds of miles of wilderness that lay between, struck swift blows, took scalps or captives and vanished in the forest.

There is one story of a Cherokee raid, in which the father of the famous Chief Junaluska took part, when the Cherokee lay in ambush outside a Seneca town probably in New York State, and heard the Seneca dancing in triumph over fresh Cherokee scalps. There was a spring nearby; and as the dancers came out to the spring to drink, the Cherokee slew them one by one until a certain number had been killed, when the raiders gave the war whoop and disappeared in the woods before their enemies could capture them. There is the legend, too, of the great Seneca chief Hatinondon, who was captured in the Cherokee country and miraculously escaped; and there is the story of Hiadeoni the Lone Fighter, whose feat was worthy to rank with that of the Two that killed the Twenty.

There is not space here to tell all that is known through history or tradi-



*A Cherokee warrior returning from the hunt came along the trail. They killed him before he could cry out, took his scalp and concealed the body*



*Time after time they laid their secret ambushes along the forest paths. They worked silently, swiftly. Those that they killed seldom knew what struck them down*

tion of the war between the Iroquois of New York and the Cherokee of Carolina. It began apparently before 1680, when the Iroquois League, probably the most powerful military machine ever seen in North America before the coming of the white man, had subdued all the tribes of the North and Middle West and began to look southward; and it came to an end in 1768, when a treaty of peace was signed at Johnson Hall, New York State. It was a peace without victory for either side. The great red empire of the North, though it launched many successful forays, could not subdue the red mountaineers of the South, and the Cherokee war parties, which struck their swift blows again and again in the heart of the Iroquois lands, could not break the spirit of the Northern warriors. When the hatchet was buried at last, there ended a wilderness war in which many lives had been spent in vain.

The incidents of that war which have come down to us are most of them dark and bloody episodes. They were characteristic of Indian methods of warfare; yet, taken alone, they reveal only one side of a brave and in many respects a misjudged people whose better traits have been too much obscured.

It is not surprising that this has been the case. There seem to

have been, from our point of view, strange contradictions in the character and customs of the early forest Indians. "In war they practised ferocious cruelty towards their prisoners," says J. N. B. Hewitt in his authoritative account of the Iroquois. "But far from being a race of rude and savage warriors, they were a kindly and affectionate people, full of keen sympathy for kin and friends in distress, kind and deferential to their women, exceedingly fond of their children, anxiously striving for peace and good will among men, and profoundly imbued with a just reverence for the constitution of their commonwealth and for its founders. Their wars were waged primarily to secure and perpetuate their political life and independence."

Of the Cherokee also, originally of Iroquoisan blood, this was in large part true. Better than the histories written by their enemies, the legends of the forest Indians reveal the red men as they were before the coming of the Europeans changed them.

Merciless in war they generally were, for this was part of the philosophy of their race; but aside from this fault, shared by most barbarous people and in course of deliberate adoption now by even the most "civilized" nations of the world, there was much to admire in their character. From the (Continued on page 78)

# YOU *and your* BANK

By Arthur Reynolds  
Photo Illustration by Underwood & Underwood

**D**OES the word bank have an overstarched, red-taped, formidable sound to you? Do you think of a bank

as a place where unsympathetic old gentlemen sit back awaiting the chance to bark "No!" to every request? Is it your idea that a bank may be useful only to people of wealth?

If so, you are joint owner of the false impressions which keep several million Americans from getting full use of some helpful facilities provided for them by the banks on almost every prominent downtown corner of city and village and town. Of course men and women who are in business for themselves or who handle their employers' financial affairs have to know more of what the bank can do for them. But too many people who work for wages or salary simply ignore the really substantial help a bank can give.

Only recently an instance came to my attention of a salaried man in a large city. He kept a checking account with a downtown bank, but had no other dealings with it. When he decided to build a house he needed to get cash from some bonds and stocks he owned, and because he did not wish to sell them, he made up his mind to try borrowing on them at his bank—a sort of transaction he had vaguely heard of.

So he called up the bank and told the operator he wanted to speak with someone who could arrange a loan. She switched the call to a junior officer who said, "All right, bring over the securities. Sure, we can lend that much on them."

This was his first surprise, that a banker would so informally agree to lend money. Half an hour later he walked in with the stocks and bonds from his safe-deposit box, and got another surprise. The banker shook hands cordially, thumbed through the securities, filled in a few blank spaces on a printed promissory note form, handed over his pen and said, "Sign right here."

The borrower looked at the quantity of small type on the note, and shied a little. "What does it say?" he inquired cautiously. "Darned if I know," the banker assured him with a grin. "I never read it. But a lot of intelligent people who come in every day and sign it don't seem to come to any bad end. That recommends it."

So the borrower signed the collateral note. "Let's see your pass-book," requested the man inside the railing, and made a few marks in it.

"When do I get the money?" asked the customer.

"You've got it right now," he was told. "It's in your account. You'd better not go around and try cashing a check for that amount for another five minutes or so. Give us a chance to send word to the teller that you have it on deposit. But if you want to send anybody else a check for this money, go ahead. It will be paid."

Within two minutes after he first entered the door the customer passed through it outbound, slightly dazed by the speed of this his largest financial deal to date. "I had no idea it was possible to do business in that convenient, informal way with a great big bank," he explains. "I supposed it would be hard work to get a loan."

Getting a loan is hard work for the man who has no basis of character, record and assets on which the banker can base his credit judgment. Any loan except a collateral loan—a transaction in which the borrower leaves the security with the bank until he pays the loan—is likely to involve an amount of investigation for even an honest, thrifty customer unless he has previously borrowed or unless he has given his banker a chance to get acquainted with him well enough to establish his credit standing. For the banker must take the smallest possible risk in lending money. He has to remember all the time that it is not his own money he is lending, but that most of it belongs to other people whom he will have to repay when they demand it. The banker can't be as reckless with other folks' money as he could be with his own.

And here is the simple way for you to apply that fact to your own future needs: Give your banker an opportunity to know

you. The chances are he is a sociable soul anyway. Busy, yes—but not too busy to stop for a few moments of talk with a depositor, particularly if

in these few moments he can learn anything which may come in handy sometime in the future.

Talking with your banker is not wasting either his time or yours, if the conversation stays within bounds. In the first place, he probably has a wider perspective of business conditions than most of his fellow townsmen. His business consists principally of applying to everyday affairs his knowledge of what goes on in the whole financial world, and doing it so skilfully that he and his customers both make money by it. A few minutes of conversation with him may bring out some information that you can profit by.

Again, he generally possesses pretty sound judgment. If he lacks it he does not last long as a banker. I have seen a good many men and women speed up their progress by making it a rule to consult their bankers before going ahead with any important plans—though I can't honestly say that a banker's judgment is infallible and should always be followed. Bankers, like all other classes of human beings, sometimes make mistakes no matter how hard they try not to.

But here is an example of how consulting a banker may pay, even though the banker's predictions may not turn out one hundred percent accurate. Perhaps three years ago a moderately successful young professional man went to an officer of the bank where he kept his personal account.

"I have been offered the chance to buy stock in such-and-such a company," he explained. "The ownership of the company is changing from A, B and C to a group headed by C and D. It has never made any money, but that was to be expected in its first couple of years. I know C is a good business man, and in this new line-up he will have a lot more to say about the management than he has had so far."

"H-M-M, I'm not so sure about C," commented the banker. "You know he owned a store near here several years ago. He struck me then as pretty reckless. He was our customer, and he took some pretty long chances. I wouldn't say much about it if they had turned out well—he used to say I was an old fogey. But his judgment was not remarkably good. He made about as much money on his good guesses as he lost on his poor ones, so when he finally sold out he got away with a whole skin. He's a very bright man, but he needs a balance-wheel."

"I doubt whether D can keep him in balance, for D has too many other interests. You certainly can't spend a lot of time watching C to keep him from doing something reckless, for you have your own living to make in your profession. How much money were you thinking about putting into this company's stock?"

"Five thousand dollars," the customer told him. "It looks to me like a good line of business, and I think they can make it go."

"I shouldn't be surprised if they make money in it," his banker admitted. "And I shouldn't be surprised either if C ran it into the ground. Maybe he's a better business man than he used to be, and maybe he isn't. Can you afford to lose five thousand dollars?"

"No, I can't," the younger man confessed. "That's about half of what I've managed to save since the war, including my equity in my home. If I lost that much I'd feel pretty sick."

"Now mind you, I'm not saying you'll lose it," his advisor warned him. "But there's a good chance you may. Why don't you take as much of it as you feel you can afford to risk—a thousand dollars of it, say—and put the rest of your money into conservative investments? Then if this company makes good, you won't make so much money from it; but if it fails you won't lose so much. And you will have a lot more peace of mind while the uncertainty lasts. You can't afford to worry too much, or it will cut down your earnings from your profession."





*"When do I get the money?" asked the customer. "You've got it right now. It's in your account"*

Eventually the customer compromised on two thousand dollars in the speculation. At last reports it was making money, and he had been offered six thousand dollars for his interest. But he is not a bit unhappy over the other thousands he might have made if he had plunged. Just the other day he was in the bank talking with the man who advised him. The talk naturally drifted to the business transaction in which the professional man had been guided by the banker.

"Until you told me otherwise I always thought that C had made a big success with that store he had," he confessed. "Even when you told me he hadn't made money with it, I still felt he could make this new business pay. He has, all right. But he has certainly had me sitting on the edge of my chair most of the time. I think he has settled down now, or I'd sell out in spite of the money the company has made.

"If I had put my whole five thousand into it, I wouldn't have had my mind on my own business for the first year and a half. As it is, I have a good paper profit which I'm inclined to nurse along—and the bonds I bought with the rest of my money show a good profit, too."

Another advantage has accrued to this customer without his realizing it. The officer with whom he has counseled has developed a sound respect for his judgment. During the intervening years they have discussed several investments and speculations,

in which the customer has shown a good combination of discretion and courage. While thus far he has handled his affairs without recourse to borrowing, some day he will face an opportunity too large for his checking account. When that time comes, the bank will undoubtedly lend him money. He has earned a good credit standing by his record, and, all unknown to him, it stands ready to serve him when needed.

Most men treat the banker as they treat the doctor. They do not call on him until they feel an acute need. "Why, I always thought I ought to keep away from the bank except when I need money," is the way a customer expressed it. The customer waits too long, then thinks it is the banker's fault because the banker hesitates to extend him credit.

Establishing a reputation and record which entitle you to credit at your bank are not things to be left to chance, or even to be gone at haphazard. Some planning and some care are required in carrying out the plans. Nothing, of course, short of sheer deception will build credit for a man who is fundamentally not entitled to it. But if he takes the proper steps well in advance of his need for a loan, a man who is otherwise qualified to borrow finds it much easier to meet his need through the bank's help.

Going to your banker for information and advice on important undertakings is one way to build his confidence in you. Another way is to let him see in actual (Continued on page 68)

# The AFFAIR *at the*

By  
Karl W. Detzer

THE affair at the Spanish Restaurant started over a woman, and ended with apologies from a French préfet to an American major general, and letters of condolence from the major general to the president of France.

But between the beginning of the affair and its end, a good supper was ruined, a man died with steel in his ribs, a human heart was exhibited to a crowded court room, the editor of a provincial daily newspaper wrote a harsh editorial, and the friendly relations of two great republics were threatened.

The Spanish Restaurant, on the right side of Rue Gambetta, as you leave the Place de la République in the hill city of Le Mans, was a popular resort for American soldiers on leave. Quiet, clean, reasonable in price, considerate of the comfort of enlisted men, it will be remembered happily by a hundred thousand veterans of the A. E. F.

Alphonse Benito, the fat, bald, busy proprietor with a ruby nose and nervous hands, commanded a squad of overworked waitresses. Madame Benito sat at the wicket just inside the door, made change, settled disputes, and smiled at each incoming patron.

The room was long, not too well lighted and in need of decoration. Its low ceiling was heavily beamed. It had been built perhaps half a thousand years ago. Its lights shone cheerily through small panes of glass that rainy night in April, 1910.

Within the room about one hundred and fifty people were eating and drinking. They were French soldiers for the most part with their girls, a few neighboring shop keepers, village merchants in to spend a hilarious evening under the gas lights. The smoky air smelled of tobacco and rattled with quick conversation.

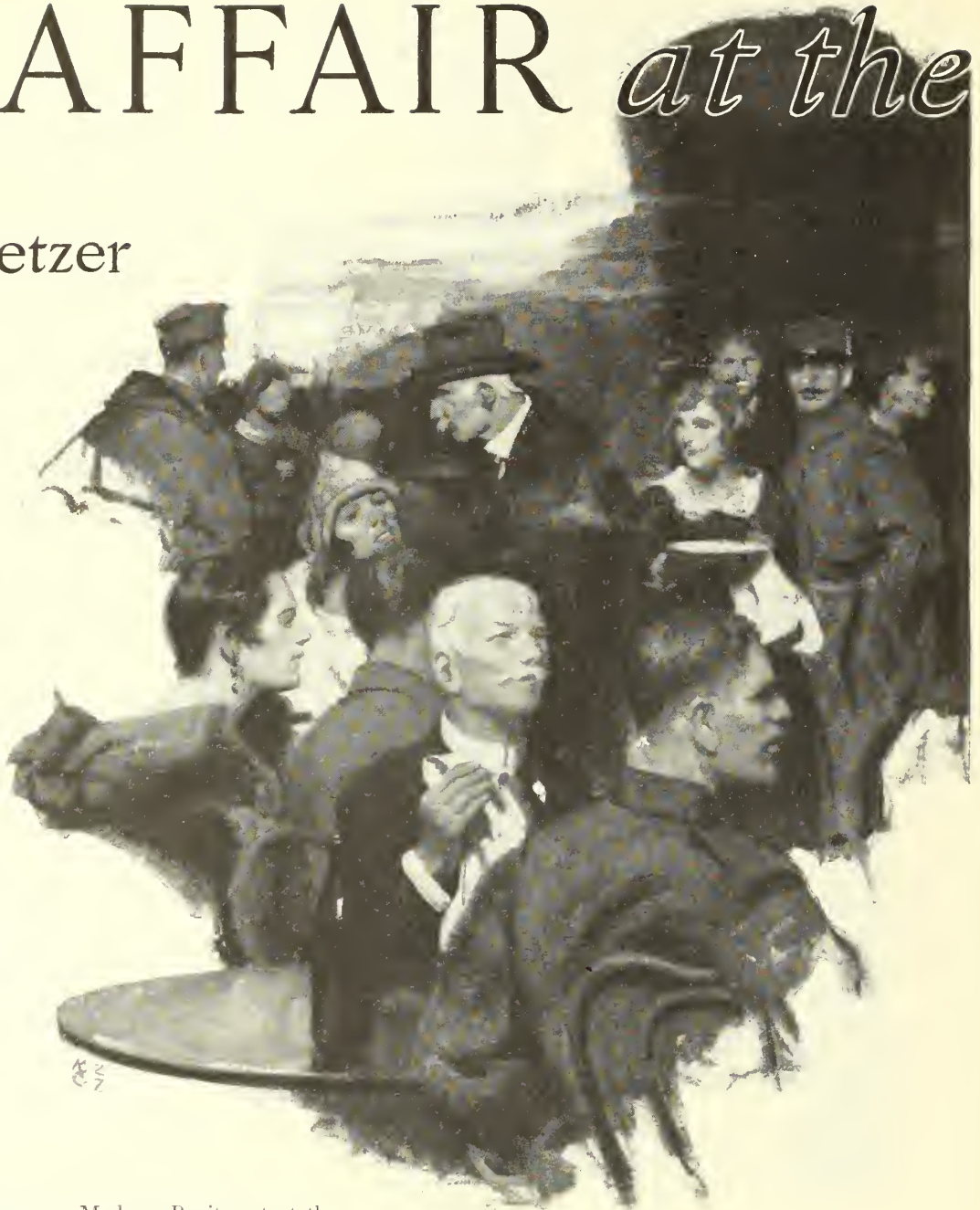
At exactly 9:15 two American soldiers entered. Madame Benito remembers the hour, for she looked at the wall clock and thought it was time for Americans to be on their way back to their camps. The military police always were so punctilious about such things!

But they begged one drink. Just one. And then they'd go away quietly. If not . . .

"Julie!" Madame Benito called to a waitress. "One drink . . . and vite! Before the M. P. comes!"

The two soldiers waited just inside the door. They were typical American doughboys on first sight, one tall and lean, the other short, wiry, of quick gesture and nervous speech. To Madame Benito they looked like all other Americans, homely and a bit savage. She returned to her column of figures.

Not far from the madame's desk, at a table for four, sat



Corporal Georges Latouche and Private Antoine Lesche of the French Army. And with them were Marie Flambeau, who was pretty and blonde, and dark-skinned Josie, who never had found it necessary to take a last name. Later, in the procès verbal on which French police reported the crime, both girls were described, bluntly, as "sans habitation, sans occupation, sans reputations." Brief, complete, enlightening, these procès verbals!

Josie had been singing before the two Americans entered, singing "Madelon de la Victoire," in a shrill little voice, hardly musical but not at all unpleasant. She merely entertained her own table at first. Then, when other diners in the restaurant applauded, she sang a little louder.

Corporal Latouche, who was her especial companion, lifted his glass.

"Your health!" he said.

"My handsome corporal!" Josie answered. "A long life!"

At that brave toast, the smaller of the two Americans sauntered toward the table from the door, where they still awaited their drink.

He spoke to the girls. What he said was of no consequence. Not then. Not now. What did matter was that the American had already been drinking. He was hardly a gentleman. Even ladies sans reputations may demand a certain conversational limit. The American exceeded it.

# SPANISH

Illustrations by  
Kenneth Camp

## Restaurant



*Josie had been singing  
"Madelon de la Victoire"  
in a voice hardly musical  
but not at all unpleasant*

Josie did not reply, merely looked appealingly at Corporal Latouche.

"Allez!" the Frenchman ordered. "Find yourself a table!"

"No compree," the little American answered. Then he spoke again to the girls.

His taller companion, who had a scowling face, joined the conversation.

"Go away, pigs, you spoil my supper!" objected the corporal.

The taller American knew enough French to resent an insult.

He leaned across the table, lifted a bottle, and poured wine into Latouche's plate.

"There are several ways to spoil a supper," he said.

Foolish, wasn't it?

Latouche, deeply offended, called the proprietor. Monsieur Benito, perspiring and conciliatory, hurried across the room with a napkin on his arm.

"He spoiled my supper, make him pay for it!" demanded Latouche.

"Surely, he must!" Benito agreed. "That is fair. Come, monsieur. Money . . . understand? Money, I say!"

"The pigs!" Corporal Latouche growled again.

The taller American leaned down angrily. Latouche leaped up to defend himself. Up and down the room knives and forks clattered against plates. Bottles and glasses thumped down upon tables. Men scowled and a woman screamed, "Attendez!" Madame Benito, greatly exasperated, climbed off her high stool behind the desk.

The smaller of the Americans slipped out of his wet, soggy raincoat, better to fight, and dropped it on a chair. Police say that no crime ever has been committed without its perpetrator leaving some clue. Even the smartest criminal makes a slip, forgets an important point, leaves some little piece of evidence, carelessly drops a ticket of identification where prowling police investigators may find it later.

Rain drummed against the windows and a shrill wind squealed up Rue

Gambetta from the Sarthe. The door banged open, and a woman who feared notoriety fled. Men reached for their hats and canes.

Corporal Latouche and the larger American hugged each other's neck, kicked, scratched, pummelled. The chair with the raincoat on it upset. It was kicked under the table, out of sight.

Latouche lifted his knee and jammed the American in the abdomen. The doughboy staggered backward, and charged again.

The smaller American saw the Frenchman strike his friend once, twice . . . He reached into his breeches pocket, drew forth a bone-handled knife. He opened it calmly, tested the sharp steel once across his palm. The blade was four and one-half inches long.

## II

CAPTAIN ROBERT E. FLORA, Assistant Provost Marshal of the American forces in Le Mans, sat at work at his desk in the lower corner room in the old Bourse de Commerce building. His broad windows looked out upon the desolate, wind-swept,

rain-spattered stones of the Place de la République, a dismal sight if there ever was one.

Directly opposite the office of the military police, the Restaurant Gruber flooded its broad sidewalk with electric glare. Waiters in white aprons were carrying chairs and small iron tables back into the restaurant from under the wet, striped awning. Solitary atop his stone pedestal, General Chanzy, hero of the Sarthe, posed, sword in hand. Gas lights from around the edges of the place reflected on the wet bronze of his shoulders. A row of dilapidated and unoccupied fiacres, their horses standing wearily with drenched heads hanging down, broke the broad emptiness of the pavement over toward the right.

Captain Flora yawned and addressed across the desk Sergeant Karnan, now of the Cincinnati police department.

"Devil of a night," he said, "not likely to be much mischief. Get some rest. I'm going home early . . ."

He stopped in the middle of his sentence, his eyes staring out of the window into the street below. He saw a fat woman, bare-headed, running across the public square. Running toward his own office. He arose and went to the window, interested. The outer door squeaked. Then the inner door.

"Monsieur! Vite! A Passassin! Restaurant Espagnole!"

CAPTAIN FLORA understood. With Sergeant Karnan he crossed the square hurriedly. Water ran in chuckling rivulets down the curbs of the narrow, steep Rue Gambetta. Flora passed the darkened headquarters of the Gendarmerie Nationale. Two blocks ahead the lights of the Spanish Restaurant glinted against the pavements.

But the street lay deserted. Only the sound of rain in water spouts and the wind creaking a loose sign broke the black stillness. Flora arrived at the door.

He saw, within, confusion and cigarette smoke, smelled the breath of wine and good cookery, saw tables overturned and chairs broken. In one corner half a dozen waitresses were peeping out from behind their aprons. At the table for four where the fight had been, Corporal Georges Latouche, abandoned by his companions, still sat, with mouth agape. His head sagged a little, his eyes were wide open. On knees beside him crouched Monsieur Benito, the café owner.

"Monsieur!" Benito was pleading. "Speak, monsieur!"

"Oh, monsieur!" echoed Madame Benito, who held fast to the change box.

Captain Flora felt for the beat of the French corporal's heart.

"He is quite dead," he pronounced, "but even so, we'd better have a doctor. Sergeant . . ."

Karnan did as he was bid.

At ten-thirty o'clock, the cold body of Georges Latouche was carried under guard of military police to the American morgue. His three gay companions had fled heartlessly from the Restaurant Espagnole into the blasty night. They must escape immediately the memory of that last blow. Even Josie, who had looked across the table so appealingly, hoped that no one in the restaurant had recognized her.

"Now these Americans," asked Captain Flora of Monsieur Benito, "you knew them?"

"Non, non, non!"

"What were they like? Tell me . . . how did they look?"

The recital that followed was exactly what the military policeman had expected. To the French café owner all Americans looked alike.

"One was tall," Monsieur Benito began, and sank down into the nearest chair, complaining of his weak heart. His wife, still holding the change box, turned her back to the table where the party of four had sat, and continued: "The other was short."

"Yes," Flora agreed, "when there are two Americans, one always is tall, the other short . . . go on . . ."

"They wore brown uniforms, both of those monsters . . ."

"Yes, madame, brown uniforms . . ."

"With leggins wrapped in spirals . . ."

"Wrapped leggins, yes!" Flora scowled at the table where Georges Latouche had sat. Every minute counted. He urged the woman again.

"They were very homely, like all Americans, homely faces, big mouths, no beards, and oh, yes . . ."

"What else?"

"Each wore the bonnet de police, what you call it? The casquette overseas?"

"Overseas cap," Flora added glumly to his list.

Rain thumped noisily against the windows. Winds screamed in the street.

"They wore no raincoats?" Captain Flora demanded.

"Yes . . ." hesitantly. "Both did when they came in. But one . . . not the one who had the knife . . . the other . . . took off his coat. He was the large man . . . taller than my husband . . . he kicked the coat so . . ." she scuffed the floor with her foot.

Captain Flora ducked under the table in question and drew out a soaked, sodden, brownish raincoat.

"Army issue," he said, "let's see . . ."

Closely he examined it, neckband, skirt, sleeves, front button flap . . . inch by wet inch . . . and then started all over again. No mark of pen or pencil or crayon, of ink or stencil, lent to the worn garment an individual identity. The pockets were completely empty.

"Lock your doors and turn out your lights," Flora directed.

"You stay here, Benito. I will leave a man on guard. If the American comes back after his raincoat . . ."

"Sacred stones of St. Julien!" whispered Benito. "In the room with a murdered man's breath . . . in the dark!"

When a crime has been committed and the criminal leaves only one clew, experienced police officers make the best of it. This

night in the Spanish Restaurant the clew was a wet raincoat, without a single identifying mark upon it.

Captain Flora hurried back to his office. In three minutes he appeared once more in the public square. He wore the uniform of a private this time, rather a careless private whose breeches were unpressed and none too clean. In a side street Sergeant Karnan waited with a high-powered car.

"Forwarding Camp," Captain Flora directed, and the motor hummed.

Now on this night in April there were gathered in the American Embarkation Area, that spread in a forty-mile radius from Le Mans, some hundred thousand Americans, each wearing wrapped leggins, olive drab uniform, overseas cap, and a beardless face. One man in a hundred thousand! At the Forwarding Camp alone, sixty thousand soldiers

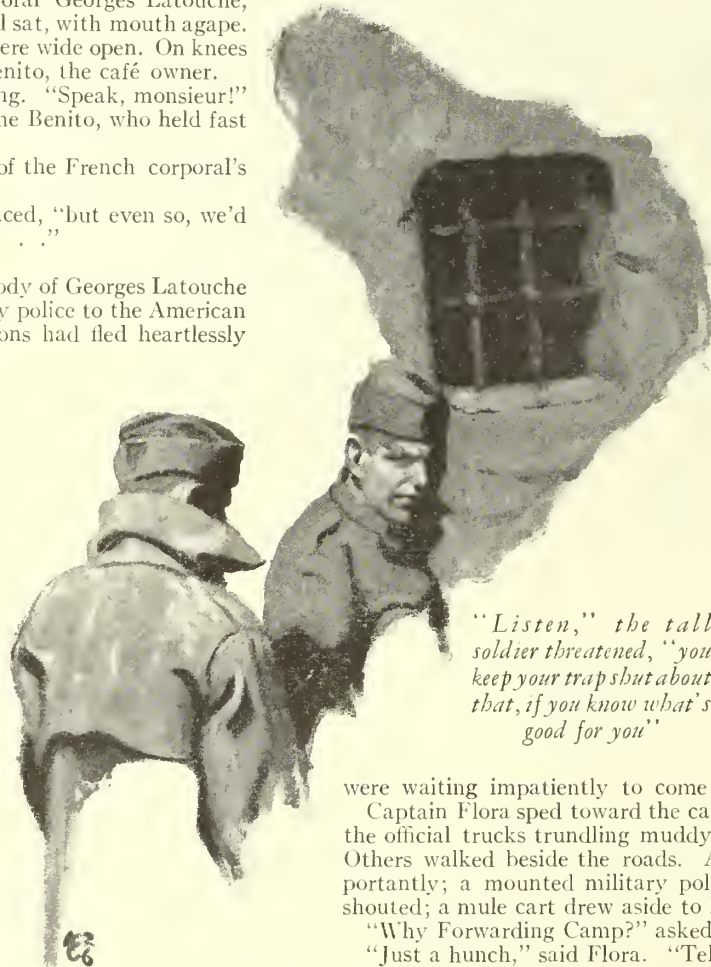
were waiting impatiently to come home.

Captain Flora sped toward the camp. Hilarious boys crowded the official trucks trundling muddy roads back to their camps. Others walked beside the roads. A general's car splashed importantly; a mounted military policeman waved his staff and shouted; a mule cart drew aside to let Captain Flora pass.

"Why Forwarding Camp?" asked Sergeant Karnan.

"Just a hunch," said Flora. "Tell you later. Here . . . let me out at this military police post. Then you go into camp and wait . . ."

The military police sergeant on duty under the staring electric light at the main gate started to salute Captain Flora as he took up a position by the side of the road; then realized that an officer



"Listen," the tall soldier threatened, "you keep your traps shut about that, if you know what's good for you"



*On his knees crouched Monsieur Benito. "Monsieur!" he was pleading. "Speak, monsieur!"*

of the police disguised as a private perhaps had reasons for not wishing to be recognized. A truckload of soldiers swung to a stop at the camp gate. The men produced wet slips of paper, passes and furloughs, from under their raincoats, the sergeant examined each slip hurriedly and they all passed in.

The second truckload drew up . . . and the third . . . the eighth . . . the twentieth . . .

And the twenty-first.

"This way, fellows," the sergeant at the gate called. "Come on, let's see your passes."

On the twenty-first truck, Captain Flora spied the first drenched doughboy without a raincoat. He was a tall fellow. Flora slouched along beside him till they were well up the path toward the barracks.

"Bo," he said, "you sure did hit that French soldier a wallop!" The fellow halted.

"I didn't wait to see the finish," Flora continued naïvely, "I beat it—didn't want to get picked up."

"Listen!" the tall soldier threatened. "You keep your trap shut about that, if you know what's good for you!"

### III

"**C**OME into headquarters!" Flora bade. "I'm a police officer."

At the broad desk in the general's office Flora called a stenographer and set to work questioning his prisoner. The name of the man without a raincoat was Tom Sharp. He was attached to a home-going casual company, had a fair (Continued on page 84)

# EDITORIAL

*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

## Going, Going —

**L**AST call on government insurance! July 2, 1927, is the final day on which lapsed policies may be reinstated and the temporary term policies converted into a new level-premium policy or one of the six forms of permanent government insurance.

Two principal reasons influence men who have not yet taken one of Uncle Sam's policies:

First, the belief that a man's responsibilities to others are not heavy enough to make it necessary for him to take out life insurance; second, that a man cannot afford to pay the premium on a government insurance policy. Both these reasons are subject to quick change. Today's bachelor is tomorrow's husband. Then he will probably see the wisdom of buying life insurance—but he will have to pay higher premiums than if he had bought a government policy before July 2, 1927. Most men who figure they cannot afford to pay premiums on a government insurance policy are fooling themselves. If they hesitate to pay for a converted policy, they most certainly should be able to pay for the new form of low-cost level-premium term policy which Congress authorized at its last session.

This level-premium term policy costs even less than the old term insurance, which goes out of existence on July 2d, because its slightly higher premiums are more than offset by cash-surrender values and sharing in annual dividends. This new form of policy was especially designed for the man who considers that he is financially unable at this time to buy one of the more expensive permanent policies. It will provide five years of protection to one's dependents. At the end of the five years it is converted automatically to an ordinary life policy.

There is no more time left for debating this insurance question with yourself. There is only time for action.

## The Emporia Way

**T**HERE appeared in Emporia, Kansas, the other day "a convinced militant pacifist." We have William Allen White's word for it, through the editorial columns of the *Emporia Daily Gazette*. This pacifist, an ex-soldier, believed, according to Mr. White, "that to stop wars men should refuse to fight in wars and women should refuse to support men who fight in wars. This is the last extreme position of unconditional pacifism." Let Mr. White continue:

This creed affronts the hearts of thousands of red-blooded young Americans. They properly feel that when war comes, danger to their country comes with it; and these young Americans also wisely be-

lieve that the defense of this American civilization in time of danger and need is the highest act of loyalty to humanity that any man can perform. In this belief The Gazette fully joins these young men.

But the fine thing about the Legionnaires in Emporia is that without threat, without hindrance, without the slightest disturbance from the men who disagreed with him, this young militant pacifist spoke his piece, said his say, declared his creed, presented his argument, and went his way from Emporia to the next town.

Free speech is one of the guarantees of the American constitution. Sometimes it is hard to keep the guarantee but always it is imperative to keep it; and The Gazette desires to tip a respectful hat to the Legion boys of Emporia.

It is a pleasure to reproduce this comment in an issue of the Monthly which contains Rupert Hughes's powerful defense of the principle of free speech. Apart from the question of principle, declares Mr. Hughes, suppression defeats its own ends in the vast amount of advertising it bestows on the person suppressed and on the cause he represents. It doesn't seem likely that the "convinced militant pacifist" made many converts in Emporia.

## The C. M. T. C.

**T**HE Citizens' Military Training Camps have just entered upon their seventh season. Probably fifteen thousand young men are already taking advantage of the thirty days' outdoor military training offered in the United States Army, and before the season is over thirty-five thousand will have completed the course at the camps.

The Citizens' Military Training Camps are authorized by Congress to be held under the auspices of the War Department at various places throughout the United States each summer, as part of the general system of national defense provided by the National Defense Act of 1920.

The purpose of the camps is to develop the manhood of the nation by bringing together young men of high and different types, both native and foreign born, from all parts of the country on a common basis of equality and under the most favorable conditions of outdoor life; to teach them the privileges, duties and responsibilities of American citizenship; to stimulate the interest of the youth of the country to the importance of military training as a profit to the nation and to the individual taking the training; to inculcate self-discipline; to develop the young men physically, mentally and morally, and to teach them American citizenship in its true sense.

The camps have received the endorsement of leaders in industry, labor, education, sports and



1776

CAN SUCH A THING AS  
A DEMOCRACY SURVIVE?



1927

CAN ANYTHING BUT A  
DEMOCRACY SURVIVE?

*John Russell*

### BIRTHDAY CARD

politics. President Coolidge himself has stated without reservation that the young men who attend the C. M. T. C. return better equipped to assume the responsibilities of manhood. The country is behind the C. M. T. C., and The American Legion, both nationally and through its local posts, has given the movement consistent aid and co-operation.

The greatest benefit to be derived from the camps, from the standpoint of preparedness, is in the closer contact that they establish between the Regulars and the citizen soldiers. Here is an opportunity which was lacking in the pre-war days, when most of the regular forces were stationed at a distance from and had little contact with civilian communities. During the days following April 6, 1917, the citizen soldier with his awkwardness puzzled the professional soldier, while the Regular with his directness was a riddle to the easy-going civilian.

The summer camps provide a splendid opportunity for the Regular Army to study at first hand the

type of soldiers who would have to be whipped into shape in case of emergency, and for the young American to acquire a better understanding of the duties and responsibilities of the American soldier.

The Legion would like to see the attendance at the camps increase to fifty thousand men, and so recommended as one of the "minimum requirements for national defense" in a resolution adopted at its Philadelphia National Convention last fall. It appears certain that this goal will soon be reached as the logic of the plan is brought home more and more to the civil population. Fortunately the most enthusiastic supporters of the C. M. T. C. idea are the very men who have taken advantage of the plan. Returning to thousands of communities to which the problems of defense doubtless appear as purely abstract and theoretical questions, they spread the good repute of these training camps far and wide through the land—the best advertisements a cause ever had.



By Jack  
O'Donnell

# PUT UP

**L**OUNGERS on the beautiful municipal pier at Chicago on the afternoon of August 7, 1921, were amazed to see a checker-suited young man run at top speed to the end of the structure and leap far out into Lake Michigan.

The next moment they heard loud cries for help. A policeman rushed to the end of the pier, tossed a life line to the floundering man, hauled him to safety and promptly placed him under arrest.

"What y' arrestin' me for?" asked the dripping youngster as soon as he recovered his breath.

"For attemptin' suicide," snapped the cop.

"Suicide hell!" exploded Andrew Monaghan, known around the Loop as Sport Monaghan. "Where do you get that stuff? I wasn't tryin' to do the Dutch. I was just tryin' to win a bet. A guy up at the Sherman Hotel bet me a million dollars to a nickel I couldn't jump across the lake!"

"An' you took him!" said the cop sarcastically.

"Sure I took him!" said Monaghan. "Look at the odds!"

Sport Monaghan's attempt to cash in on a twenty million to one shot is perhaps the outstanding long-odds bet in the history of gambling—a history which dates back to the glacial age and, perhaps, beyond. It was his answer to the most convincing argument in the world—"I'll bet you!" And the odds were so tempting!

This mad, glad, bad gambling world is full of Sport Monaghans. True, the gambling instinct is not so deeply rooted in most of us, but it is there in some degree. It is there in the millions of men and women who play the stock market. It is there in still other millions who bet on the turn of a card, the roll of a pair of dice, the intricacies of policy or lottery, the speed of a train or an ocean liner, the number of cigarettes in a cigar-store window, the chance of happiness with one of the opposite sex.

Life itself is a gamble from the cradle to the grave. The man who crosses Broadway, Michigan Avenue or Market Street against the traffic signals gambles his life against the on-coming taxicab. Men and women



gamble for health, wealth, happiness, bread and salvation.

Some gamble fairly, some unfairly, and some won't wager a nickel unless they believe they have a sure thing. But in almost every mortal there is the gambling instinct. It may come out in a wager for high stakes, for high honors, for a woman's love, personal satisfaction, or the vindication of an opinion expressed in anger or excitement.

The late John W. Gates would bet on anything under the blue canopy of heaven. But he wasn't a nickel sport. He didn't earn the sobriquet of Bet-a-Million Gates by wagering quarters or half dollars. Even the money barons of Wall Street took water when the spectacular Gates reached for his roll.

Many tales are told of Gates's betting proclivities. Let us select one which typifies admirably his operations in the field of chance.

Gates was returning to New York from a visit to the far South. Arriving in Memphis, he had business to transact which made it necessary for him to stop over between trains.

In those days—1908—the Tennessee metropolis boasted of some pretty good poker players. Hearing of Gates's presence in town, several of these men, meeting at one of the leading clubs, suggested that they get the New York financier to stay over for a game. They got together \$35,000 and appointed one of their number who knew Gates to approach him and request that he sit in.







# or SHUT UP

*Illustrations by Paul Brown*



"I'd like to mighty well," said Gates, "but the fact is I've some very important business to transact in New York tomorrow. Simply must be there."

"Oh now, John," said his friend, "you can let that slide. Stay over and we'll make it worth while. Some of the boys have got together and—" this confidentially—"there'll be \$35,000 to shoot for!"

"Thirty-five thousand, eh?" said Gates softly.

"Yes," replied his friend quickly. "See! Here it is. The boys let me have it to whet your appetite."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Gates. "I'd sure like to sit down and take that away from you boys. But business is business, you know." Then, as if struck by a happy thought: "Tell you what I'll do, though—I'll put up thirty-five thousand and we'll toss a coin to see who takes the pot."

The offer was courteously but firmly declined, and the Tennessee party was staged—if at all—without Gates.

Gates had one glaring weakness in his wagering. Vanity. He thought mighty well of his skill as a trap shooter and often wagered—and lost—large sums on himself. His cronies, aware of this weakness, never lost an opportunity to talk him into a bet before the traps.

One day a few years before Gates died he was one of a large party of railroad magnates who were making a tour of inspection of railroad

properties in the southern States. It was a leisurely tour, one on which business was never permitted to interfere with pleasure. If at any time a member of the party expressed a desire to stop for a bit of trap shooting or hunting the Gates private car was uncoupled from the rest of the train, placed on a siding, and the shooting began. He always carried a trap shooting outfit in his private car.

One of these stops was made near a point in Arkansas where duck hunting looked promising. The party promptly paired off and soon guns were popping all over the place.

Two of the members returning to the car ahead of the others came upon a gangly Arkansas lad who, without blind or decoy, was knocking off ducks with amazing regularity. The strangers were so impressed with the lad's marksmanship that one of them hailed him: "Did you ever shoot any clay pigeons?"

"Yep, a little," the Arkansan admitted.

"Are you as good at it as you are at hitting ducks?"

"Reckon I be," replied the young hunter.

"How many clay pigeons could you bring down out of a possible fifty?" asked the inquisitor.

"Fifty."

"Sure?"

"Sure!"

The railroad magnates smiled and exchanged glances. Then said the man who had been questioning the lad, "Go over there on that rail fence and sit down until we call you. We'll pay you well for your time."

The boy, unable to think of any easier way of making money than by sitting on a rail fence, did as he was told.

Presently, Gates and a few more of the visiting hunters returned to the private car. While they sat around waiting for the remainder of the party to come in the men who had talked with the boy introduced the subject of trap shooting and, as they figured, Gates joined in enthusiastically. Cleverly the "conspirators" maneuvered Gates (Continued on page 64)



# FOR AULD

**O**FFICIAL receptions there will be aplenty when the Ninth National Convention of The American Legion assembles in Paris in September. Soldiers and statesmen whose names are writ large in history, notables and dignitaries—altogether as select a company as ever welcomed a visiting host—they will all be on hand. It will be a brave and an impressive show—little doubt about that. But the whole reception won't take place in Paris, nor amid all the pomp and panoply that are inevitably associated with formal greetings. Beyond the walls of the city—far beyond the walls in some instances (except that the walls have been pulled down since the war)—thousands of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen are waiting to greet their friends of 1918. A good many of



**T**HERE is a famous and magnificent chateau at Chambord, close to the heart of the old S. O. S., but Mme. Lucienne Beranger (above) doesn't occupy it. The smile she's wearing is a real one that came to her face when told that a lot of old-timers would descend on the village next fall to find out whether Jules Le Fevre was still firmly entrenched in the office of town crier



as a souvenir de guerre. All Jean knows about the culprit is that he came from California, and Jean was pretty much distressed to learn that even if he himself started in pursuit, he might land in New York and still be nearer to Tours than to San Francisco. Jean is willing to let bygones be bygones, however, and will split a bottle of Vouvray with the whistle-snatcher if he turns up

**F**ORTY and Eighters attention! Voici un vrai conducteur, by name Jean Baequer, all set to take No. 68 out of Tours on the Bordeaux run. Jean has now pretty well recovered from the peeve he suffered nine years ago when an American soldier took Jean's whistle out of Tours

**F**EW may remember her name, but thousands of former American soldiers will recognize the kindly face of Mme. Aimée Girardin, the seventy-eight-year-old guardian and keeper of the key to the house at Domremy where Joan of Arc was born. Mme. Girardin has served in this capacity for thirty-five years, and when the A. E. F. was over she opened the door and told her well-memorized descriptions to the many who made the pilgrimage to the little Lorraine village. Any members of The American Legion who make another trip to Domremy this September will find the famous shrine unchanged save for one feature. After the doughboy visitors quit coming in 1919 the walls of the house were washed and this sign posted conspicuously near the door: "Visitors to the birthplace of Jeanne d'Arc will please not register their names on the walls of the building but in a book provided for that purpose near the entrance to the building." The pen scratches

# LANG SYNE

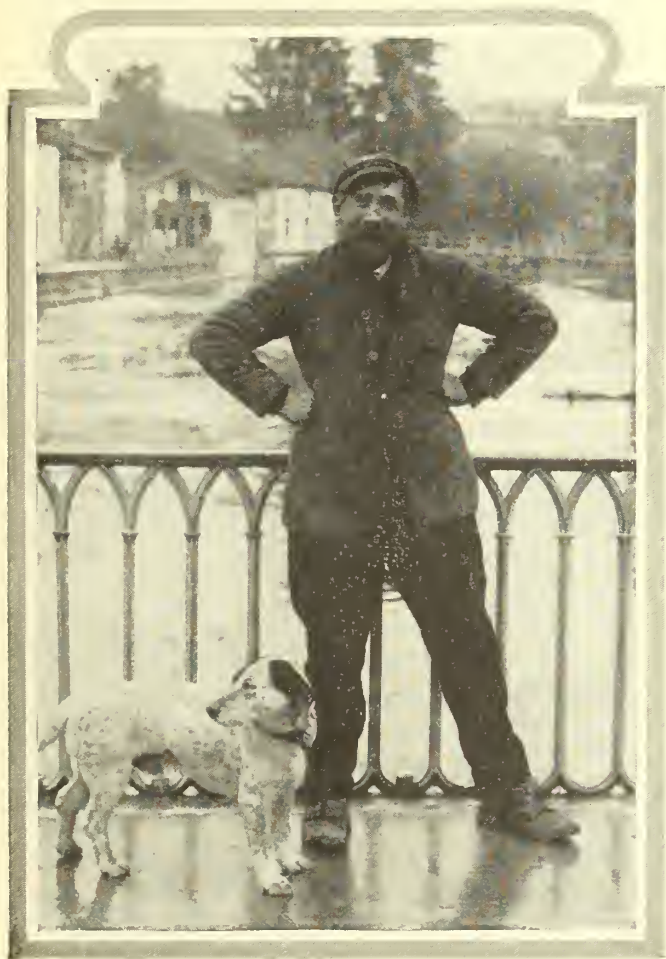
them, like thousands of their Legionnaire visitors, have never seen Paris. They would love to be there—nobody admires a good parade more than a Frenchman does—but railroad travel costs beaucoup francs, and beaucoup francs is just what they haven't got. They are the Old Folks at Home, the real France, as far removed as the Eskimos from the tinsel of the Folies Bergères and the tourist hokum of Montmartre. They know Americans not as Pershing's Gallant Band of Crusaders, but as Bill Wiggins of Council Bluffs and Dan Sawyer of Peoria, giving a highly lifelike impersonation of two youngsters plumped down far from home in the midst of history's greatest war. Meet half a dozen members of the unofficial reception committee—you may know some of them already.



**GRANDMÈRE DAUPHINE PLICHON** is now eighty-two years old. At seventy-three she was the first woman to return to Cantigny to start life anew. There were no Germans there, but that was about all that could be said for Cantigny. It took Grandmère Plichon three weeks to determine where her former house had been located. The First Division restored Cantigny to France in the first American attack in force in May, 1918 but after they got through considerable restoration remained to be done



**JEAN-BAPTISTE JACQUES** at eighty-six is self-appointed mayor of Samogneux, in the Meuse-Argonne area. Samogneux was so seriously flattened out by the time of the Armistice that even the French Government, which was pretty well inured to seeing places flattened out, decided not to rebuild it. This went considerably against the grain of Jean-Baptiste, who had always lived in Samogneux and wasn't ready to quit now. Ignoring the government edict, he returned and began rebuilding. Today the village boasts five stone houses as well as some community barracks



**INTRODUCING**, to those who are interested, none other than Léon Martin, Professeur d'Instruction Physique of Gondrecourt, who claims he boxed with more American soldiers during the war than was good for him. He was about eighteen years old then, and large for his age, and the congenial Yanks used to knock him for a loop on many occasions. Gradually, however, he assimilated a few of the finer points of the manly art and cut down his percentage of knockouts per week to an astonishingly low figure. Then, when the Americans departed, he began to put his well-earned education to practical use, and he now teaches the young men of Gondrecourt what he knows. Monsieur Martin, like practically every resident of every village in this area, wears an army blouse of American design. And he says he'd like to meet some of his one-time opponents in the ring if they should happen to drop over for the Paris convention. He claims he's good now

# They ALSO

By  
Peter B. Kyne

## CHAPTERS I—XXI IN BRIEF

THE Professor, California ranch horse, detailing his experiences with the American Army in France for the benefit of his two ranch companions, has brought the narrative to the point where he and his master, Private Ern Givens, with Private Pat Rogan and a little pack mule named Tip, swam to the French shore following the torpedoing of the horse transport *Tecumsch*. Givens and Rogan had arrived on the transport via the Remount Service, after being busted from sergeancies at Camp Doniphan, Oklahoma, following run-ins with the camp commander. Rogan, whose service record goes back to the days of San Juan Hill and El Caney, following his transfer to Remount had succeeded in getting himself and Givens ordered overseas, through an assistant adjutant general whose life he saved in Cuba. In swimming ashore with Professor, Givens has been able to shoot four Germans aboard the submarine whose torpedo sank the *Tecumsch*, but Rogan, nearly dead from his swim ashore, knows nothing of the exploit, and Givens, who has gone for help and returned with a young French girl and provisions, says nothing about it.

## CHAPTER XXII

UTTERLY exhausted as I was after my long swim, I could not help wishing that the rum Ern had given me would affect me as it had Tip. Apparently it had made him forget how tired he was—lifted him out of the slough of despond incident to his half-drowned condition. But beyond a slight giddiness and a sense of well-being not at all in consonance with my physical condition, the rum had no effect on me. I learned later that we were given this rum to stimulate our heart action, which sent the blood coursing through our frozen veins and warmed us. Evidently it had performed a similar function for Ern Givens and Rogan, so they decided to play no favorites. Rogan always declared that what was good for man was good for beast.

However, to get back to my story. Old Tip slept—what with the rum and profound weariness—and as I stood gazing at him it occurred to me that a little shut-eye wouldn't be a bad thing for the wandering son of Sir Nigel. The sun was up by now and warming the sands, so I lay down, perfectly flat, and relaxed all my muscles.

When I awoke it was late afternoon and Tip was sitting up straight watching me.

"Well, Prof," he sang out cheerfully, "how would a couple or five or six buckets of ice water do you? Got a hang-over? My mouth feels as if a Moro family had just moved in."

I tried to straighten up but fell back with a groan. Tip chuckled. "You've discovered a few muscles you never knew you possessed before, eh, Prof? That's what swimming does for one," he jeered.

"I'm foundered," I gasped.

"Guess Ern and Rogan must be foundered, too, Prof. Neither has been down to see us . . . hello, here come Ern and that girl now."

Sure enough they were coming down the path along the yellow bluff. Ern was carrying something in a sack, and stretched between the shoulders of him and the girl was a stick; on the stick



*There is something about French girls*

four buckets swung. I knew it was food and water and I nickered joyously. Tip hee-hawed a welcome, too.

How good those two buckets of water tasted! Just three long sucks per bucket and they were empty, whereupon Ern and the girl went back and returned presently with four more. Ern gave

# S E R V E

Illustrations by  
Cyrus Le Roy Baldridge



*radically different from the girls at home*

us two additional buckets apiece at fifteen-minute intervals; then he spread a gunny sack on the sand under each of our noses and poured out a good big helping of crushed oats. I learned afterward that he had crushed those oats in a little old coffee mill. While we were eating he tied heavy woolen blankets on us, gave

us each a pat on the nose and said: "Now, then, at ease until I can buy you some hay. Tomorrow morning I'll see about getting you up off the beach."

He was turning to go, when the girl clutched his arm and pointed out to sea. They stood there, staring. I could not turn around to stare with them, but Tip was facing seaward, so I asked him what they were looking at.

"There's a piece of wreckage floating out there beyond the waves and something is moving around on it—something small and white," he replied.

Ern put his fingers in his mouth and whistled shrilly; faintly to our ears came the sound of a joyous bark.

"It's Rogan's dog Demmy," Tip grunted. "He had to leave Demmy behind to die last night—and the nosy little rascal wouldn't die, that's all. It was too long a swim for him, but like a sensible little critter he managed to climb up on a piece of wreckage—and there he is."

"He'll get spilled off it when his raft strikes the breakers."

"Let him spill and be damned to him," Tip answered profanely. "If he can't swim three hundred yards to shore he's no dog of Rogan's."

Ern kept whistling and Demmy kept barking. "He's trying to get up enough courage to abandon his raft and swim for it," Tip informed me. "Come on, Demmy, you little idiot. Swim for it. Don't exhaust yourself jumping up and down. Come on, Demmy. Let's go!"

Tip, like all mules, was a most practical person and believed in conserving his strength. If he slipped off a road and rolled down hill with his pack, he never struggled at the bottom. Not old Tip! He just waited for his buddies to come down and take the pack off him. He kept murmuring and cussing under his breath now, urging Demmy to make the try—and when Demmy was well into the breakers and a wave up-ended his raft and spilled him, Tip brayed with relief and then was silent, watching . . .

Ten minutes later Ern Givens, wet to his neck, walked up the beach with Demmy in his arms! It seems poor Demmy was all in by the time he reached the wash of the surf and was rolling around helpless, and drowning fast, when Ern waded in and rescued him. I saw him take Demmy by the hind legs and spill the water out of him, then slap him vigorously. The poor waif appeared to be dead, but Ern worked over him for half an hour and finally the little dog wagged his tail. Ern let out a whoop and the girl danced around them both, while Ern kept slapping Demmy in the short ribs to chirk up his heart action . . . presently he picked Demmy up and carried him away.

"I'm mighty glad, for Rogan's sake," Tip declared. "It must have broken his heart to have to abandon Demmy last night. Remember how he sneaked Demmy aboard in his barrack bag? Setters weren't meant for the rough deal Demmy has had. They do not stand cold very well and water is not their natural element. I do hope Demmy doesn't get pneumonia, even if the little son of a gun used to nip my heels every chance he got. However, I could never hold a real grudge against him, on account of Rogan. I used to pretend I couldn't kick his brains out even if I wanted to."

Well, about sundown, Ern and the girl came down to the beach again with a huge bundle of hay and some more water.

"Pauvre cheval," said the girl, stroking my nose. "Il est très fatigué." This means, as I subsequently discovered, "Poor horse. He is very tired." Then she went over and caressed Tip. She was a fine big girl about twenty-three years old, I should judge. She had black hair and black eyes and very red lips and she wore wooden shoes and an old sweater. I assumed from her

hands that she worked rather hard for a living.

"What do you think of her?" I asked Tip when she and Ern had left us for the night.

"She'll do. I hope Rogan doesn't die. He isn't so old, you know—about thirty-eight or nine. He enlisted at sixteen or

seventeen and has been in the service twenty-two years. We need more Rogans in the service and if he married that girl and reproduced his species I'll bet they'd be humdingers."

"Eh, you romantic old fool," I taunted him. "Who'd have thought it?"

"Well," Tip replied sadly, "when you're without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity, as I am—oh, what the hell! Go to sleep and in the morning we'll see if we can get up on our pins."

### CHAPTER XXIII

IT WAS some job getting up on our pins next morning, I assure you, but with the aid of Ern and the girl and considerable vocal encouragement we succeeded. I didn't walk like a horse. In fact, I walked like a clothes-horse. When Tip got on his feet he stretched all four legs in succession to shake the kinks out and make certain he was all there, and at sight of this exhibition of mule intelligence the girl laughed heartily and rewarded him with a carrot. Then she gave me one.

"All's well that ends well," said Tip philosophically. "Fall in, my squad! Forward! Ho-o-o-o! Route step! I crave my rations and a look at Rogan."

It was a hard pull up that cliff path but we made it. Before us the country was flat, with a little village in the foreground, and toward this village Ern and the girl led us. As we came stiffly up its single street a great number of women, girls, children and a few very old men came out and cheered us.

"First cheer I ever got," Tip remarked sadly, "but you, you handsome devil, are accustomed to them. So this is France, eh? Well, it looks good to me."

"How do you know it's France, Tip?"

"Well, it isn't England, or we'd know what these folks are saying about us, and it isn't Spain because I have a fair working knowledge of that language. And it must be a combatant country because I see no young men about. They're in the army and, of course, if it was Germany they'd have Ern in the mill."

"That sounds logical," I agreed.

They watered us at the village fountain and then the girl piloted us up a very dirty alley, all foul with manure and cluttered up with geese and ducks. And flies! My word! Ern shook his head as he observed these foes of all military men and animals. "Got to clean this mess up right away," I heard him mutter.

They put us in a barn and bedded us down thickly with straw, fed us and left us, and for three weeks we saw Ern but twice a day. In the morning, after cleaning the stable, feeding, watering and grooming us, he rode each of us for an hour to give us exercise. After that he turned us over to a little French boy who took us out in a field and herded us all day while we grazed. In the evening Ern watered us again, gave us our ration of hay and grain, wiped us down and left us for the night.

He had little to say; his face was very drawn and serious, so we knew Rogan must be very ill and battling for his life. Demmy slept with us (he had regained all his old-time vitality), but as we could not converse with him he could tell us nothing. However, we hoped for the best and tried to read signs of it in Ern's face; the day he came into our barn whistling we knew that all was well with the world and that in due course we should see Rogan's pleasant face again.

I learned subsequently that Rogan had had pneumonia,

but that an old French doctor had pulled him through, in combination with good nursing on the part of that French girl, whose name, by the way, was Laurette. She dropped all of ten pounds on that job, for she was in attendance on Rogan night and day. A good fighter, that girl. Rogan said afterward that the only reason he survived was because he couldn't bear to die and leave that fine girl to somebody that might not appreciate her.

"And if that's a dig at me," Ern remarked at the time, "you're barking up the wrong alley, because I have a girl back home that speaks my language and doesn't wear wooden shoes."

To which Rogan replied, ignoring this slam and putting over a slam of his own: "Faith, I'll bet ye a ripe peach she knows how to spind ye're pay-day!"

It was a great moment when Rogan, supported on each arm by Ern and Laurette, came out on the front steps of the girl's house and sat down in the sun, with a blanket around him. When he was comfortably settled, Ern led Tip and me around to visit him.

"Hello, Prof," he called, "ye're lookin' ye're ould self again." But he held out his thin hand to Tip and snapped his fingers. "Come here to me, ye black little lump av sin," he crooned. "Whin I can get around to it I'll have ye cited in regimental ordhers for gallantry in action over an' above the call av duty. Come, Tip, ye ould walloper."

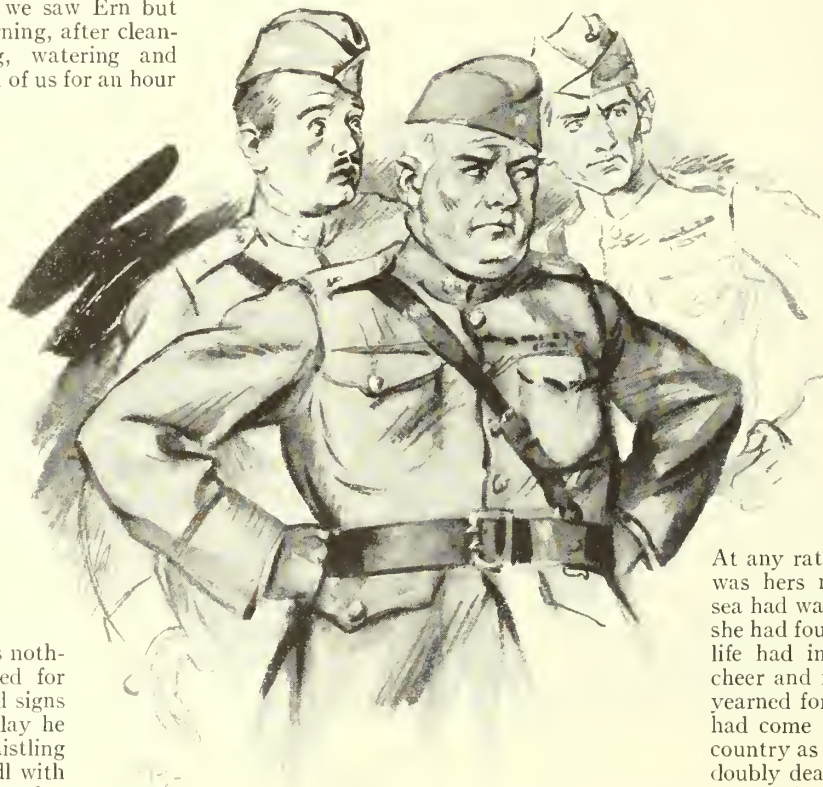
And Tip, his mule's heart bursting with love, climbed right up the front step and nibbled yearningly at Rogan's hand and kissed him, while Rogan held the long face close to his and stroked it. "A horse is a horse," he told Ern Givens, "but for rough, dirty work in a dirty campaign give me an uncomplainin' mule, that'll live on scenery an' not lose his head undher fire."

Presently Ern backed Tip down into the street again. "Feeling pretty cheerful, are you, Pat?" he queried. "Could you stand another visitor?" Rogan replied that he was finer than frog's hair and could stand a visit from the Kaiser. Then Ern whistled—and back in our barn Laurette unleashed Demmy, who came bounding down the alley to the street.

"For the love av God! Demmy!" Rogan cried, and little Demmy went up those steps like a white streak and leaped up into Rogan's lap and licked his face and barked with joy. Then he ran out into the street and raced furiously in circles half a dozen times, which is a dog's way of announcing that he's so happy he doesn't know how to express himself sanely. And when he was all out of breath, Demmy ran up and jumped on Rogan again—and Rogan's eyes filled with tears. Laurette wiped them away with the hem of her old sweater and then, right before everybody, Rogan took her hand and kissed it very reverently.

There is something about French girls radically different from the girls here at home. If they love a man it never occurs to them to hide the fact. They don't seem to care to have a man pursue them. If they want him at all they want him when they want him—and I reckon Laurette wanted Rogan.

At any rate, she seemed to realize he was hers now for the taking. The sea had washed this soldier up to her; she had fought for his life and her own life had in it little of happiness or cheer and much labor. I reckon she yearned for comforting and care. He had come to France to fight for her country as well as his own—so he was doubly dear to her; she knew that as soon as he was able to be on his way he would leave her and she might never see him again. Why not, then, while it lasted, accept the little happiness that had come so strangely into



"None of your infernal impudence, Givens!"  
the general roared



*The Frenchman appeared to know he had the only mule shoes in that part of France*

her gray life? She seemed to feel that Rogan was trustworthy.

She put her strong young arms around Rogan and held his whiskered face close to hers and wept with him and kissed him over and over, while the people in the street looked on approvingly. Nobody laughed, nobody even snickered, nobody thought it an occasion for jest. Not much! They all came up and touched Rogan's hand and said friendly things to him, while some of the older women kissed Laurette. Then they all cheered and Rogan began to feel foolish and blushed, whereat all the women teased him and Laurette. Fortunately for Rogan he couldn't understand them!

"Now here, Ernie me lad," he said, when we were all together and alone at last, "ye see an Act av God. Divil a word av French can I speak, barrin' parlez vous français, an' the dear Lord knows I've not proposed to this girrl, yet I'm an engaged man. Bad luck to me, what business have I, a soger on active service, engaging myself to a girrl I may never see again?"

Ern scratched his head and considered the situation. "Why worry about it, Pat?" he suggested finally. "We're both officially dead. We could live here the rest of our lives and the United States Army would never know the difference."

"What blackguardly business is this ye're proposing, Ernie?" Rogan demanded.

"I mean that nobody is chasing us with a search warrant, Pat, so you can take your time getting well and in about two weeks

we'll pull off a wedding. Then you can spend two weeks more on a honeymoon and after that we'll begin to look for the Remount Service in France and report ourselves for duty. If they ask what delayed us we'll tell them you were sick and I had to nurse you and we didn't know anything about the French language or France, and were broke and got lost and have reported just as soon as we could and nobody can challenge our story."

"Great," Rogan grinned, "except in one particular. We're out of the Remount Service now and wit' the help av God and G. H. Q. we'll shtay out. 'Tis back to the ould batthery for us, Ernie, me lad. Our service records wint down wit' that ship, so we'll report to Sam Burwell and he, like a good, sinsible man, will have the regimintal surgeon make out new service records for us as of the date of our enlistmints. Who'll ever know the difference?"

Ern was too new to the service to understand what Rogan was driving at, so the latter explained. "Whin you enlisted, Ernie, the medical officer that examined ye wrote in a little book ye're name, age, physical description, home address, the name of ye're parents if any, ye're next av kin and a lot of other information about ye. Thin he had ye sign ye're name whin ye took the oath av enlistment, afther which he certified to the fact that he had enlisted ye, and signed his own name an' rank. 'Twas our regimintal chief surgeon that enlisted us, and shtarted our service records. Whin we were (Continued on page 88)

# STRICTLY

*By Woodward*



*They call it occupational therapy—*

**T**HE bright little high-school girl pouted. "I'm not very good at dates," she said.

"But, my dear child," I protested, "November eleventh nineteen-eighteen wasn't a date! It was Gabriel's trumpet! It was a great deliverance from a state of affairs that had seemed eternal! It was the end of hell on earth! It was—"

"Oh, yes," she said vaguely, "the war! You mean the World War!" She spoke of it as if it might just as well have been the Civil War for anything it had to do with her.

"Don't you remember Armistice Day?" I demanded, looking at her. She was as tall as I was, dressed like a grown woman and could talk like one. "The first—the real—the only Armistice Day?"

I might have been asking about the first Thanksgiving. She smiled eagerly. She was anxious to please, glad to talk, but it was all history to her, and she had never been very good at history. She remembered stray things about the war. "We couldn't have very much sugar—" she said. "I saw some airplanes once—" but the war itself as a state through which everybody had lived was outside her experience.

And she is not the only one. Young people who were children during the war have come out of school and flooded the world with their ideas and interests. If it were not for the steady, disinterested work of a few people it would be all too easy to forget that we still have disabled ex-service men to take care of.

Mrs. Clarence R. Edwards, whose husband went to France at the head of the Yankee Division, and whose daughter went out as a nurse and never came back, has devoted herself to the problem of the disabled soldier since the war. But in spite of the fact that her name stands just above that of Mrs. Calvin Coolidge on the committee which carries on the work she started in 1922; in spite of other well-known names connected with the enterprise, it is not easy to stress the importance of the small shop in Boston called the Disabled Ex-Service Men's Exchange. And that is because the public wants to forget that such men have ever existed. Men have grown ashamed to make

the old plea, "Give me a job. I'm a disabled soldier." They know that the classic reply has become, "So's your old man." To write about disabled ex-service men it is almost necessary to begin:

Listen, my children!

Once upon a time there were a lot of young people who were exactly like you; that is, they were young and healthy, and they liked a good time; they had summer nights in those days, too, when they strolled in the moonlight, thinking the things that you think. And then one day—

(Big surprise)

—there was a war!

One smart little girl raises her hand and says: "Yes, we've heard about that in school. Our teacher told us."

And one too-well-dressed boy remarks: "Yeah. That's what has made me like I am—awful disillusioned. Course I wasn't old enough to be a Boy Scout in those days, but I read in the papers that all of us boys are awful disillusioned on account of the war."

Well, children, in those days the boys weren't so disillusioned. A lot of them got on great big boats and went away wearing sort of brownish colored suits and puttees. And as the boats separated slowly from the docks they sang (so some song writer said):

*Goodbye, Broadway, hello, France!*

*We're ten thousand strong!*

*Goodbye, sweethearts, wives and mothers,*

*It won't take us long!*

The song writer did not know that he was addressing the future organization of The American Legion Auxiliary when he put those words in the mouths of the boys. The sweethearts, wives and mothers who watched the troopship blinking up and down through their tears until it faded slowly out of sight knew that it was going to take some of those boys a long time, in spite of their jaunty farewells. And these same people know today that the hospitals are still full of men who have not yet come back into the life that they left.

No, everyone has not forgotten. The disabled ex-service men's memories are still good. And women who are working in the Legion Auxiliary remember.

Among these is Mrs. Clarence R. Edwards. In 1922, while she was National Vice-President of The American Legion Auxiliary and National Chairman of the Auxiliary's rehabilitation committee, she opened the

Disabled Ex-Service Men's Exchange, a shop which would help the men in a definite financial way which was at the same time far from being charity. It would place the work they already were doing before the public.

Occupational therapy—that method of healing the minds and nerves of men by

teaching them to use their fingers and brains in the arts and crafts—had proved a success. Many men in the hospitals had already produced articles of beautiful craftsmanship. Mrs. Edwards opened a shop which would market the goods, and called it the Disabled Ex-Service Men's Exchange.

Work is accepted from disabled men either inside or outside hospitals all over the country. The shop makes no distinctions beyond the one its name implies. The veteran puts his own

*Seven and a half by four feet it's yours for thirty-five dollars. It's the work of a veteran in New Mexico, but you send the money to the Disabled Ex-Service Men's Exchange of Boston, Massachusetts*



# BUSINESS

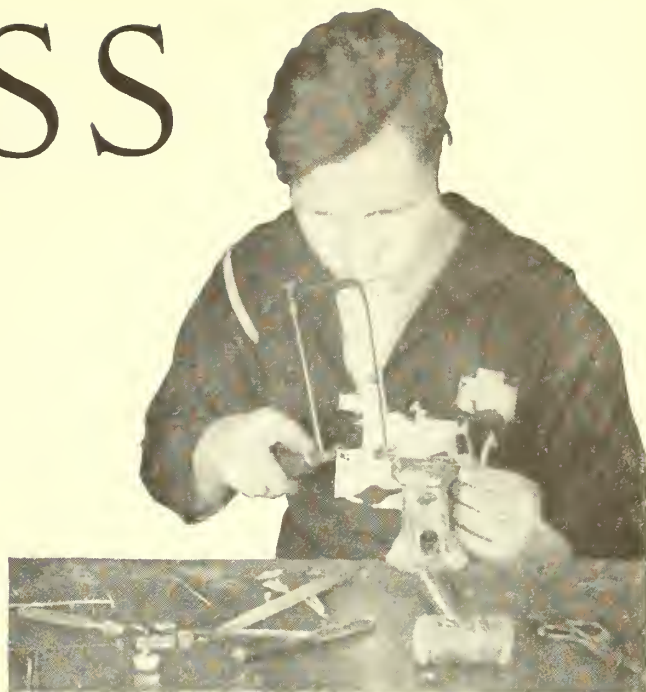
*Boyd*

price on whatever object he sends in, and that sum—exactly that sum—is sent him by the Exchange when it is sold. Thus, it happens that every State in the Union is represented by at least one workman, and even England has a former fighter, now disabled, who sends pottery over the seas to the shop; tiles, bowls in blended shades of pastel, ash-trays, as well as other things.

The Exchange offers the work for sale, taking its own commission out of a small sum added to the original price placed on it by its maker. This small commission, plus subscriptions of friends, pays for two-thirds of the operating costs. The American Legion Auxiliary provides the remaining one-third. So nothing comes out of the pockets of the veterans, as would certainly have to be the case in a commercial store; the Auxiliary gives in time and money, operating at what would be a loss to an ordinary store, but is a gain to the Auxiliary since it helps many men who were disabled by the war to take their economic place in a commercial scheme of things.

Like the hold of one of those famous ships that sailed out of New England during the clipper era bringing back objects of beauty from India and China, the Boylston Street store in Boston is crowded with treasures from everywhere in the country. Rugs from New Mexico brighten dark corners with their gay colors, and decorate the walls with their geometrical Indian patterns, while English pottery glistens in the sunlight by the window. Copper candle-sticks from California, curious baskets from Texas. Wooden cats which peer with scandalized glee over counters, waiting to be taken home and used as doorstops. Solid looking dogs made in Boston to endure a lot of battering in the no man's land of the nursery! Large glass cases crammed with incredibly delicate pieces of hand-made jewelry; spoons of hammered silver, long and sensitive so that they will go to the very bottom of the lemonade glass, with a ladle-like end for bringing up the cherry, and a knob at the top, and gaily enameled silver salt jars with heavy little spoons to match. So the knights and ladies of Old Boston may walk among these things as their great-great-grandfathers and mothers walked among the works of art brought home from the ports of the world in the days when every New England gentleman was a sea captain. Behind the counters of the shop are the soft-voiced, smiling ladies who no longer get so much publicity as "mothers, wives and sweethearts," but who continue serenely at their jobs just the same; they voluntarily give their time and patience to waiting on customers. The manager of the store, Lieut. Edmund T. Dungan, who was at one time with Submarine Chaser 21, U. S. S. C., has helped more than one boy to set up a modest little workshop of his own as he came out of the hospital, eager to

*Scarf of flesh-colored chiffon, with lily design in black and flame shading to gray and pink; large enough to be worn for an evening wrap in summer. Price seven dollars, f. o. b. Boston*



*—but it brings in the kale*

make good at the new trade, art or craft he had learned while convalescing slowly.

For instance, there is Stavis Panis, who was with the 71st Artillery at Château-Thierry. After the war occupational therapy helped him to discover a talent for making lovely things out of silver, brass, copper, and gold. The Disabled Ex-Service Men's Exchange has given him a chance to put before the public his cleverly designed silver bracelets, rings and other jewelry, his ship book ends in brass, his amusing little silver animals set on bar pins. The public is profiting by being enabled to buy at cheap prices hand-made things wrought with care and finish. A bracelet of hammered silver made of one little squirrel after another sitting alertly in a square frame is extremely effective and costs only \$16.50. Another silver bracelet set with topaz in an original intricate design is \$25. Little rings in new patterns set off with amethyst and topaz (\$9), jade (\$6.50), and plain silver (\$5.50) are nice. And the entertaining little dogs and cats, elephants and giraffes set on pins cost only \$1.50. They are hammered silver.

Dark and silent, Mr. Panis worked over his metals without words. He was willing to show his things, but he had little to say. Each little object was carefully, lovingly (it seemed) done. And so it is with many of the workers who send their things into the shop. They are like the lost workmen of Colonial times who labored in wood and pottery, were master goldsmiths and silversmiths, creating works of art that can never be duplicated in an age of hurry and machinery. But even such a loud-mouthed age as ours may be shut out by the white walls of a hospital. Sick boys are outside the world, making exquisite things in a dream world of their own. So that they may weave their lives in rugs, pound out visions in wood that could never have life in other ways. And the results of their labors shine behind the glass windows of the show case, glistening their secret message to future ages so that perhaps a hundred years from now some young girl will say, "See this exquisite hand-made bracelet. My grandmother owned it. It was made by a soldier who was wounded



*Mrs. Clarence R. Edwards, founder of the Exchange, confers with James C. Barry, representing the Massachusetts Legion, and Edmund T. Dungan, manager of the Exchange*

in the war of 1914-1918."

The drifting mists that are evening scarves, the solid primitive beauty of the woven rugs on the walls, the pottery gay and knowingly shaped by hands sure of what they wanted to do; all these make the walls and shelves eloquent of the job of creation.

Victor Klefbeck, who is a member of the committee of the Disabled Ex-Service Men's Exchange, tells an appealing story of a man named John who learned to steady his nerves while struggling to become a silversmith. Of the design in a beautiful ring he was making out of a bit of silver, he said: "I was layin' on my back, just starin' at the ceilin' and thinkin'. Then I seemed to see a bunch of leaves like that!"

And so he put them into the ring. Perhaps the ring was a work of art. There will never be another exactly like it. When the public buys these rings, these necklaces, these tiny crosses for five or ten or fifteen dollars, it cannot buy the visions that went into them, but they are still there, implicit in the tiniest part. They are there, not for the person who happened to have the money to buy them, but for anyone who has the eyes to see them. Men who will never have anything else have known the great creative ecstasy of artistry and have left the mark of their secret joy—to be purchased by anybody for a few dollars.

Thus the Disabled Ex-Service Men's Exchange is making a gift to the public as well as to the veterans of the war. In its work of aiding the latter to take the economic place which is their right, it is also giving the world a chance to buy hand-woven scarves, baby blankets, Indian blankets, hammered silver work, enamel copper bowls, string belts, rugs, toys, leather work, beaded bags, and numerous other things which are unique in themselves, and

are often as well real objects of art.

Some ex-service men have established an upholstery shop where all kinds of upholstery is done under the auspices of the Exchange. Caning chairs is another activity. The small shop has never lost sight of the fact that its object is to be of real service to the boys who

did not come out of the war as well and strong as they were when they went in.

And after five years it is safe to say that the work of the shop is a success. During the first year (1922) the men received \$10,340.05. The next year the figure jumped to \$12,330.70. The year after that the total was \$17,184.27. And for 1925 it was \$42,318.20.

During the summer months, James C. Barry, Department Officer of The American Legion Welfare Committee, goes out through the New England States peddling the wares of the exchange to the summer camps. He has been very successful in this work and is gradually building up a trade for the men. With the 26th Division, Mr. Barry was himself gassed at Fleury in May, 1918. Other members of the committee of the Disabled Ex-Service Men's Exchange include, besides Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, Mrs. Larz Anderson, Mrs. Edward M. Beals, Mrs. Archibald Blanchard, Mrs. Louis A. Frothingham, Mrs. Merle D. Graves (who is also Honorary President), Mrs. James Cunningham Gray, Mrs. Charles P. Greenough 2d, Mrs. Curtis Guild, Major Paul Hines, V. B. Klefbeck, Mrs. Horace Morison, Mrs. John F. Osborn, Mrs. Paul A. Peters, Carroll J. Swan, Mrs. Carroll J. Swan, Mrs. William W. Taff, Miss Edith Ticknor, Miss Mary T. Whittaker (who is secretary of the Massachusetts Department of the Auxiliary). The executive committee of the Exchange has a president, Mrs. John (Continued on page 80)

# ❖ A PERSONAL VIEW ❖

by  
*Frederick Palmer*

AGAINST ANGRY NATURE all for all as in war. Defending each part is defending the whole. Present succor is not enough for refugees—among them the families of men who served all for all in '17-'18—driven by flood from their homes in our own land. Let not short memory follow the moment's generosity. A permanent straitjacket for the Mississippi so her worst rage cannot repeat the disaster.

## *All for All*

A BIG FIREWORKS concern has been put out of business by the "Sane Fourth." Noise in celebration had its start in the ringing of bells over independence declared. With less explosions and deeper realization of the meaning of the day our one hundred and twenty millions can rejoice in what the three millions of the Revolution won for us by fighting and hardship, and we can think how to hold it secure.

## *Fewer Firecrackers*

SUPPOSE YOU MIGHT have the ear of every American for ten minutes on July 4th! How would you use the time? There can be no doubt of the answer. Read Lincoln's Gettysburg address. It tells all. On the pivotal battlefield, sanctified by the courage of both sides fighting for what they thought was right, he had the immortal inspiration of the guiding words for all generations to come. That short address sums up the case for democracy as nothing else has ever done.

## *He Said It All*

ON JULY 4TH, '17, "Lafayette, we are here" was spoken after the arrival of our first meager contingent in France. In July, '18, we started the drive that closed the Chateau-Thierry salient. On July 4th, '63, we had the news of Gettysburg and Vicksburg where brother fought brother; on July 4th, '98, the news of the taking of San Juan Hill and the destruction of Cervera's squadron when brothers were again elbow to elbow in the war with Spain.

## *The Great Month of July*

LINKS TO HELP form the chain of world good will. Only eight years after France suffered so much in the war the edict in Paris is that "German" shall take the place of "Bôche" (which the German hates) on the stage. G. P. of Montana writes truly that it is mothers and soldiers who hate war most. He suggests we pass a resolution in Paris asking the FIDAC to pledge the veterans who were our enemies to join us in fostering

## *This Is Being Big*

amity among nations. No man should ask that the war be forgotten, but animosities should not be perennial. We can well remember Washington's counsel on that point.

GOVERNOR DONAHEY WAS right in vetoing a bill allowing municipal appropriations for public golf courses. I am for golf, but not at public expense. The space a course occupies and the cost of upkeep would supply playgrounds for fifty times as many people. We will consider public golf courses after there are diamonds provided for all the boys to play baseball.

## *Not a Public Game*

IT WAS ON July 4th, too, that we captured the British garrison of Kankaskia in what is now the state of Illinois. George Rogers Clark! Do you know his name? Not the Clark of Lewis and Clark fame. That Clark was also quite a fellow for whom a greater Clark, the greatest of all the Clarks, prepared the way at the head of the most brilliant military expedition of the Revolution.

## *Meet a Real Man*

No American has been so neglected in history. No American did so much for his country with so little to do with. No warrior rivals him in his kind of part.

I have been reading a new book about him by Temple Bodley. Its title is simply "George Rogers Clark." That is enough. I finished it with a sense of shame that I had known so little about him. Every school teacher ought to read it and become a George Rogers Clark expert to make sure that the future holds him in the honor he deserves.

He was the very flaming blade of youth, this Virginian of twenty-five, who went over the mountains into the Ohio Valley. There he saw a virgin world to win from the enemy for his young nation. He saw big and dared big.

Hardy trappers and pioneers, fighting for their homesteads, hailed him as a natural born leader a general who needed no paper rank. He fought British regulars and their Indian allies. He thrived on heavy odds and game hair-trigger hazards.

A vast forbidding wilderness was the field of his incredible energy and swift movements. A born strategist, he caught his enemies in detail by his maneuvers. The craft and wisdom of a ruler were behind his fiery spirit which he imparted to his followers to whom his appeal was ever the high one of cause and country.

Never did his little army exceed two hundred and fifty men—but what men! He took the superior British garrison of Kankaskia by surprise. In winter he made as many as twenty-five miles a day in that amazing march to Vincennes across a foodless land and icy streams, with Indians greedy for scalps on his flank. By making each member of his little band appear (Continued on page 79)

# TEN YEARS AGO

*It Was the Advance Troops of the A. E. F. That Had the Most Fun*

By Wallgren



*It wasn't so much the glory of being the first to land that led the more intrepid among the first few to go A.V.O.L. before the ships docked—it was the tantalizing café signs displayed so temptingly before their gaze along the quays, after the long trip across, that made them jump ship*



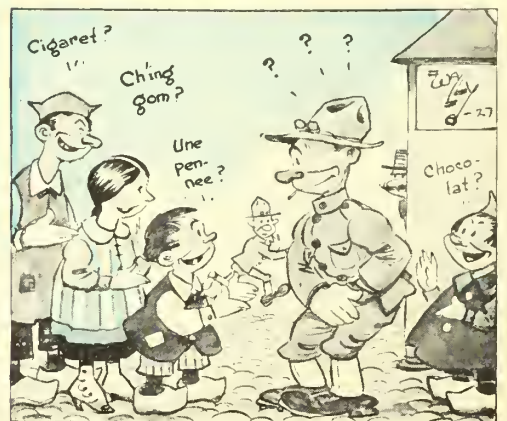
*"Nectar of the Gods!" That hallucination was to be quickly dispelled. Their desire for the "delicate and fragrant" wines of France (knowledge hitherto confined to bearsay) was soon gratified. A bitter disappointment was the first tussle with the Vin sisters*



*The first troops ruined it for the later arrivals. As soon as the former discovered that tobacco coupons and Mex money was unsuspectingly accepted as U. S. currency, they developed a sudden fondness for champagne—until the victimized French finally regarded all paper money with distrust, and only gold and specie were accepted*



*The conversational French so painstakingly acquired on the passage over seemed highly unintelligible to the dense natives, who didn't seem to recognize their own language, so that the sign language had to be resorted to. Young France, on the other hand, seemed to pick up English in a surprisingly short period of time*



# Bursts and Duds

## INBORN

"I've fired Jim Blinkers," said Farmer Crowell. "I couldn't stand his everlastin' complainin' about bein' overworked."

"I guess Jim can't help complainin' along that line," contributed the philosophical Miles Mason. "I bet he'd complain of overwork if he had nothin' to do but shut his eyes an' count all the airships he saw passin'."

## THE BOOSTERS



During an extremely cold spell in the Puget Sound country, somethinggummed the works of a thermometer hung outside the Chamber of Commerce

building and the worst it could do was seventy-two above.

Along came a man, bundled up to his ears, but still shivering. For a moment he gazed at the thermometer, then turned away in disgust, saying:

"Ain't that just like the blankety-blank-blank Chamber of Commerce anyway?"

## ADVANCE WARNING

The neighbors were coming home from the funeral.

"I'm sorry for Kate," sympathized one. "I tell you it's a tough thing to be left a widow with two children."

"It is," agreed a second. "But then, what could she expect? She knew he was a pedestrian when she married him."

## TRUE, SO TRUE!

"Why," boasted the young reporter, "even before I entered the newspaper game I did something that none of the great editors ever did."

"What was that?"

"I was graduated from a school of journalism."

## UNIVERSAL

"You'll have to bring someone to identify you," pronounced the bank cashier.

"Gosh!" exclaimed the caller. "Do you sell liquor here, too?"

## REVEALED

"Ah, my dear young lady!" exclaimed the attendant at the awesome entrance of the silken-hung room. "You wish to consult Madame Maharajah, the great mystic of the Orient?"

"Yep," replied the caller. "Tell her that her kid sister's here and ma wants she should get a couple pounds Hamburg steak on the way home."

## TACTICAL ERROR

Two Negroes from a little town in Alabama had served in France in the same stevedore outfit, but had become separated when the time came for embarkation and did not meet again until this year. Rushing up to his old friend, Abe Johnson cried:

"Boy, Ah's glad to see you! Whah yo' been all dis time?"

"Hmpf!" said Link Washington sadly. "Ah went in de EXIT of de de-cootiein' station an' instead of gittin' de-cootied Ah got cootied an' couldn't git away."

## CAUSE AND EFFECT

"I'm tellin' ye, O'Brien, th' bootlegger is th' poor man's fri'nd. Sure I don't see how th' poor man cud git along widout him."

"He couldn't, Murphy. If there was no bootleggers there'd be no poor men."

## THE LAST SUBDIVISION

"Could I talk over a little real estate proposition with you, sir?" asked the suave salesman.

"Indeed, yes," replied the man who had just been swindled in a land deal. "I'll be glad to discuss a small plot about three by seven that you'll be needing in just another minute."

## FAIR EXCHANGE



"I called to see you last night, old man," remarked a friend, "but your pretty little maid was the only person there, so I stayed and entertained her."

"Ho, ho! The joke's certainly on you!" laughed the householder. "That must have been my wife—I had the maid out for a ride."

## RUINED BEAUTY

Enid: "Did you hear about Alice's brute of a husband disfiguring her for life?"

Maude: "Heavens, no! Did he throw acid in her face?"

Enid: "No—he slashed her with a razor across both knees!"

## OUT OF HIS MISERY

Mrs. Peck looked up from her newspaper.

"If I should kill you, Henry," she asked, "would it be murder or manslaughter?"

"Neither, my dear," replied her husband, summoning his courage for once. "It would be doing me a kindness."

## THAT HOMING INSTINCT



A colored man was leaning against the fence in front of his home, his face a picture of misery. A white friend of his happened by.

"What's the matter, Sam?" he asked. "Never saw you look so gloomy."

"Ah's had de toughest luck," mourned Sam. "Somebody opened de do' to mah hen-house an' all de chickens done flew de coop."

"Oh, don't let that worry you. You know the old saying that chickens will come home to roost."

"Yassuh, dat's de trouble. Dem chickens ain't comin' home—dey's went!"

## THE MARCH OF SCIENCE

"I saw recently where a man was found who had no appendix."

"How did they know he hadn't one?"

"Oh, the doctors were operating for appendicitis."

## TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT

Ship Captain: "A deep sea diver is working below here. As you're new to such things, I'll explain it to you. The diver is two hundred feet below the surface and this rubber hose reaches down to him from the boat. This pump is connected with the hose and it's your job to see he gets his air supply."

New Sailor: "His air supply?"

Captain: "Certainly."

New Sailor: "Great Scott! I just got through pumping down a bucket of milk!"

## ILLOGICAL

St. Peter was interviewing the fair applicant at the Pearly Gates.

"Did you, while on earth," he asked, "indulge in necking, petting, smoking, drinking or dancing the Charleston or Black Bottom?"

"Never!" she retorted emphatically.

"Then why haven't you reported here sooner? You've been a dead one for some time."

## SYSTEM



"Are you sure the train would stop if I pulled the bell-cord?" inquired a nervous passenger.

"Of course it would," replied the conductor, who

was pretty sick of this sort of thing. "The other end is tied around the engineer's neck."



# FIRST AID

*By Clara Ingram Judson*

**B**EFORE the train had pulled into Rochester, Minnesota, I could tell that I was arriving at an unusual city. The chatter as we passed the surrounding hills; the eager peering from windows as the little city took shape through the morning mists—it was all quite unlike the usual indifference of morning arrivals.

Everyone asked questions.

“Have you been here before?”

“What do you do first?”

“Where’s the best hotel?”

“Do they operate every day?”

The initiated were busy answering, and I noticed that almost every answer was: “Go to the clinic first thing—they’ll tell you what to do.” So we climbed into the nearest bus.

Thus I arrived in Rochester, Minnesota, to learn something of the work being done by William T. McCoy Post of The American Legion and the Minnesota American Legion Hospital Association in conjunction with one of America’s best known institutions, the Mayo Clinic.

For I had been told that the Mayo Clinic is the overshadowing interest of all Rochester, and that Rochester Legionnaires, like all other citizens of the town, had been carrying on, through their post, work which had attracted the attention of Legionnaires everywhere. I had been told, too, that the Legionnaires of all Minnesota were supporting a system of assistance in Rochester for the service men who arrived in the clinic city.

The bus carried me swiftly to a small, four-story, red brick, very ordinary building which carried over its doorway the simple inscription “Mayo Clinic.” Next door I saw the frame of a towering steel structure, rising nineteen stories above the sidewalks—the clinic’s future home, to be completed next year.

I began to realize something of the opportunity for service which the huge clinic represented to The American Legion. My realization grew stronger as I looked upon the group of magnificent hotels in Rochester, a city of twenty thousand persons. A nineteen-story skyscraper and such hotels—certainly they testified to the fact that Rochester holds in the United States a position of importance not to be measured by census figures.

And then I heard how the genius of two members of The American Legion has made the clinic what it is in our national life. I heard how Dr. William James Mayo, one of those Legionnaires, came back to his home in Rochester forty years ago, newly graduated from medical school, and began to practice. I was told that a few years later, Dr. Charles Horace Mayo, who is the other Legionnaire, also got his medical degree and came to Rochester to practice in partnership with his brother. As their practice grew they associated with themselves men of skill and

courage, until now there are over two hundred physicians and surgeons

in the group known as the Mayo Clinic. Thousands of patients come to the clinic every year. They come from every State, from almost every country in the world.

As I learned these facts I began to anticipate the story I was to hear of the service being rendered by William T. McCoy Post of The American Legion in Rochester, the post which numbers the Mayos among its members. But first, before seeking this story, I looked about me.

I saw a town different from the usual Mid-Western city. Instead of a center of interest on Main Street, with indifferent hotels and a few stores, one finds several large and excellent hotels and scores and scores of boarding houses, in addition to four large hospitals.

“Relatives have to stay somewhere,” a townswoman said, as I exclaimed over the large number of places for housing visitors. One of the hotels is unique. It combines hospital facilities with hotel accommodations. The lower floors are hotel, the upper a hospital with operating units and facilities for examination and research.

I saw also the buildings of the Mayo Foundation for Medical Education and Research, established twelve years ago through the Mayo Brothers’ gift of two and a half million dollars to the State of Minnesota.

In this city stores, churches, hotels and homes are adjusted to the needs of the visitors to the clinic, so it is not surprising that William T. McCoy Post has adjusted its own activities also to the needs of those visitors. You’d be astonished to know what a good job of helping this Legion post is doing. I hadn’t been in town long before I began hearing all about it.

There’s the story of the man who took one of the pictures illustrating this article. He came to Rochester expecting a quick cure (they mostly do) and found he would have to stay for months. His meager savings were soon used up, but his ambition was good as new.

“You certainly are kind,” he said, when the post commander told him not to worry about money, they’d take care of him, “but I ought to work my way. If I only had a camera, I’d be fixed.”

Legionnaires underwrote forty dollars for the camera he wanted and in two weeks he paid them back and moved into a better room. He took pictures everywhere; visitors arriving at the stations, happy folks going home well, school children, anyone, and people liked him and his work. During the winter business dropped off a bit; no one hankers to stand around and have pictures taken in zero weather. So one day when he ran across the commander on the street he said,



*Rochester (Minnesota) Legionnaires found a business man to finance this dog team, which a buddy in distress who had come to Rochester to attend the Mayo Clinic made into a profitable source of income by photographing children on it. The Legion underwrote his camera, and he paid the debt thus incurred within two weeks*

"If I had a dog team, I could earn a lot. I used to have one up north; but it would be a novelty here. I could make it pay. But I can't seem to get ahead enough to invest the \$150 it would cost me."

Within an hour the commander found a business man who was interested.

"That photographer who paid back his camera money so promptly?" he asked.

"The same," replied the commander.

"Well, tell him to go ahead and get his team. I'll advance him all he needs."

That's the way the Rochester business men act. (Incidentally

he got his money back promptly and a lot of gratitude with it.) So the photographer got his team and rigged up the sleds and any fine day last winter you might have seen a sled-load of happy children getting a ride for a small fee. It helped the picture business, too, for children liked to be taken on such an unusual sled.

Then there's Daniels of Minnesota. He's a railroad man; had a good job till his leg got so bad he had to quit work. What was the matter with it? That's just what Mr. Daniels wanted to find out and couldn't. He spent all his money doctoring, but the trouble was some obscure disease and all the hope he could get for his life was the assurance that he would have to get his leg cut off above the knee. He didn't take to that idea, somehow, so he managed to get to Rochester, to the Mayo Clinic.

They, like the other doctors, told him it was a queer case, a kind of gangrene, but they set about relieving the torturing pain and curing him. He was to stay in bed for months and have various serum and light treatments. Cheerful and hopeful—yes, to a man who could finance such a plan; he couldn't. But he

wasn't as alone and friendless as he had thought. Within twenty-four hours he had a visitor from The American Legion post and immediately his expenses were guaranteed and he could relax and get well. He's not entirely out of the woods yet, but he's a long way. The pain is infinitely less and the end of his hospital stay seems near.

Mr. Daniels wasn't a member of the Legion. He had no service connection with his injury. But that made no difference to William T. McCoy Post; he had his honorable discharge from the Army, and that was enough. They wrote to his home town and got what help they could there; the rest they paid out of the American Legion Hospital Association funds which I was to learn

about later. The main point is, the man is getting well, but it's interesting to know also that he's joined the Legion and that, through him, many men in his home town have, too.

And Johnny McKay. He's out of the hospital now and riding around town in his wheeled chair, gay as you please. That man lived in California and had his government compensation. But he spent his time going from one hospital to another. One day he took his new pay check and spent about nine-tenths of it for a ticket to Rochester. Meals and incidentals en route took most of the rest, and he arrived in town with a dollar and a half in his pocket. The post got in touch with him at once—they always do;

underwrote all his expenses; and while he has no hope of getting really well, he is vastly better. You see, those men were not charity cases. Daniels has his job; McKay his compensation. But they needed someone to stand back of them right then and the post did it.

For sheer drama you can't beat the story of the woman with the three sons. Everywhere she is called just that—"the woman with the three sons." I didn't meet her, (Continued on page 74)



*Shirley is four and has never walked. But she will some day, thanks to the Mayo Clinic and The American Legion. Here she is with a group of lady friends and Gregory Gentling, Commander of William T. McCoy Post of Rochester*



# KEEPING STEP

**T**HE American Legion had seventy-five thousand more members on May 12th than it had on the corresponding day of the year before. On that day, telegraphic reports from all departments showed the total enrollment was 602,621, and five departments—Alabama, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky and Tennessee—had exceeded their totals for the whole year of 1926. Two departments, Florida and Canada, had already obtained the full quota which had been set for them for 1927, and two departments, Alabama and Tennessee, had the greatest enrollment in their entire history.

These inspiring figures, telling of membership gains everywhere, were presented by National Commander Howard P. Savage to the National Executive Committee at its meeting held in Indianapolis on May 12th and 13th. They were in keeping with other reports presented by Commander Savage, chairmen of national committees and the heads of divisions at National Headquarters, which confirmed earlier evidences that 1927 would be another big year in every field of Legion activity.

The National Executive Committee learned that in every State posts had been carrying out the mandate of the last national convention held in Philadelphia by performing at least one noteworthy service to their communities. More than

seventeen hundred posts have already reported completion of the community tasks they selected for themselves, while thousands of others were known to be doing the things they believe will help their towns most.

Scott Lucas, of Illinois, Chairman of the Legion's National Legislative Committee, and John Thomas Taylor, of Washington, D. C., Vice Chairman of the committee, reported that thousands of disabled service men and dependents of veterans would suffer unnecessarily because filibustering tactics of a minority in the last Senate prevented the enactment of hospital-building laws and other legislation which the Legion had advocated before Congress.

**T**HIRTY-FIVE million dollars appropriated to the Veterans Bureau for arrested cases of tuberculosis, disability rating schedules, presumptive disability and extension of time for the filing of claims—all these provisions failed because the Senate did not enact the Second Deficiency Bill, Mr. Lucas charged. Mr. Lucas denounced United States Senators who are World War veterans for preventing the enactment of the Tyson Bill to provide retirement rights for disabled emergency officers.

"I have observed how Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, Bingham from Connecticut and Wadsworth from New York, all comrades of ours, along with King from Utah, carried on a filibuster that again defeated the Tyson Bill," Mr. Lucas said. "Every time Senator Tyson attempted to bring this bill to a vote it was defeated by dilatory and filibustering tactics on the part of the men I have mentioned. This bill has been before Congress for seven years. It has passed the Senate twice and the greatest number of votes the opposition can muster is fifteen, and yet for this long period of seven years a handful of Senators constituting a glaring minority, and an unfriendly rules committee in the House, have used the elastic



*All Ohio will observe Armistice Day as a legal holiday because the Ohio Legislature this year enacted the law which the Ohio Department of The American Legion has sought for six years. Governor Vic Donahy is shown signing the measure while Department Commander Herbert R. Mooney (left) and Department Adjutant J. J. Saslavsky (right) look on*





# KEEPING STEP



rules of the United States Congress to defeat what eighty per cent of the people's chosen representatives fully endorse."

Mark T. McKee, Chairman of the National Child Welfare Committee, outlined the plans for enlarging the Legion's activities on behalf of orphaned and needy children of service men. The 1926 national convention directed that one-half of the income from the \$5,000,000 American Legion Endowment Fund be spent this year in child welfare work. Mr. McKee said trained field service secretaries, working under the National Child Welfare Division, were bringing assistance to children in many States. He told also of efforts being made to induce as many States as possible to enact uniform legislation preserving the rights of children and needy mothers.

Watson B. Miller, Chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee, said new problems are arising in the Legion's work of helping men get adjustment of their claims with the Government. The committee's files in Washington now include records of 37,500 cases, Mr. Miller said. Recently the Legion has been helping an unusually large number of service men who are unable to obtain final title to Government homestead lands because they are in hospitals.

**S**UPPLEMENTING facts given by Mr. Miller, Mrs. Adalin W. Macauley, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, told of her own observations at Tucson, Arizona, where thousands of veterans who do not receive compensation from the Government are waging a battle for bare existence. "There is no use for us to send jellies to these men if we let their babies starve," Mrs. Macauley declared, proposing that a system be established whereby the Legion and Auxiliary in Tucson assist destitute service men by maintaining relations with the posts and Auxiliary units in their home towns.

The National Executive Committee was stirred by the recital

of the plight of the disabled men in Tucson. Facts given by Mrs. Macauley were confirmed by George F. Macdonald, alternate committeeman from the Department of Arizona. The committee approved a plan for meeting the situation at Tucson.

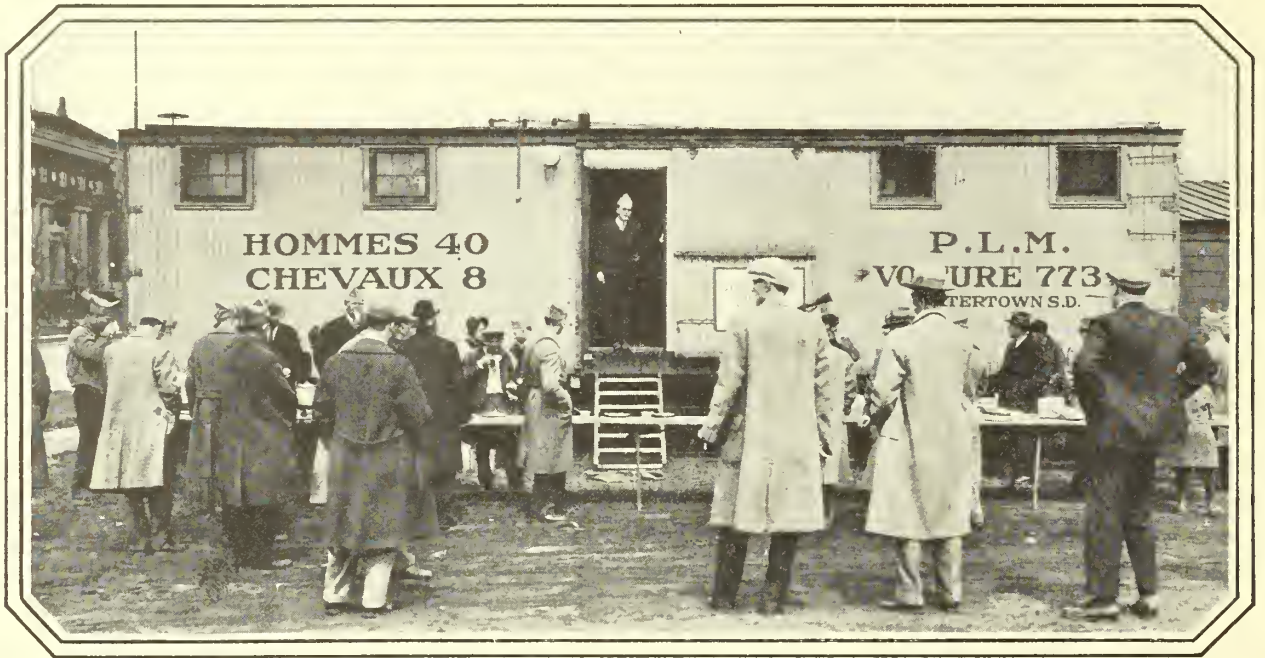
Members of the National Executive Committee from States stricken by the Mississippi River flood told of the rescue and relief work done by Legion posts from the upper reaches of the river in Kentucky and Illinois to the danger sectors below New Orleans. The members from the flood States held a conference in Indianapolis and drew up recommendations, adopted by the committee, calling for immediate inter-related Federal and State efforts to make impossible such flood devastation as occurred this year.

Reports expressing certainty that everything that can be done to make the Paris convention in September successful has been done and predicting a magnificent welcome for the Legionnaire pilgrims were presented by National Adjutant James F. Barton, Bowman Elder, General Chairman of the France Convention Committee, and John J. Wicker, Jr., National Travel Director of the committee, who made an inspection trip to France in March. Albert Greenlaw, of Maine, member of the France Convention Committee, who personally directed in Paris the making of most convention arrangements



*A great moment for the Legion in Tennessee. Governor Austin Peay signs the act which makes \$140,000 available for Sergeant Alvin C. York's Mountain School. Sergeant York is shown second from the right and others in the photograph are Legionnaires and members of the legislature who have helped make the dream of one of America's greatest war heroes come true*

# KEEPING STEP



*This is a real boxcar and it is the home of Watertown (South Dakota) Voiture of the Forty and Eight. The photograph was taken on the day it was dedicated, April 6, 1927, the tenth anniversary of the declaration of war. Salvation Army girls served coffee and doughnuts to Voyageurs and guests*

was given a vote of thanks for his tactful and successful efforts. The executive committee adopted resolutions of condolence on the loss of the French airmen, Captain Nungesser and Major Coli, who attempted to fly from Paris to New York, and the tragic deaths of Lieutenant Commander Noel Davis and Lieutenant Stanton Wooster, killed when their plane, "The American Legion," fell during a trial flight.

**LEGIONNAIRES** who recall C. E. Scoggins' sympathetic story of Sergeant York's efforts to establish his mountain school, published in the February issue of the Monthly, will be glad to know that an act of the Tennessee legislature giving aid to the project will enable Sergeant York to make his dreams come true. The State has appropriated fifty thousand dollars and Fentress County, York's home, the same amount. Other funds make a total of \$140,000. With this money work has started on a grade school in Jamestown, Tennessee, and an industrial high school one mile from Jamestown, on the 1,400 acre farm now held

by Sergeant York, the two buildings which Mr. York had planned as the nucleus of his whole project.

The Tennessee Department is raising a fund of \$10,000 from its members—one dollar from each Legionnaire in the State—as a good will offering to help complete York's school.



*The leaders for 1927 line up in front of a camera for the first time this year at the first 1927 department convention, held in Florida. Left to right: Howard P. Savage, National Commander of the Legion; Adalin W. Macauley, National President of the Auxiliary; Mrs. Freda S. Kramer, Le Chapeau National of the Eight and Forty, and Charles A. Mills, Chef de Chemin de Fer of the Forty and Eight*

**CAN** New York overtake Pennsylvania and Illinois in the three-cornered membership contest this year? On May 12th Illinois was leading with 59,669 members, Pennsylvania was second, with 52,740, while New York had 45,385. Iowa and Ohio were neck and neck on the same day, the former with 28,283 members, the latter with 28,224. Minnesota had 25,421 and California 24,258, while other members of the Big Ten had these enrollments: Wisconsin, 22,000; Massachusetts, 21,240, and Indiana, 20,362.

**I**N Boston thirty-five years ago a young Frenchman, new to America, tramped a lonely and monotonous path between the offices of the French consulate and the public library, and

# K E E P I N G S T E P

each day from the library books and his contacts with people of the city about him he enlarged his knowledge of how Americans think and act.

The lonely young consular officer of thirty-five years ago was Paul Claudel. Not many weeks ago the same Paul Claudel came back to Boston, this time as Ambassador from France to the United States. He came to Boston from Washington as his first public appearance after arriving in the United States to assume his new post, and he came to Boston to address the annual banquet of the Massachusetts Department of The American Legion, always a leading New England event.

Personal sentiment mingled with assurances of perpetual friendship of France for the United States when Ambassador Claudel addressed almost two thousand Legionnaires and guests at the banquet. National Commander Howard P. Savage, William McGinnis, Commander of the Massachusetts Department, and Legionnaire A. Piatt Andrew, Massachusetts representative in Congress, assured Ambassador Claudel that his own sentiments of friendship were reciprocated by Legionnaires and Americans generally. A large number of distinguished guests attended the dinner.

**W**HEN Howard P. Savage of Chicago was elected National Commander last October, the Department of Illinois let it be known that it would surpass all its own records as a testimonial to him. Department Commander Ferre C. Watkins announced in mid-May that, with his Department then having enrolled thirteen thousand more members than it had on the corresponding day of the year before, he believed Illinois would have 75,000 members by August 29th, the day of the department's convention. Growth of membership has been paralleled by growth of resources, Mr. Watkins reported. "At present we have more than \$100,000 above all liabilities," he said. "We have just tied up \$55,000 in a trust fund and expect to add to this sum \$45,000 more before August 29th. We hope to close the year with assets of more than \$140,000."

**T**HE boys who run the joke factories no longer grind out the old-time wheezes about the maladroit madame who opens cans with her husband's razor, and about bloomers and bustles and the other feminine requisites of a quarter century ago. Since madame and mademoiselle started wearing them above the knees and stopped smoking cigarettes secretly, they have been gaining objective after objective in their battle for indistinguishable equality. Now word comes from Mrs.

Freda S. Kramer, Le Chapeau National of Huit Chapeaux et Quarante Femmes, that the Eight and Forty is out to be just as musical as the Forty and Eight. "The first Eight and Forty drum corps in the United States has been organized in Beadle County, South Dakota," Mrs. Kramer reports. "In full Eight and Forty regalia it will lend color to the South Dakota Department convention at Yankton this summer."

**B**ENJAMIN FRANKLIN walked for a day in Wahoo, Nebraska. So did John Hancock and the other members of the First Continental Congress—all of them bewigged and dressed in the fashions of 1776. Their reincarnation was a

feature of the graduating exercises of the rural school eighth grades of Saunders County in which 118 schools were represented. Twenty-seven schoolboys in the roles of the famous members of the first Congress dramatized the historic session held in Philadelphia while a large audience composed of relatives and schoolmates of the graduates got some new impressions of the nation's founding days. All because of the originality and enterprise of Wahoo Post of The American Legion, which sponsored the dramatization and offered a series of prizes for the best costumes and best acting. "We are mighty proud that, as a result of our work at the graduating exercises, our post was awarded the silver cup offered by Department Commander J. B. Kinder for the most conspicuous example of home service rendered by a Nebraska post," comments Legionnaire E. O. Weber.



*Believe it or not, this outfit slapped up a huge Legion membership poster in record time at Chicago recently, when Voiture 220 of the Forty and Eight opened its prize competition to obtain a new poster panel for the Legion. Left to right: James Simpson, President of Marshall Field & Company; Ferre C. Watkins, Commander of the Illinois Department of the Legion, and A. A. Sprague, former Chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee*

**W**HAT Francis E. Self Post of Cheyenne, Wyoming, has done, almost every Legion post in the United States may be doing within the next year. The Cheyenne Post is one of the Legion posts which took the initiative in providing a community airplane landing field. It not only promoted the landing field but also did most of the actual work of laying out the field and grading it.

"An army of Legionnaires assisted by several hundred mules and a flock of tractors, scrapers and trucks attacked the humps of the Cheyenne Air Mail field and gave this city a creditable landing field," reports Post Commander L. E. Horton. "By doing this we saved the city a costly job—a job which would have taken \$15,000 if done by contract. We did the work in eight hours. Hundreds of citizens who are not Legionnaires helped us and many gave generous donations of food and equipment of one sort or another. The main job was removing seven thousand wagonloads of dirt and filling in and leveling off the ground. All Cheyenne observed the work day as Air

# KEEPING STEP



*Reverend Father Joseph L. N. Wolfe, National Chaplain, will have to spend all his time traveling while the Legion is in France in September if he revisits all his old battlefields, because he took part in eight of the A. E. F.'s notable engagements. Right, a photograph of Chaplain Wolfe when he was keeping pace with the 28th Division*



defensive; September 19 to September 25, Clermont defensive sector; September 26 to October 10, Meuse-Argonne offensive; October 17 to November 11, Thiaucourt defensive sector.

If a far-away look ever comes into the eyes of the Philadelphia pastor in his everyday work with his parishioners, who would wonder?

Don't think that Chaplain Wolfe simply conducted Sunday services while he was with his fast-traveling Pennsylvania outfit in France. You will learn differently if you do some more exploring of official records. You will find, for example, a distinguished service citation which relates:

"Actuated solely by his conception of the duties of a Chaplain assigned to the combat troops and utterly disregarding his own personal safety, Chaplain Wolfe repeatedly traversed the front line, subjected to all kinds of hostile fire, encouraging the men, assisting the wounded and administering the last rites to the dying. On the Marne, on the Ourcq, on the Vesle and in the Argonne he organized and personally led burial parties, time and again bringing in and burying men under enemy fire. His fearless conduct and devotion to duty characterized all his activities, and his personal efforts contributed in great measure to the splendid spirit of the troops in the front line."

This is the background of war service of the man who was elected National Chaplain at the Philadelphia national convention after he had served his own post continuously as Chaplain for seven years. He belongs to Walter M. Gearty Post of Philadelphia. And in the seven years he has served his post, Chaplain Wolfe

has taken an active interest in the national affairs of the Legion. He was a member of the first committee which organized the Legion in Philadelphia immediately after the war, and he served on the national committee which laid the foundations for the Legion's present ritual at the first national convention. He is a charter member of the Forty and Eight and served as its first National Chaplain.

Chaplain Wolfe's belief in adequate national defense is attested by the fact that he took an active part in reorganizing the Pennsylvania National Guard after the war. He is still a member of the Guard and serves as Chaplain of the 103d Engineers.

Just now Chaplain Wolfe is improving his working knowledge of French preparing for the Legion's 1927 national convention in Paris.

**W**HEN you have read in this issue the story of the work of the Auxiliary's shop in Boston which sells articles made by disabled men, consider how much could be done if the shop plan were more widely extended throughout the country. Mrs. Clarence R. Edwards, founder of the Disabled Service Men's Exchange, offers to send to Auxiliary members anywhere details of the plan.

"If members do not understand the work of such a shop, we here would be glad to be their clearing house and sell the

things which disabled men in their own States make under their auspices," writes Mrs. Edwards, whose address is Westwood, Massachusetts. "In the West, for instance," Mrs. Edwards adds, "they have such pretty baskets for gardening and such like that it would seem we could create quite a business in these alone if they were sent to us on consignment. There is also a demand for pretty bathroom and porch rugs. Personally, I should like to see the rehabilitation chairmen of the States get together and form some sort of a chain store system

Port Day. Among those who took part in the program were Governor Nellie Tayloe Ross and Governor-elect Frank C. Emerson. I believe all Cheyenne recognized the worth of the service we rendered."

National Commander Howard P. Savage recently issued an appeal to all Legion posts to help their communities provide suitable landing fields. The Community Betterment Division of National Headquarters will send an outline of methods which a post may use to accomplish this. It will also send on request a list of other suitable activities.

**E**VERY year life is a succession of notable battle anniversaries for Reverend Father Joseph L. N. Wolfe, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, National Chaplain of The American Legion. Every man who served in the World War, of course, has fixed in his mind some days which recall to him the things he was doing so many years ago, in 1918. To National Chaplain Wolfe, from June to November is just a continuous series of dates recalling high spots in the fighting service of his war-time outfit of the 55th Infantry Brigade of the 28th Division. For Chaplain Wolfe has the extraordinary record of having been in eight of the A. E. F.'s most notable engagements. His service record gives them as follows:

June 26 to July 14, 1918, Chateau-Thierry defensive sector; July 15 to July 18, Champagne-Marne defensive; July 18 to August 6, Aisne-Marne offensive; August 7 to August 17, Fismes defensive sector; August 18 to September 7, Oise-Aisne

# K E E P I N G S T E P

or one big department store for the sale of these articles made by disabled men. Either plan ought to be practicable."

**W**HEN Congress next assembles, it will find the whole nation watching expectantly, waiting for the enactment of the new laws which will save the Army and Navy from the parsimonious neglect of recent years. Not only The American Legion but The American Legion Auxiliary also have been presenting to the country the message of our new national peril proceeding from a failure to learn lessons from the World War, our failure to maintain an adequate system of national defense. Congress will be told what women of thirty patriotic organizations believe is an adequate program for national defense. It will be given the recommendations which these women prepared at a conference held in Washington early this Spring under the auspices of The American Legion Auxiliary and the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense was called by Mrs. Adalin W. Macauley, National President of the Legion's Auxiliary, and Mrs. Alfred J. Broussard, President General of the D. A. R., to give evidence to Congress and to the country that American women have not been stampeded by short-sighted and emotional propaganda into the ranks of those who want the United States Army and Navy whittled down to helpless inefficiency.

It was appropriate that the conference was held in Washington, for in that same city several months before had assembled a conference originated by leaders of the pacifist movement, women of ability and achievement in many fields but so susceptible emotionally that they have been misled into advocating immediate and complete disarmament, a disarmament that sound judgment proves would be dangerous

and foolhardy for the United States in the present condition of world relations, with crises on every continent.

Mrs. Macauley, appearing on behalf of The American Legion Auxiliary, had been refused an opportunity to present the facts against immediate disarmament at the pacifistic conference. She determined that the claim of the women pacifists that they represented the women of the United States should be refuted. Refutation came when thirty women's patriotic organizations welcomed the invitation to take part in a conference on national defense and each society agreed to send delegates.

Addresses delivered at the defense conference were reported in detail by almost all the newspapers of the United States, the same newspapers which previously had chronicled the addresses of the women pacifists' conference.

The conference emphatically urged that the National Defense Act of 1920 be supported, that Congress make possible the early construction of three scout cruisers and authorize later construction of ten additional scout cruisers, that the five-year program of aeronautical construction be carried out, that the C. M. T. C. and the Officers' Reserve Corps be supported adequately and that Congress pass the Tyson-Fitzgerald bill for the retirement of disabled emergency army officers.

**A**LMOST every Legion post has conducted a funeral for a World War veteran who had never joined the Legion. In the hour of family grief, the Legion's helping hand has always been extended without distinctions based on fulfillment or non-fulfillment of the implied after-the-war obligations. Often the fact of a fellow citizen's war service had never been made known to the post in his community. Veterans arriving as strangers in a new community sometimes have failed to make contacts with Legionnaires. Illness has often prevented many



*An American Legion welcome greeted Commander De Pinedo, the Italian round-the-world flyer, when he reached America's Pacific Coast following the burning of his first plane at Roosevelt Dam in Arizona. San Diego (California) Post paid a tribute to De Pinedo's daring and wished him a safe voyage on the rest of his flight back to Italy*

# K E E P I N G S T E P



*Down in front, none other than Will Rogers, himself, best friend of Claremore (Oklahoma) Post, and Governor John S. Fisher of Pennsylvania. This picture was taken when Mr. Rogers lectured in Harrisburg under the auspices of Dauphin County Voiture of the Forty and Eight. Standing (at left) Dr. J. F. Reed, Chef de Gare, and (at right) Voyageur Harry M. Barnhart*

service men from entering into the activities of the Legion. Men suffering from certain types of mental ailments withdraw from all social activities.

When a service man who is not a Legionnaire dies, there is more than an even chance that his dependents may be ignorant of the provisions the Government has made to help them. With this fact in mind, the Minnesota Department has asked the Minnesota legislature to enact a law which could serve as a model for legislation in all States. This proposed law would require undertakers and embalmers to submit a report on all deaths of World War service men.

Ray Rossberg, chairman of the Minnesota Department's legislative committee, points out that the law would do more than insure proper registration of veterans' graves. It would enable the Legion to send to the surviving relatives of a veteran, immediately following his death, a brochure explaining the Federal and State laws affecting service men and their dependents. With this brochure would be sent a questionnaire which dependents would fill out to show whether they needed assistance on such matters as government insurance, adjusted compensation, disability compensation, free marble headstones, flag for use in burial, guardianship of children, allowances for widow or parents and funeral expenses.

**S**WIFT and sometimes turbulent is the growth of an oil town anywhere, and Borger, Texas, found its growing pains so hard to bear that its plight attracted the attention of the whole United States. Disorder and lawlessness challenged public authority in Borger until Legionnaire Dan Moody, Governor of Texas, sent the Texas Rangers to the town to assist town authorities. When it seemed that even the Rangers might need help, Governor Moody was handed a telegram. It came from John H. White, Commander of Hutchinson County Post of Borger. If the Rangers needed help to preserve law and order,

the Legionnaires of Borger would give that help, in accordance with the pledge contained in the preamble to the Legion's constitution, Mr. White stated. Hutchinson County Post, founded in September of 1926, had attained a membership of more than two hundred this spring and was counting on getting more than five hundred members before autumn.

**A**LVEY JONES survived five battles in the A. E. F., fighting with the First Division, and stayed with his outfit until the end of the war although he was twice wounded, but he died in May from a wound suffered when his own revolver went off accidentally while he was cleaning it in his office at Watertown, South Dakota. Mr. Jones had been Adjutant of the South Dakota Department of The American Legion since 1924, and the sorrow over his death was evidenced when sixteen hundred men, representing the Legion posts of the whole State, gathered in Watertown for his funeral. The funeral was one of the largest ever held in South Dakota.

National and State officials at the funeral services paid tribute to Mr. Jones's war service and his work for the Legion which was in keeping with his battle record that had won for him the Distinguished Service Cross. It was largely due to Mr. Jones's work that the Department of South Dakota won the Franklin D'Olier membership trophy in three successive years, and when Mr. Jones died he was in the midst of a campaign that he hoped would bring the cup to his State for a fourth year.

He had personally helped hundreds of South Dakota disabled men obtain adjustment of their claims with the Government, and one of his latest works was the establishment of The American Legion Rest Camp in the Black Hills of South Dakota.

Honorary pallbearers at Mr. Jones's funeral were Stafford King, of Minnesota, National Vice Commander; Edwin Lindell,

# K E E P I N G S T E P

Adjutant of the Department of Minnesota; Dr. G. G. Cottam, National Executive Committeeman for South Dakota; Carle B. Lenker, Commander of the Department of South Dakota; Walter Jarratt, Past Department Commander; L. C. Lippert, Past Grand Chef de Gare of the Forty and Eight; A. S. Thomson, Regional Manager of the Veterans Bureau in South Dakota; Major W. S. Bentley of the Veterans Bureau and Colonel Boyd Wales of the 147th Field Artillery Regiment.

A resolution of condolence on Mr. Jones's death was adopted by the National Executive Committee at its meeting held in mid-May.

WHEN Edwin L. Lindell, Department Adjutant of Minnesota, read the manuscript of Clara Ingram Judson's article, "First Aid," which tells how the Minnesota Department and the post at Rochester, Minnesota, do what they can to help service men attending the Mayo Clinic, he suggested that a note of warning accompany the article to save misunderstanding.

"It should be emphasized that service men and their dependents should not come to Rochester without a great deal of thought and preparation," Mr. Lindell wrote. "The impression should not be given that Rochester is the mecca for all real and supposed ills, and nobody should start for the clinic on impulse, the pack-up-and-come way. The American Legion Hospital Association has its hands full now and we hope that in every case those considering coming to Rochester will be guided by the advice of physicians in their own communities. If best advice justifies the trip to Rochester, efforts should be made at home before leaving to finance the trip and the period of residence

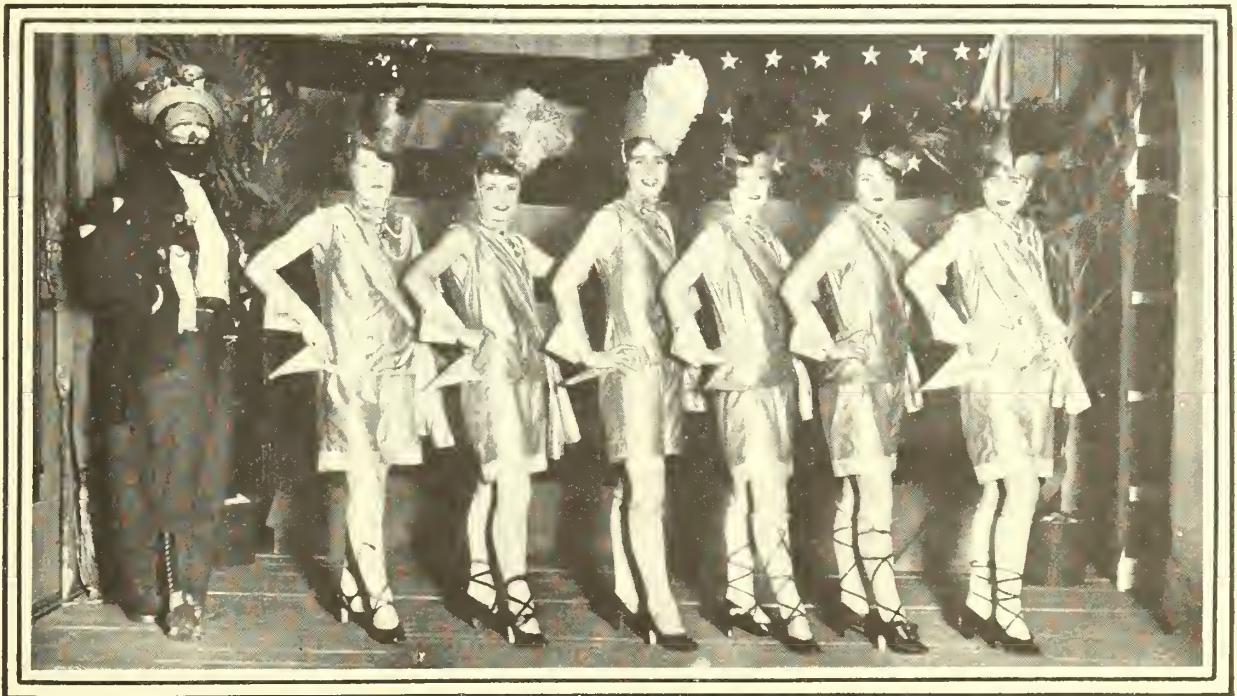
in the clinic city." Mr. Lindell also told of the spirit of the Legionnaires of the Department of Minnesota, who pay the annual American Legion Hospital Association dues of twenty-five cents at the time they pay national and department dues.

WHEN John G. Anderson died in Tyrone, Pennsylvania, at the age of sixty-three, the whole community mourned the loss of one of its most public-spirited citizens. President of the First National Bank of Tyrone, general manager of the great Tyrone and Williamsburg mills of the West Virginia Paper Company, Mr. Anderson had for many years devoted a large part of his considerable income to movements for civic good within his own community. He had always supported strongly the Y. M. C. A., the Boy Scouts and similar organizations, for example, and repeatedly had shown his liking for Howard Gardner Post of The American Legion in Tyrone. In 1923 when the post purchased a home for \$35,000, Mr. Anderson personally contributed a tenth of the total sum. In the year following, when the post organized a drum and trumpet corps, Mr. Anderson provided the instruments for thirty-five men.

When Mr. Anderson's will was read it was found that his often-expressed regard for Howard Gardner Post had been attested anew. He had bequeathed to the post \$25,000, the largest individual bequest to organizations in a group of his bequests which totaled \$83,000. Legionnaires recalled that before his death Mr. Anderson had said that he hoped to enable the post to get an even finer home than the one it obtained in 1923. The post therefore has decided



*Matrimony scored one of its greatest triumphs when Winsor B. Williams, Secretary to the National Commander, and Miss Mildred Harrison, Secretary to the Chairman of the National Americanism Commission, were married this Spring. Mr. Williams had long been rated as the hardest-boiled bachelor of the Legion's official family*



*The Auxiliary supplied the chorus when Percy A. Stevens Post put on the best home-grown show ever seen in Bend, Oregon, and this picture is proof that those big red apples Oregon exports are not the only beautiful products of a State which has never done much ballyboozing*

# K E E P I N G S T E P

to keep the legacy intact as a trust fund until it can carry out the plan which Mr. Anderson visualized before his death.

**M**ANY a Legion post preserves in these after-the-war days the living spirit of a single regiment or company that was made indissoluble in battle. Such a post is Woodlawn Post of Chicago, Illinois, and the flowering of its spirit is the post's drill team.

"Of the fifty members of our drill team," reports Past Commander Hamlet C. Ridgway, "ninety-five percent were members of the model battalion of the Thirty-third Division, the battalion that hopped over with the Australians on July 4, 1918, at Hamel Woods, south of the Somme near Amiens."

Past Commander Ridgway has all the reason in the world to feel proud of his outfit. He is commander of the drill team, and he commanded the battalion at Hamel.

Another claim to distinction held by the drill team is the fact that it has two uniforms, a fatigue uniform and a Zouave uniform, the latter consisting of white leggings, red breeches, blue and yellow tunic, gold sash, and American Legion overseas caps. The team drills with both sabres and rifles in many formations.

**SUNNY** San Antonio, the home of the Alamo, sacred shrine of Texas liberty, and host for the 1928 national convention of The American Legion, became the world's largest Legion post on May 15th. On that day Alamo Post of San Antonio had 2,500 members, which was ahead of the same day's enrollment of Omaha (Nebraska) Post, which had long held the title of "the world's largest post."

Furthermore, the San Antonio post was declaring on May 15th that it was going to try to keep its lead, although the past record of Omaha Post indicated this would be difficult. Omaha Post had almost six thousand members at one time, and its average yearly membership is always within shooting distance of five thousand. Alamo Post made its record by enrolling fifteen hundred new members in a campaign.

**T**AKE another look at the back of your American Legion membership card. The seal upon it, showing the draped flags of the nine allied countries in the World War, is a reminder that you, as a Legionnaire, are also a member of a world society having three and a quarter million members. The Federation Interalliee des Anciens Combattants—FIDAC, as it is usually called—now has most of the 4,500,000 war veterans of the Allied countries, according to a recent statement by its headquarters in Paris. Each member of The American Legion pays one cent as dues in FIDAC, and members of veterans' societies of other Allied countries pay proportionate dues based on pre-war exchange rates.

Most other countries have many more veterans' societies than the United States. France, for example, has fourteen associations, eight of them, with a combined membership of 1,122,500, being members of FIDAC. Czecho-Slovakia has thirteen separate organizations,

three of them members of FIDAC. The British Legion has four hundred thousand members, while three-quarters of a million Italian veterans also belong to FIDAC.

FIDAC announces that the largest single organization of World War service men is not in an Allied country but in Germany, the German State Association of Former Warriors numbering two million members. Seven other associations of German veterans have a combined membership of 732,000.

**M**ISS Katherine Garvin, daughter of the famed editor of the *London Observer*, speaking before the Legion's National Executive Committee at Indianapolis early this year, gave her experiences as an English student in an American university and impressed the committee members with the benefits which will result from the exchange of scholarships among the nine countries which belong to FIDAC. Miss Garvin is a student at the University of Michigan under a scholarship-exchange plan carried out by The American Legion under the general FIDAC plan. Miss Garvin, in her address in Indianapolis, told of the differences between school customs in the United States and England.

Five scholarships have been made available by the Legion in carrying out the FIDAC program. The American branch of the English-Speaking Union co-operated with the Legion in providing the scholarship to Miss Garvin. Henry D. Lindsley, Past National Commander of the Legion and American Vice-Commander of FIDAC this year, reports that George R. Saxon, of Birmingham, Alabama, is now enrolled in the University of Warsaw, Poland, while John Tichy, a Polish student, is enrolled under FIDAC auspices at Columbia University in New York City. The Kansas Department has set an example for other departments by providing a scholarship.

The plan of scholarship exchanges was developed on shipboard by the American delegation to the congress of FIDAC held in Rome in 1925. Its administration in the United States is in the hands of the World Peace and Foreign Relations Committee of the Legion, headed by Past National Commander Lindsley.

**T**WO Legionnaire authors who contributed to this issue of the Monthly had a better chance than most of us to learn how men react to the environment of war. Rupert Hughes, a member of Hollywood Post, who wrote "There's Only One Kind of Americanism," was chief of a censorship division of the War Department, while Karl W. Detzer, of Bowen-Holliday Post, Traverse City, Michigan, acquired the background for his true story, "The Affair at the Spanish Restaurant," while serving as head of the A. E. F.'s Department of Criminal Investigation at Le Mans.

Clara Ingram Judson is a member of the Auxiliary Unit of Evanston (Illinois) Post, the post, incidentally, to which Charles G. Dawes, Vice President of the United States, belongs. Woodward Boyd joined a woman's post in Chicago early in the Legion's history. She served in the Signal Corps—in training to be a telephone operator in France.

Fairfax Downey is a member of Second Division Post of New York City. General Charles P. Summerall, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, mentioned prominently in Mr. Downey's story of Reilly's battery, belongs to Joe Feigl Post of New York.

RIGHT GUIDE.



*Miss Florence Klein, of El Paso, Chairman of the Texas Department's Rehabilitation Committee, doesn't mind dancing with Jacob Erlach, who is somewhat of a giant. They appear together often at Legion affairs*



# THEN AND NOW

*Recent News of Old A. E. F. Centers—The Personnel of the Sergeant York Patrol—Service Souvenirs Lost and Found—An Air Service Sergeant Who Wouldn't Stay Dead*

**N**EXT month will see the vanguard of the Legion hosts gathering at the official ports of embarkation from whence the Second A. E. F. will sail. Quite some difference this time in the concentration of the former warriors. The troop trains moving to the seaboard will consist of first class Pullmans instead of worn-out tourist cars and day coaches; for those sailing from New York, the leading hotels will be the assembling camps instead of Camp Mills or Camp Upton or Camp Merritt; Broadway will take the place of Main Street in Hempstead or Yaphank for the twenty-four hours' leave before the ships sail; wives and mothers and youngsters will file up the gang-planks with the former warriors.

All in all, it's going to be a great party—but there's one fly in the ointment. The good old gang of the wartime days won't all be together. Efforts, however, are being made to assemble some of the old outfits, either for the trip across or for reunions in old A. E. F. centers during or following the convention. And that doesn't apply only to the combat troops. The outfit notices column in this department has carried announcements of several proposed reunions overseas. And now we hear from Legionnaire T. J. Kreye of Forest Hills, Long Island, New York, formerly a private in the First Company, Central Records Office, A. E. F., Bourges, France. He addresses this letter to his former comrades and it will prove of interest to other former A. E. F.-ers who visited Bourges during the War:

"Are you going to France this year with the Legion? Then you will certainly want to go to Bourges. Why not let us go together? Wouldn't you like to see your old pals back there? Perhaps you think that Bourges is not there any more. Well, you're all wrong. It is still there but more modern than in the old days. When you get off at the station you won't find the Red Cross canteen or the R. T. O., but you will find taxis parked in the station square. A little further up the Avenue de la Gare you will find a gasoline filling station, a radio store and more of the modern idea. And last but not least, a large sprinkling truck to keep down that Bourges dust. In case of rain you may still have to tolerate that well-remembered mud, but maybe that, too, will be changed by the time we get there. Let us hope so.

"You will see the Cathedral, Algerian Alley and the old camp,—the caves, the Municipal Theater and the Palais Royal, the canal, your favorite restaurant, your old cafe. Boy, what a wonderful time we are going to have. There will be no more K. P. and no more passes. No more night shifts. Your time

will be your own, to walk around the old town, the twisting streets, the narrow lanes. And won't you meet a lot of your old friends! You won't know some of your old buddies. They will look older, or stouter, or balder. Don't you wonder just what they will look like in their civvies?"

"Well, your big opportunity to see the boys in the old familiar background has come. The longing for just a little taste of the old times is here. I suggest the slogan: 'On to France and then to Bourges.'"

Former comrades of Legionnaire Kreye, or other former temporary residents or visitors of Bourges, can reach him at 273 Ascan Avenue, Forest Hills, Long Island, New York.

**I**N the May issue of the Monthly," writes Legionnaire E. C. B. Danforth, Jr., of Augusta, Georgia, "there appeared an extract from a letter of O. H. Johnson of Galesburg, North Dakota, in which he expressed a desire to have published the names of the men who accompanied Sergeant York on his now famous exploit in the Argonne. I agree with Mr. Johnson that due credit should be given these men and I assure him that proper recognition has already been given them officially. As the captain commanding Company G, 328th Infantry, throughout the Argonne offensive, I made a careful study of the York action and at the time obtained proper citations of the various men. I feel that each man has been properly recognized for the part which he played.

"That the readers of the Monthly, however, may know the men who had a part in this famous patrol, I take pleasure in giving their names: Sergeant Bernard Early, New Haven, Connecticut; Corporal Alvin C. York, Pall Mall, Tennessee;

Corporal William B. Cutting, Bridgeport, Connecticut; Corporal Murray Savage, East Bloomfield, New Jersey; Mechanic Percy Beardsley, Roxbury, Connecticut; Privates Maryan E. Dymowski, Trenton, New Jersey; Ralph E. Weiler, Hanover, Pennsylvania; Joe Konotski, Holyoke, Massachusetts; Feodor Sok, Buffalo, New York; Michael Sacina, New York City; Patrick Donahue, Lawrence, Massachusetts; George W. Wills, East Stampers Lane, Pennsylvania; Fred W. Wareing, New Bedford, Massachusetts; William Wine, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Carl Swanson, New York City; and, I think, Thomas G. Johnson, Lynchburg, Virginia. Of this number, Savage, Dymowski, Weiler, Wareing, Wine and Swanson were killed and Early, Cutting and Muzzi were wounded."

The account in the May issue included the information that Beardsley, Konotski, Wills and Donahue were cited in Brigade



*No need of speed laws in Hendaye, France, if the above two ox-power motor is a sample of local transportation. C. Philip Carlson of Oak Park, Illinois, who snapped the picture while visiting the Biarritz leave area in April, 1919, failed to explain the thatched roof effect on the steeds. Is it a natural head-dress or a native idea of protection or adornment?*



*It was a long, long trail for these American soldiers taken prisoner by the enemy, according to the footgear on some of them. A large print of the above picture, obtained by George O. Lucas of Key West, Florida, from a German soldier in Coblenz, Germany, in April, 1919, will be given to the first man in the group who identifies himself. Can anyone advise when and where the picture was taken and what American outfits are represented*

Orders and Sacina in Regimental Orders. Danforth's list accounts for the four non-coms and thirteen privates which, according to the History of the 82d Division, formed the patrol. How many of the survivors can still report themselves present?

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the fact that a monument has been erected at St. Nazaire, France, to commemorate the landing at that port of the first American troops during the World War, the real Plymouth Rock of the A. E. F. is the Quai at Rouen. Famed in history as the town wherein Joan of Arc was tried and suffered martyrdom, it was here that the first organized group of American forces, Base Hospital No. 4 of Cleveland, Ohio, landed on May 25, 1917, two weeks before General Pershing and his staff arrived in Paris and a full month before the first units of the First Division set foot on French soil. The distinction may lie in the fact that the first combat troops landed at St. Nazaire.

The real pioneers of the A. E. F. therefore have prominently marked on their schedule of places to visit during the Legion convention in France, the old city of Rouen, and one of their number, Legionnaire Thomas C. McKee of Cleveland, has a little advance information to give to his fellow veterans, in the following letter:

"I recently visited the city of Rouen where the first American flag was raised by American troops after our entry in the World War. It was raining on the day that I arrived in Rouen, so I felt right at home.

"The large military city that once housed as many as sixty thousand Allied troops has entirely disappeared. The huts and barracks have all been moved to points east to house reconstruction gangs. The little Toonerville trolley that carried us out to camp after a day in town on pass doesn't run any more. There isn't any need for it because not more than six families live beyond the Grande Concourse.

"The site where Base Hospital No. 4, or the Lakeside unit, as it was sometimes called, established its hospital and raised the first American flag is marked only by piles of broken stone and concrete that are almost lost in a wild growth of weeds. The roads that were so carefully massaged by the British Royal Engineers during 1917 and 1918 are overgrown and in disuse.

"Down in the center of Rouen, the Tivoli Theatre, scene

of many a wild party, is now an automobile repair shop. They are selling meat over what was once the Royal American bar, horse meat and otherwise.

"Along the Quai, where the Cafe Victor and its sister cafes rub shoulders with their sidewalk display of tables and chairs, jazz bands advertised as American but with a group of musicians with mustaches that smack noticeably of Frenchmen and France, furnish music with your drinks.

"A small bronze tablet, high on the wall of the Bourse, designates the town as the landing place of the first Americans, but the tablet is hidden by large trees along the sidewalk.

"There is little talk of the time when the Americans were in Rouen. True, thousands of tourists visit the town every month—they come by train and bus from Paris. But they come to see the town which Joan of Arc made famous or to visit the cathedral or Bonnesecors. They drive out past old General Hospital No. 9 where the Lakeside unit made history, but the guide will point out the road once traveled by Napoleon. No mention is made of the trail blazers of the A. E. F.

"The Rouen of 1917 and 1918, the rail center of the Allied armies, the place where the first American flag was raised, is forgotten—the Rouen that was known before the war, the place where Joan of Arc was burned at the stake, has returned."

**W**HENEVER a discussion of the World War starts, apparently two times out of three it veers around to a battle of records—the first over, the first in line, the fastest trip of a transport, the greatest number of prisoners captured, the farthest advance. Individual's records are also discussed but here's a new personal angle which hasn't come to our attention before. Says Sam B. Ferrell of Raleigh, North Carolina, in a letter to the Company Clerk:

"Here's an old ex-gob who has a record that he is proud of. I have often wondered if I am just one of the millions who served in the little scrap called the World War or if there were others who did the same thing I did and never thought they did anything worth blowing about. I have an idea, however, that they were few in number. I served twenty-seven months in the United States Navy, with twenty-one months' foreign service, and in that time I never used tobacco in any form, never shot craps or gambled in any way and never touched my lips to strong drink.



*German propaganda pictures were widely distributed according to James R. Vance of Chicago, Illinois, who found the above print in a barber shop in a Holland fishing village on the North Sea. Most of the Allied armies appear to be represented in this group of prisoners surrounding a German officer. Vance purchased the print for two packages of American cigarettes. Probably someone can identify the picture*

"I'm no preacher by a heck of a lot, and I am not telling what things I did, but the foregoing are things that I did not do. What I would like to know is how many more failed to partake of some of those games of chance or pastimes or whatever they may be called."

Now there's a mark to shoot at, and there's an answer to some of the ardent patriots at home during the war who thought the A. E. F. was a wild paradise of wine, women and song with a little fighting thrown in now and then to break the monotony.

**W**ITH the help of the Adjutant General's Office, the Bureau of Navigation of the Navy Department and the U. S. Marine Corps Headquarters, we have been endeavoring to carry on our "Lost and Found" bureau through correspondence, without taking up too much of the space allotted to us for this department. The Company Clerk is mighty glad to report that the Then and Now gang seems as interested in returning service mementos as it is in recovering prized souvenirs which were lost in the shuffle during the war.

As an example: Legionnaire Neal B. Kelley of Coldwater, New York, reported that he had in his possession one-half of a leather saddle-bag, on the back of which was penned the name of one Sergeant Collins, Sixth Regiment of Engineers, followed by a list of the various places where Collins had been, together with the dates. Kelley continued: "The saddle-bag was given to me by Sergeant Collins himself while we were in hospital together overseas—Base Hospital No. 50, I think. No doubt Collins will remember the incident and be glad to recover the souvenir. He was from Chicago. I served as wagoner with Battery B, 57th Artillery, Coast Artillery Corps."

A notice regarding this souvenir was included in Then and Now in the January issue. Shortly after the delivery of that issue, we got this letter from Austin Collins, Headquarters Company, 14th Infantry, Fort Davis, Canal Zone: "I saw the notice in the Monthly for January regarding the half of a leather saddle-bag which I gave to a man named Kelley while we were in hospital together overseas. The notice was surely a great surprise to me for I had no idea of ever hearing from this man again, as we had never met before or since. I want to thank Comrade Kelley for his remembrance of me."

Comrade Kelley was furnished with Collins' present address

and the service souvenir was sent on its long trek to its original owner, who prized this memento of service.

Now here we have a case in which we might show a little reciprocation. Legionnaire C. M. Shaw of Milstead, Alabama, asked our assistance in locating one Isaac R. Golden, private 1cl, who served during the war with the First Battalion Intelligence Section of the 324th Infantry, in order that Shaw might repay twenty francs which he had borrowed from Golden in order that he might go to one of the A. E. F.'s schools. Through the co-operation of the Adjutant General, we located Golden in Adger, Alabama, and after furnishing his address to Shaw, the latter wrote: "Private Golden did not remember the loan but I paid him anyway, including interest, and my conscience is clear." Shaw goes on to say: "There are two articles I should like very much to recover. First, a seven-jewel Elgin watch, open face gold case, crystal missing, balance staff broken, which was in my pack left at the dressing station at Haudromont where Company D, 324th Infantry, went over the top November 9, 1918. The second is a book, 'Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling,' with my name on the flyleaf. I think the book was in the possession of our Company Clerk. The reason I am so desirous of recovering the watch is that my mother gave it to me as a high school graduating present."

**T**HERE'S quite a large slice of this old earth's surface included in a triangle whose points are Kordel, Germany, Santa Fe, New Mexico, and Moundsville, West Virginia, but these three widely separated cities have been connected recently through the interest of Legionnaire Jack D. Trainor of Santa Fe in returning a service souvenir to a man to whom it rightfully belonged.

We received the following letter from Trainor: "For the past six years I haven't had anything else in my mind about which I wanted to obtain information more than on the following subject: I served with Company H, 356th Infantry, 80th Division, and during the latter part of March and early part of April, 1919, I was detailed on railroad guard, under command of Lieutenant Macatte, at a small hamlet named Kordel, just a few kilometers from Trier, Germany. One day while at lunch an excited German boy rushed in and said that two planes had been wrecked a few kilos north of us.



General Pershing surrounded by students on the "campus" of the A. E. F. University at Beaune, France. Alumnus John F. Lynch of Yonkers, New York, sent also the picture, left, of Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, leaving the University after a visit in April, 1919



The Company Clerk then wrote to Sergeant Carson, who, according to the following letter received from him, proved to be the man we were looking for:

"In answer to your letter I will say that I think I am the mechanic mentioned by Mr. Trainor of Santa Fe, New Mexico. While I cannot give you the serial or U. S. numbers of the planes crashed in this wreck, I am enclosing some stickers with our Squadron insignia on them. (The insignia proved to be a globe with two red, white and blue wings sprouting therefrom, a rising sun appearing over the top and on the left, an air bomb, all surrounded by a blue diamond and the lettering '166th Aero Squadron, Amer. E. F.')

This insignia was painted on both sides of the plane at the engine. At the observer's cockpit on both sides was painted a square with 'A3' in it.

"On April 2, 1919, seven planes of the 166th Aero Squadron stationed at Treves, or Trier, Germany, started out on practice formation about 10:45 a. m. At 11:15 to 11:30, three of these planes came together in midair. Pieces from these planes put the fourth plane down out of control. One plane landed in an open field and crashed, one went into the river drowning one of the passengers, and two came down in the woods near Kordel, Germany, three men being killed. The dead were: 2d Lieutenant Brayton Nichols, Worcester, Massachusetts, pilot; 2d Lieutenant Charles F. Volk, New York City, pilot, and Private 1cl John J. Serlino, New York City. The man who was drowned was 2d Lieutenant Roderick D. Coe, Nesbitt, Mississippi, Field Artillery observer.

"Of the two planes that came down in the woods, I was the only survivor. I was later told by the boys from my squadron that two German men carried me to a farmhouse and cared for me until the ambulance came from Trier. It was a week before I knew anything. Had a fractured skull, some ribs broken, a hole snagged in one knee and a few other small cuts and bruises. I guess that was my lucky day. I have a framed certificate hanging on the wall of my office that lists me 'Killed in action, April 2, 1919.' The boys who salvaged those ships gave me the clock and some other souvenirs of the wreck.

"The plane I was in, piloted by Lieutenant Volk, landed in the woods on the hillside. I have some pictures of these planes taken by some of the boys of the squadron, also a celluloid plate out of the pilot's cockpit that says, 'Don't fly without passenger or without 150' (Continued on page 83)

My bunkie, Sergeant Gearhardt, and I went up and finally found the place, which was in a deep ravine.

"We found the two planes smashed into kindling and three men dead in the wreckage. Before we arrived on the scene, the only survivor, a mechanic, had been taken to a nearby farmhouse. I went to see him but I could not get any information from him as he was in very great pain and could not speak coherently. I went back to Kordel and called up the hospital in Trier and soon an ambulance arrived and took the injured man away.

"Now what I want to know is: Did the mechanic survive or not? If he did, I want the enclosed metal name-plate which I took off his plane for a souvenir, presented to him as I know he will appreciate it. If he did not survive, it would make a good memento for his relatives."

Investigation regarding this accident was conducted through the Adjutant General's Office in Washington and the following report received:

"The records show that on April 2, 1919, a practice formation was sent out with seven planes taking off. Four planes crashed near Trier, Germany, and three returned. The survivors of the accident are given as: 1st Lieutenant Russell H. Pedlar, 4303 North Troy Street, Chicago, Illinois; 2d Lieutenant Harry A. Schary, 5279 Ygnacio Avenue, Oakland, California; Lieutenant William C. Morris, now on duty as 1st Lieutenant, Air Corps (Organized Reserves), Eighth Corps Area, Love Field, Dallas, Texas, and Sergeant 1cl William T. Carson, 504 Fifth Street, Moundsville, West Virginia.



**T**WO months from now the Legion's special trains will be traveling from the Pacific Coast to the Atlantic over every transcontinental railroad; there will be mobilizations of Legionnaires and their families at American ports from Galveston to Montreal; the fleet of ocean liners the Legion has chartered will swing into ocean paths; and the Second A. E. F. will be on its way to Paris.

Almost ten thousand Legionnaires and members of the Auxiliary had signed up for the trip to Paris when this was written in May, and by the time this is read the quotas of many of the States will be almost filled. The France Convention Committee, however, has arranged to hold open until July 15th reservations for those who have not been able to make up their minds earlier. In almost every State, Department France Convention Officers are still able to obtain for Legionnaires and Auxiliary members steamship and Paris hotel accommodations, although, naturally, the very lowest of the steamship accommodations offered have already been taken. There are still plenty of lowest-cost hotel rooms available in Paris.

The Legion's national convention will be held in Paris September 19th to 23d. Every arrangement has already been made. Names of ships each department will use and dates of sailings, together with all general information on the pilgrimage, are contained in the "On to Paris" booklet which will be sent by any Department France Convention Officer. A list of the department officers may be found on page 5.

Sentiment made this national convention in Paris inevitable. Ten years after the first A. E. F. arrived in Paris, the Second A. E. F. will return to walk in its footsteps. The Second A. E. F. will also visit the cemeteries and battlefields of the A. E. F. in reverential pilgrimage. And, besides holding convention business sessions in the world-famed Trocadero, the largest auditorium in Paris, the Second A. E. F. will have a whole week to see the real glories of Paris.

**P**ARIS is the perpetual World's Fair. Men of all nations travel to her year in and year out, in the four seasons impartially, knowing that in her beauty and expansiveness she will never fail to stir their souls and give wings to their imagination. Cathedrals that have brooded since the medieval centuries look across ancient rooftops to the Eiffel Tower—the spirit of antiquity and the spirit of modernity make an intermingled appeal wherever one goes. You step out of narrow streets, heavy with the mustiness of the Middle Ages, into the bright boulevards laid out by Napoleon's engineers, and still new.



*Where "Here's-looking-at-you" and "Have another" are said in a dozen languages — Paris's principal filling station, the Cafe de la Paix, next door to the Place de l'Opera, center of everything*

The needle-like Obelisk, ornamented with hieroglyphics, brought to Paris from the ruins of a vanished civilization, looks toward the century-old Arc de Triomphe. The glory of Paris is in her contrasts. Airplanes hum above the palaces of extinct dynasties. Automobiles whiz over bridges that were old a half thousand years ago.

There are vast, open squares, where statues look down upon spots sacred in French history. There are wonderful park-like boulevards stretching for miles in vistas as entrancing as those seen in dreams. There are architectural glories, towers and palaces and arches, seemingly wrought by enchantment. Seeing them for the first time you look upon them with astonishment, expecting their vision to fade.

But you may quickly be transported from the soul-stirring beauty of gardens and green boulevards to other boulevards where the life of the modern world has been compressed into a human torrent—the Grand Boulevards which flow for miles through the shallow canyon of endless buildings. Yes, the charm of Paris is in her contrasts.

Stand for a moment in the Place de la Concorde, with its memory of the slaughter of the guillotine. On one side the Tuileries Gardens and the palaces of the old French kings. Opposite, the Avenue des Champs Elysees, stretching in parallel traffic-jammed channels straight to the Arc de Triomphe. Ahead, the Seine, with the massive Government buildings rising on the other shore. Behind, the Hotel Crillon, the headquarters of the American delegation at the Peace

Conference in 1919. Roundabout you are huge statues erected to the glory of the principal cities of France, among them the statue of the ravished Strasburg which hung garlanded with funeral wreaths until her redemption. A wonderful place for reverie if you know the history of France. Who does not?

But anybody with only a week to spend in Paris won't get into the habit of reverie. If he finds himself getting retrospective in the Place de la Concorde, he'll probably snap out of it and travel to the Grand Boulevards, only a block away. He could find them, if he did not know the way, by trusting his ears. There is a roar of the Paris boulevards at high tide which is like no other sound in all this world. It is a pulsating roar, the throbbing of more buses and taxicabs than can be seen at one time any place else in the world, excepting perhaps Broadway.

One block up from the Place de la Concorde is the Church of La Madeleine, and one block from the Madeleine, following the Grand Boulevard, is the Place de l'Opera, the center of a web of streets

which flow into the boulevard. Here, in vast underground concourses, is the hub of Paris's underground railways, the Metro. From it one may travel by the radiating spokes to every quarter of the city and the suburbs of its circumference.

The Place de l'Opera is the best place in the world for chance reunions. Thousands of doughboys who got to Paris on leave found that its fame as a place to find old friends is not undeserved. And, of course, the ideal place to wait for old friends to show up is the Cafe de la Paix, on the edge of the Place de l'Opera. Here at regimented tables on the canopy-covered sidewalks, Parisians and visitors alike sip their drinks and watch the passing crowds.

**W**HEN the Legion went to San Francisco for its national convention in 1923, all the cities that lay along the principal railroad routes from East to West persuaded as many as possible of the transcontinental pilgrims to stop off for a day or an evening to rest up and see the sights. This year the outposts of the Legion scattered through Europe are extending in the typical American spirit of hospitality invitations to the Legionnaires from home to visit with them while going to or returning from Paris. From London have come invitations from both London Post of The American Legion and the headquarters of the British Legion. From Rome, from Vienna, from Warsaw, even from Athens have come other invitations to the new A. E. F.

And now comes an invitation from the place which, judging by its description, is the top of the world that every doughboy dreamed about. Here is a letter from Huntington Gilchrist, Adjutant of League of Nations Post of Geneva, Switzerland, a letter inviting everybody going to Paris to spend a day or two on the shores of Lake Geneva at the headquarters of the society maintained by the fifty-six nations which compose the league born of the war.

If there is a big rush in response to Mr. Gilchrist's invitation, the reception committee of League of Nations Post will have to call for outside help, because the post has the distinction of being the smallest post in the Legion. It is composed of only four members, so it won't guarantee to furnish Geneva Legionnaires as guides for everybody. Besides the post members are busy most of the time, as all of them are officials of the League of Nations. Mr. Gilchrist, commenting on this, adds:

"Our Commander, Howard Huston, of North Dakota, will be particularly busy. He is the Business Manager of the League."

Mr. Gilchrist promises, however, that all visitors will be given a chance to see something of the workings of the League, to visit its offices and, if space permits, to witness the sessions of the League's assembly which will be in progress from September 4th to September 24th. He suggests that Legionnaires intending to make the Geneva trip, either individually or in groups, address a letter to the American Committee, International Club, 4 Rue Monthoux, Geneva, stating when they expect to arrive, how long they will stay and where they expect to stay.

**T**HE parade of The American Legion on the opening day of the national convention in Paris will be a world event and will be conducted in keeping with the customs and traditions of both France and the United States. James F. Barton, National Adjutant, told the National Executive Committee of the Legion in May, in a report which emphasized how even the minor details of the convention are governed by arrangements already made. The Second A. E. F. will not rely on luck.

"We hope that as many Legionnaires as possible will wear uniforms in the parade," Mr. Barton said, "and that those who don't wear uniforms will wear the Legion's distinctive caps or the Forty and Eight chapeau. The bands and drum and bugle corps will wear special uniforms, but we are doing everything possible to discourage grotesque costumes whose humorous character will not be appreciated by French spectators."

**O**NE medal for optimism, with three battle clasps and a palm, is hereby awarded to Pat Dowd, Commander of Blissville (Long Island, New York) Post. Mr. Dowd contends that the Second A. E. F. won't be wholly American unless it, like the first A. E. F., takes time out while on French soil to play one or two brisk games of baseball, basketball and football. While most pilgrims have been wondering how to crowd into all too few afternoons and evenings in Paris the round of positively-won't-be-missed places to visit, such as Versailles, Fontainebleau, the Bois de Boulogne, Montmartre, the Folies Bergeres, the Casino de Paris, the Cafe de Paris, the Opera, the Tuileries Gardens, the Louvre and the Cathedral of Notre Dame,

Commander Dowd has been making a mental inventory of good baseball and football fields in Paris. And at that, with recollections of what that first A. E. F. was like, we won't bet any money that Commander Dowd won't get his sports program organized for that all-too-short week in Paris. Anyway, here's wishing him luck. Commander Dowd suggests that the games could easily be arranged under the auspices of the "Y" or the K. of C., and he adds: "What do you say, gang? For old time's sake! Baseball today: New York vs. California; Marines vs. Sailors. Come early to get a seat.

To make this specific, on behalf of the New York bunch I formally challenge California to meet us in a game of baseball in Paris under the direction of the 'Y' and I challenge the delegation from Georgia to meet New York in a game of basketball under the direction of the K. of C."

**T**HE France Convention Committee early foresaw the possibility that in so big a movement as the one to Paris some persons would suffer accident or illness. It realized that the average passenger would

not carry a sufficient sum of money to meet unexpected expenses due to this cause. The committee decided that health and accident insurance should be offered to everybody making the trip. But it was found that ordinary health and accident insurance policies were unsatisfactory—they are very expensive and provide only small payments. The committee, therefore, has arranged for an American Legion health and accident policy which will be issued to every individual passenger at a cost of \$2.75. The policy offers unusually liberal payments.

**M**ANY state legislatures and city governments have followed the example set by Congress last January when it enacted a law permitting ex-service men postal employees to take additional vacation time in 1927 for the purpose of attending the Legion's national convention in Paris. Both the State of New York and New York City have made provisions granting the extra vacation time needed by convention pilgrims who happen to be public employees. New York City employees who are service men have been granted the privilege of taking one month's leave with pay if they wish to go to Paris in September. Similar provisions made by Cook County, Illinois, and the city of Chicago will permit approximately 150 Legionnaires to attend the convention, raising the estimated number of the Chicago delega-



*Members of Paris Post's Unit of The American Legion Auxiliary gathered in front of the post's clubhouse to receive the United States flag presented by the Auxiliary's National Headquarters. The post clubhouse is a wartime building in the Boulevard Lannes donated by the French Government*

tion to more than five hundred persons. Portland, Oregon, is another city which has given service men time off for Paris.

Many private business concerns also have adopted rules permitting extended vacations, with or without pay, for their employes who wish to attend the Legion's national convention in Paris. One of the latest private companies to announce a liberal convention vacation privilege is the Tide Water Oil Company, which has offices and gasoline filling stations in a large number of States. The company announces that it will permit Legionnaire employes, eligible to take a vacation in 1927, a period of absence of four weeks, the vacation with pay to be a part of this period. Employes not eligible to regular vacation will be granted a leave of absence without pay for four weeks.

**F**OR the benefit of Legionnaires visiting England before or after the Paris convention, London Post has established headquarters at the Hotel Cecil. The post will give help on sight-seeing tours, hotel accommodations or other matters. Personal mail may be addressed in care of the post, and the post hopes all visitors will regard its quarters as a meeting place and information center. The address is London Post, France Convention Headquarters, Hotel Cecil, London W1, England. William Kulka, D. F. C. O. for England, suggests that those intending to visit London write the post in advance.

**T**HE official application forms provided a space wherein applicants could designate the section of Paris in which they desired hotel accommodations. Most persons left this space blank, so the housing committee in Paris had to use its judgment in making hotel assignments. The application also provided an opportunity to record a request to be assigned accommodations in the hotel assigned to friends, but most applicants overlooked this also. Because of confusion which would result if wholesale changes in reservations were attempted, the committee has advised all those asking for them to wait until they arrive in Paris, when best results can be had by conducting individual exchange deals with other Legionnaires.

**O**FFICIAL American Legion suitcases are now being shipped to the convention pilgrims who have ordered them. The suitcase is of just the right size for foreign travel. It fits into the baggage rails of foreign trains and can be kept with the traveler at every stage of his journey. It is, however, large

enough to take the place of a trunk. The national committee is selling the suitcases for ten dollars each, including delivery charges. The committee has warned all those who have made reservations not to attempt to take much baggage because European arrangements for handling baggage are hard to understand and every wise traveler keeps all his luggage with him all the time he is on a train or in a taxicab.

**I**F anything else were needed to prove that the French veteran is holding a heartfelt welcome for the Legionnaires who arrive in Paris next September, consider the offer of the blinded French veterans who are living at La Phare, a Paris home for the blind. The home is now fully occupied, but a committee of the fifty-two residents notified the Legion's France Convention Committee that the blinded French veterans would double up during the convention period so that more than a score of visiting Americans could be given beds. Happily this great sacrifice will not be necessary, because the Legion committee has made sure that it will have plenty of accommodations in Paris hotels at rates Legionnaires will be glad to pay.

**T**HE first man from Duluth, Minnesota, to give his life in the World War was David Wisted, who fell at the battle of Belleau Wood. When the War Department soon after the war asked parents of all men buried in the overseas cemeteries whether their sons should be brought home or lie forever in foreign soil, Mrs. David Wisted said she preferred that her son's body remain in Belleau Wood cemetery. This September Mrs. Wisted's longing to see her son's grave will be answered. Now seventy-four years old, she will make the pilgrimage to France as the guest of the post which bears her son's name.

**I**N spite of the fact that the cost of living has been increasing in France because of the rise in value of the franc, the Legionnaires who attend the Paris Convention will be protected by the arrangements made by the France Convention Committee last year when the franc was low.

At a time when returning travelers were telling of higher costs everywhere in France, the Legion committee in May actually announced heavy reductions in the Legion's Paris hotel rates, and likewise announced worthwhile reductions in rates for the official battlefield and cemetery trips. Incidentally, almost all of those who have signed up for the trip to Paris have made



*Looking up the Avenue des Champs Elysees toward the Arc de Triomphe, a scene that is magnificent at any hour but especially at sunset, recalling, as it does, much of the glamorous history of France. The American Legion's Paris convention parade will pass through the Arch and down the Avenue*

reservations for the low-cost official tours that have been scheduled for five districts, offering Legionnaires a chance to visit any old sector of the A. E. F. or any of the American cemeteries.

Many of those who intend visiting the cemeteries have asked the France Convention Committee to learn the locations of graves of friends or relatives. Some have written that they have been asked by relatives of the dead to make photographs of these graves.

It has always been thought that a United States passport was as valuable as any document of its kind. However, the Legion Official Identification Certificate is more valuable and far less expensive. The ordinary passport costs ten dollars and for the holder to enter France, Great Britain, or Italy, he must have his passport visaed by the consulates of these countries at the expense of considerable trouble and at a price of ten dollars per visa. The Legion certificate costs only one dollar and permits the holder to travel in all countries in Europe except Russia without any visa or visa charge whatsoever. The cordial co-operation of the Department of State of the United States Government, and the various foreign governments involved, has made the use of these valuable certificates possible by the Legion.

MANY of the uninitiated ask "what value is there in the freedom of the ship?" It simply means that the Legion passenger occupying the lowest price accommodations can use the best decks and the luxurious lounges and best public rooms on the steamer, on terms of perfect equality with the passenger who is paying the highest rate. Travel agents who have investigated the difference between ordinary rates in the cheaper classes and the higher classes report that the difference in fare amounts to over eighty dollars a person for the round trip; so the privilege is worth at least eighty dollars a person, but then it must also be remembered that in ordinary travel the freedom of the ship is usually not obtainable at any price.

THE great Legion parade in the afternoon of Monday, September 19th, will be accorded honors never before extended to any foreign organization. In the first place, the Second A. E. F. will be permitted to march through the Arc de Triomphe,—passage through which, by marching groups, has been prohibited ever since the Franco-Prussian war in 1870. Furthermore, France is going to remove from their permanent cases in the war museum, the two hundred battle flags which achieved

such glory in the World War, and these flags will be carried at the head of our parade, side by side with the Stars and Stripes and the colors of all American Legion departments.

WIVES and mothers, sisters and daughters of the twelve hundred members of Paris Post of The American Legion have been planning to help in every way possible the thousands of Auxiliary members who will attend the convention in Paris. Paris Post's unit of the Auxiliary has been talking over its plans and making its arrangements at meetings for many months. One plan already made will assure that women making the pilgrimage, most of them arriving in Paris for the first time, will be given expert advice and assistance in their shopping. It is recognized that every woman who visits Paris wants to take back many

things for her relatives and friends. Those who cannot speak French sometimes find it hard to obtain just what they want and at the prices they wish to pay. The members of Paris Post Auxiliary Unit, however, know all about the shops of Paris, and they can speak French, of course, many of them having lived in Paris always. They will act as guides for the visitors whenever requested to do so.

There are no ready-made clothes in Paris except in the department stores. Every dress shop has certain sample frocks made to fit the mannequin who wears them. The customer goes to the shop, looks over the dresses and orders one if it pleases her. Many of the famous shops are within a short distance of the Hotel Continental, which will be the headquarters of the Auxiliary. On the Rue de la Paix, the shortest and most famous street in the world perhaps, are to be found the shops of the costumers whose names are known everywhere.

AFTER the Legion's Paris convention there will be thousands of Legionnaires who will blame themselves for not having gone along," John J. Wicker, Jr., Nation-

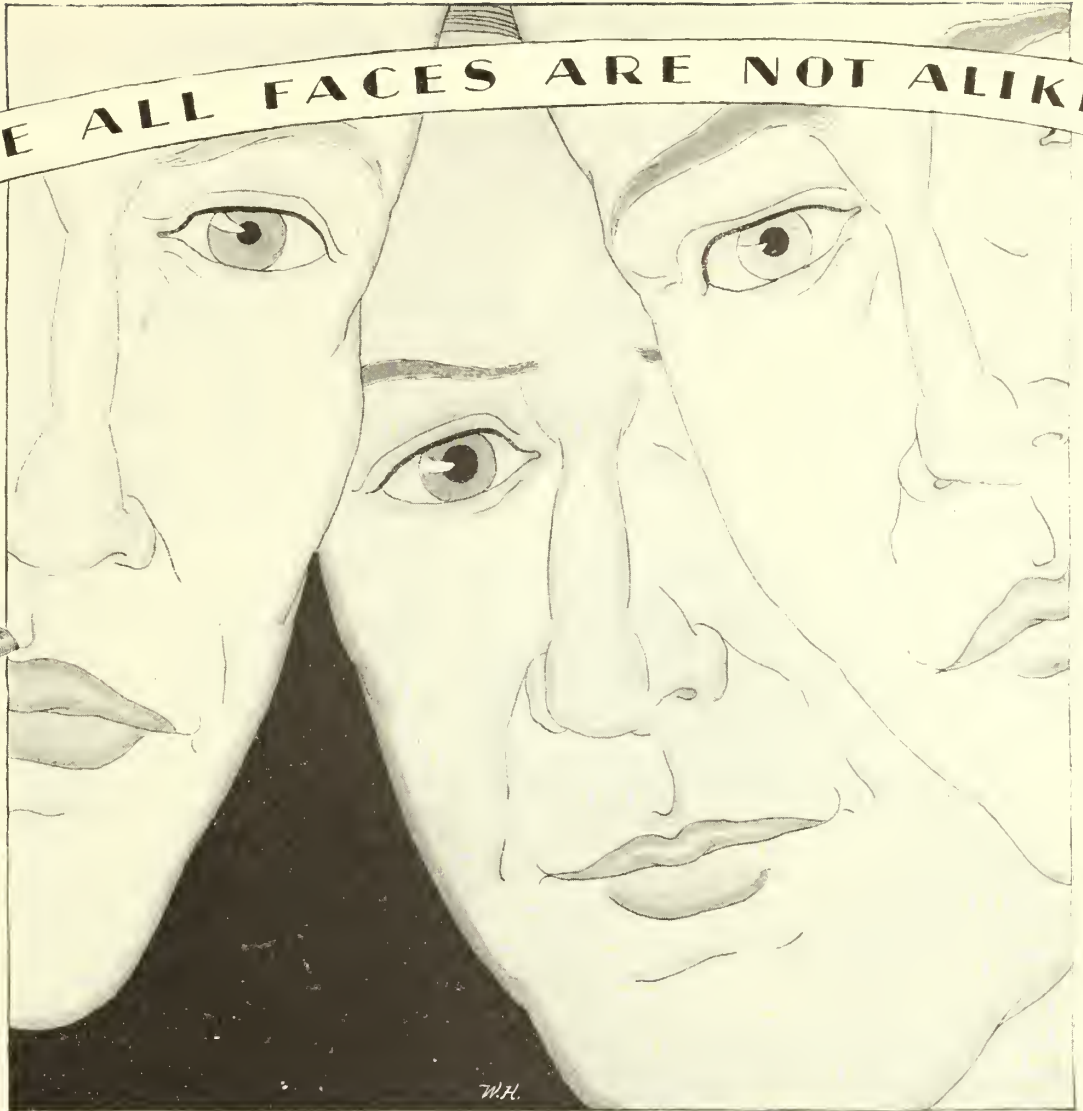
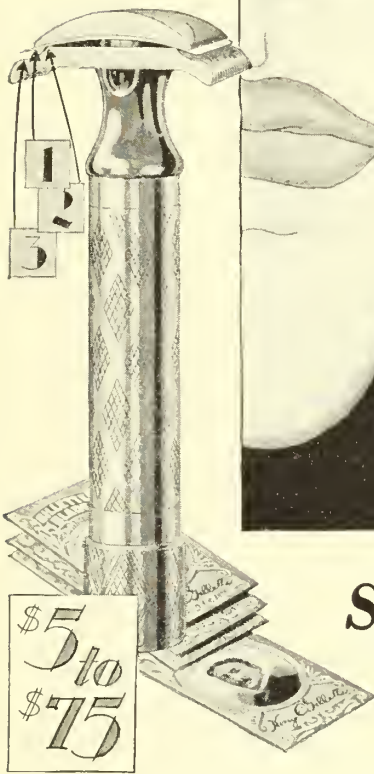
al Travel Director of the France Convention Committee, wrote recently to Department France Convention Officers. "Do all you can to impress everybody that the Legion pilgrimage is just what we say it is—it offers the experience of a lifetime. After it is too late, those who could have gone but didn't go will be blaming their negligence. Remember, some years ago we went to war and thousands who should have served failed to grasp the opportunity. They have been suffering regret which will last as long as they live. Now they can't turn back the years. Warn everybody now to get aboard with the Legion while there is still time. July 15th is the last day to do so."



*Beneath the central arch of the Arc de Triomphe is the tomb of France's Unknown Soldier, lighted by perpetual flame and decorated with wreaths. Past this shrine thousands of Legionnaires will march reverently in the parade on the opening day of the convention*



SINCE ALL FACES ARE NOT ALIKE



*Some men hurry  
... others take  
their time*

—the nature of the skin and beard of every man differs from his neighbor's.

The New Improved Gillette makes shaving comfortable and enjoyable to ALL. It has **1** a shaving edge with ample

space beneath to receive shaved hair and lather without clogging; **2** an adjustability of shaving edge so precise as to suit any skin and beard; **3** a micrometric exactness of dimensions that makes it *the hand-tailored razor for your face* . . . Get a New Improved Gillette today and your shaving troubles are over.

THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.  
BOSTON, U. S. A.

*Whether you have a beard "like wire" or as soft as silk, your GOOD shave will become a PERFECT shave if you read "Three Reasons." On request we will gladly send you a copy, free.*

MADE IN

U. S. A.

TRADE

**Gillette**

MARK

KNOWN THE

WORLD OVER

# Put Up or Shut Up

(Continued from page 31)

into the position where he began telling about his prowess as a trapshooter.

"Oh, John," said the leader of the movement to get Gates into a contest with the Arkansas lad, "you think you're some wizard, but you're not. I'll venture to say there are any number of chaps right in this section who could show you up."

"Betcha..." began Gates, then laughed and said: "All you fellows got to do is find 'em and you can break me!"

"There's a kid over there on the fence who looks as if he might be able to shoot," said the second conspirator. "Hey, kid, come here!"

The kid sauntered up to the group, his shotgun under his arm.

"Can you shoot, son?" asked the chief conspirator.

"Some!" replied the lad.

"Ever shoot clay pigeons?"

"Yep! A little."

"That's enough for our purposes," said the railroad magnate. Then turning to Gates he said, "I'll bet you fifty thousand this kid can out-shoot you, John!"

"You're on!" declared Gates, and turning to the porter of his car he ordered that worthy to bring out the trap and set it up.

It was agreed, in view of the fact the boy had only his regular duck-shooting gun, that Gates should use the shotgun he carried that morning.

The boy was the first to do his stuff.

Fifty times a clay pigeon went sailing out of the trap and fifty times the boy's aim was true. Before he had cracked the twenty-fifth Gates' eyes were popping. When the lad brought down the fiftieth Gates realized he had been "hooked" by his friends. Although a fairly good marksman he knew he couldn't equal the record. And he didn't.

Gates was not the kind of a person, however, who would lose \$50,000 in that manner without figuring a way out. When his train left for Hot Springs an hour later the boy was aboard it as Gates' guest.

At Hot Springs Gates became the conspirator, picking for his victims a couple of other millionaires who thought pretty well of their trapshooting. He backed the boy against them and won \$100,000.

Old time gamblers will tell you that the gambling spirit survives under the most trying conditions. One of their favorite expressions is "once a gambler always a gambler." That there is some truth in that dictum was evidenced in a Cincinnati Home for The Friendless a few years ago.

Three hoary gamblers whose luck had long since deserted them were inmates of the Home. Although they were flirting with the angels, so to speak, the gambling spirit was strong within them. They had lately aroused the suspicions of the hospital staff by their frequent applications for medicines and a staff doctor decided to find out what use was being made of the pills that were doled out to the trio.

One morning as he was about to enter a room occupied by one of the men, tense voices came to his ears. Listening, he heard:

"I open it for six asperin tablets."

"I see the asperin tablets and raise you ten compound cathartics."

Whenever betting men get together and begin poking about in the archives of memory for material for a fanning bee somebody is sure

to bring up the name of "White Hat" McCarty, one of the most picturesque characters of the American turf.

"White Hat"—a native of San Francisco—was one of the most feared men that ever entered a race track betting ring. He won and lost several fortunes, broke dozens of bookmakers and earned the respectful attention of sporting writers from coast to coast.

On one of his regular pilgrimages to Chicago to witness the eighth running of the American Derby at Washington Park—that was in 1891—the man with the famous white plug hat was on his way to the betting ring to wager \$20,000 on Santiago, a horse owned by "Lucky" Baldwin, when he felt someone tugging at his sleeve. Turning, he was greeted by Mrs. Theodore Winters, wife of "Ted" Winters, breeder of The Czar, Emperor of Norfolk, the unbeaten El Rio Rey and other noted racers.

"While you are in the ring, will you bet two dollars across the board for me on Ban Chief?" asked Mrs. Winters, offering White Hat six dollars.

With a magnificent gesture and a Chesterfieldian bow Mr. McCarty said: "Gladly, my dear lady, but put the change in your pocket!"

Entering the betting ring White Hat elbowed his way past the big layers with whom he usually bet and did not stop until he came abreast of Marcus Cartwright, a bookmaker who accommodated the two-dollar punters.

"Two across the board on Ban Chief,"

said White Hat McCarty in a low tone.

Recognizing the California horseman and seeing an opportunity to make capital of the fact that the spectacular White Hat was betting on a rank outsider, Cartwright, standing on the "block" as bookmakers did in those colorful days, yelled to the crowd, "Hear! Hear! The great White Hat McCarty has come all the way from California to bet on Ban Chief, a thirty to one shot. Come on boys and string with the Western plunger!" Then turning to his ticket writer Cartwright called: "Make out a ticket for Mr. McCarty on Ban Chief. Sixty to two, twenty-four to two and twelve to two. Anybody else like Ban Chief?"

Slightly annoyed by Cartwright's words and manner White Hat said, "I say, Mark, you ought to consult an ear specialist. Your hearing is bad. I said two hundred each way!"

"You're on, Mr. McCarty!" said Cartwright. "Want any more at the same price?"

This also nettled the usually calm White Hat, but at the same time that unaccountable and indescribable thing gamblers call "a hunch" crept over him. Without attempting to trace its origin McCarty said, "Yes, I'll just take two hundred more each way. That'll make it four hundred across on Ban Chief!"

Immediately the news went through the ring that White Hat McCarty was backing Ban Chief and there was a flood of money on the hitherto despised outsider.

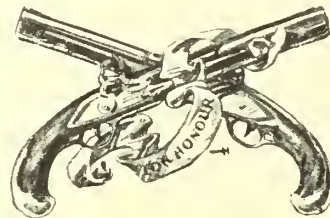
The experts never could explain just how it happened but Ban Chief came home in front that afternoon and White Hat McCarty won about \$20,000—the amount the wise-cracking Mr. Cartwright talked himself out of.

A person must needs have considerable confidence in Government agencies and his knowledge of men to make the kind of a bet that James W. Coffroth, one of America's cleanest sportsmen, made with Big Bill Lange, star of the old Chicago ball team, out in San Francisco a few years ago.

The debonair Bill had just finished a letter to his old friend, the late "Honest John" Kelly, the last of the old-time Broadway gamblers. When he came to direct the letter Lange discovered he had lost Kelly's address. Turning to Coffroth, who was sitting with William H. McCarthy, former treasurer of San Francisco, Lange asked, "Do either of you chaps know Honest John Kelly's New York address?"

Both admitted they didn't.

"Oh, just address it 'Honest John, Broadway.' That will reach him," suggested Coffroth.



# Announcement



CORRESPONDENCE COURSES  
for Veterans of the World War  
given by the KNIGHTS of COLUMBUS  
Educational Bureau, are discon-  
tinued June 30, 1927, on account  
of depletion of War Fund.

All those enrolled must complete  
courses and return assignments not  
later than December 31, 1927.

Students who have not completed  
courses by December 31, 1927, will  
receive the balance of assignments  
due on the course, but such assign-  
ments will not be corrected.



MR. WILLIAM J. MCGINLEY  
*Supreme Secretary, Knights of Columbus*  
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

"You're a lot of help!" scoffed Lange.  
"If you don't think I'm right you can  
win a hundred case note from me!" said  
"Sunny Jim."

"It's a bet!" said Lange and the mon-  
ey was posted.

The letter was duly deposited in Uncle  
Sam's care bearing the single super-  
scription:

HONEST JOHN,  
Broadway.

In due time Lange received word  
from Honest John Kelly saying the  
letter had been received six days after  
it was posted. Coffroth, of course,  
cashed his bet.

If you know anything about the great  
game called faro you know what is  
meant by whipsawing a wager. If you  
are not acquainted with that ancient  
and eminently charming pastime it  
should be explained that the word whip-  
saw, when applied to gambling, means  
to win two different bets at the same  
time, or in one play.

Wise gamblers are always on the alert  
for a chance to whipsaw a layer whether  
it be at the race track, the card table  
or on the fields of popular sport. The  
late Tim Hurst, who was well known  
to fight and baseball fans all over the  
United States, is said to have whip-  
sawed more bets than any man of his  
time, excepting professional faro players.

Tim liked to bet on almost any kind  
of a game where physical and mental  
prowess were at a premium. Football  
was one of his favorite sports. He  
was personally acquainted with every  
coach of consequence from Stanford to  
Harvard, and enjoyed the confidence of  
many of them.

Early in the season of 1910 Hurst  
came to the conclusion that Harvard  
didn't have a chance to score against  
Yale in the annual classic. Accordingly  
he went out and bet \$5,000 to \$1,000  
on his judgment.

Followers of the pigskin pastime will  
recall that that was the year in which  
Harvard came with a rush toward the  
end of the season, while Yale, what with  
injuries and other causes, slumped badly.  
As a result the odds switched and the  
night before the big game the betting  
was five to one that Yale would not  
score. Hurst who always kept an open  
mind when betting was concerned, took  
another \$5,000 and bet it against \$1,000  
that Yale would not score. Thus he  
had \$5,000 bet against each team's  
chances of crossing the other's goal line.  
If both teams scored he would be out  
\$10,000.

But both teams didn't. If you'll go  
to the records you'll find that the Yale-  
Harvard game of that year resulted in  
a nothing to nothing score.

Tim Hurst had whipsawed the takers  
of his odds. He cashed both bets.

Nothing in this world bores a true  
gambler more than inaction—unless it  
be a reformer. The latter may be the  
bane of a sporting man's existence but  
action for his money is the spice of  
his life.

In the blue haze of boredom was  
born the game called Fly-loo—a game  
which is (Continued on page 66)

# Put Up or Shut Up

(Continued from page 65)

left to a fly's whimsical taste to settle.

Fly-loo is a non-percentage game and may be played by two or more persons anywhere in the world where the common or kitchen variety of fly flaps his wings. It had its greatest vogue about twenty-five years ago when Asheville, North Carolina, was a favorite wintering place for big shots in the world of speculation. And it came into being because two big bookmakers, guests at the old Battery Park Hotel at the Southern resort were bored because they weren't getting action on their money.

This pair of gamblers was sitting on the verandah one afternoon sipping tea. There weren't enough fellow gamblers about the place that particular afternoon to make an interesting poker game so one bookmaker said to the other, "What can we do to get some excitement? I wanna gamble!"

"See those flies?" asked his companion, pointing to several members of the Muscidae family which were basking in the sunlight.

"Yeah. What of 'em?"

"Well," said the man who had put the question, "I'll take a lump of sugar and you take a lump of sugar and I'll bet you that one of those flies lights on my lump of sugar first!"

"What'll ya bet?" asked the other, his face lighting up with anticipatory pleasure. "What'll ya bet?"

"Fifty bucks?"

"Fifty bucks! Aw, hell, I wanna gamble. I want excitement."

"All right!" said the other. "Call your shot!"

"Ten grand a fly lights on my sugar first! Are ya on?"

"I am!"

And immediately the biggest game of fly-loo ever played at the old Battery Park Hotel was on. A crowd soon gathered and never before in the history of fly or man was so much attention centered upon the activities of the common house fly.

For three minutes not a fly even buzzed close to the two lumps of sugar. The fourth minute was only ten seconds old, however, when three alighted on the table and began inspecting the two saccharine cubes.

"The suspense was terrific," Hugh Fullerton, the famous sports authority who was a witness of the bet, told me. "First the trio of flies would amble in the direction of one lump of sugar, then in the direction of the other. The two gamblers were the coolest persons around the table. Both sat back in their chairs and let nature take its course. The game had been on less than five minutes when the flies seemed to

hold a conference at which it was decided all three should attack the lump of sugar in front of the man who proposed the game. In less than a second all three had alighted on the cube and started eating, unconscious of the fact that they had made gambling history in North Carolina."

I heard of another game of fly-loo in New Orleans, in which three men wagered \$25,000 each on their respective lumps of sugar, but was unable to find verification for the story.

Speaking of Hugh Fullerton recalls to mind a tough break he got in a betting way back in 1908 when Johnny Evers was one of the stars of the Chicago Cubs.

Prior to 1908 Evers had never been a .300 hitter, although he was one of the most valuable players in baseball. That year, however, Hughie had a hunch that Johnny was going to break into the ranks of the heavy hitters and on his first trip with the Cubs to Cincinnati backed up this belief with a \$50 bet with Jim Hamilton, then sport writer for the *Commercial Tribune*.

"The schedule calls for the Cubs' last appearance in Cincinnati four days before the season ends," Hamilton told Fullerton, "and as we may not see each other until the following year let's make the bet on Evers' percentage at the end of the last game here."

To this Fullerton agreed. When the Cubs made their entrance to Cincinnati for the last meeting of the season with the Reds Evers was batting .302. On the morning of the last game it was .310 and it appeared Fullerton had the edge as Evers was hitting pretty consistently. But that afternoon Johnny went to bat four times without getting a safe bingle and his percentage after the game was a fraction under .200. A few days later, when the season ended, his percentage was .303. But that didn't help Fullerton. One hitless game by Johnny had cost him \$50.

Everybody likes to see a "sure-thing" gambler take one on the chin, as the sport writers like to put it. Sure-thing gamblers haven't any more sporting blood in their veins than a backwoods deacon.

Columbus, the capital of Ohio, used to be full of them. They wore out the seats of many a leather chair in the old Neil House lobby on High Street

in the days when the Neil House bar was the sporting center of the Buckeye State.

Running a gaming house in the capital those days was a gambler of the old school who had among his possessions two or three trunksful of contempt for these tin-horn sports. He was Uncle John Alexander, sometimes called "The Black Prince."

Circumstances often made it necessary for Uncle John to sit and listen, and sometimes talk, to the sure-thing brigade. On one of those occasions the sure-things started a discussion about the probable weight of a stone hitching block which stood in front of Alexander's gambling house.

"What do you suppose that block weighs?" one of the short sports asked the Black Prince.

"Don't know; never tried to lift it," said Alexander shortly.

"I'll bet it weighs over five hundred pounds!" said one of the tin-horns, looking at Alexander out of the corner of his eyes.

"Don't believe it weighs anywhere near that; but it may," said Uncle John, getting up and moving away.

He was followed by a rat-eyed "sport" who'd have sold his mother into slavery for a consideration. When both were out of sight of the sure-thing boys the lad with the rodent eyes tapped Uncle John on the shoulder.

"Listen, Mr. Alexander," he said in a whining voice, "I know something which you might make some money outta."

"What's that?" asked the perfectly human Mr. Alexander.

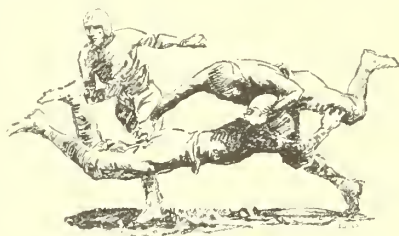
"That bunch of tin-horns up at the Neil House are trying to trim you. They want to bet on the weight of that hitchin' block. They had it weighed last night and found it tipped the scales at 530 pounds. They're tryin' to get you to bet against a sure thing. Don't bet with 'em, Mr. Alexander, or they'll trim you."

"Thanks for the tip," said the Black Prince.

He slipped the informer a ten dollar bill.

The next day when Uncle John went to the Neil House the sure-thing boys again brought up the question of the block's weight. They asked Alexander to express an opinion. He said, "I don't know anything about it, but I should judge it weighed something less than five hundred pounds."

"You're a fool!" declared one of the conspirators. "All that you don't know about weights would fill a coupla books. Under five hundred pounds. Ha! ha! That's a good one on you!"



Apparently the insulting tone aroused Alexander's anger. He threatened to knock the fellow down if he again called him a fool. "I don't take that from anybody," he declared. "If you fellows think you know so much about weights why don't you back up your guesses with real money?"

That was what the gang was waiting for. Eagerly they crowded about Alexander.

"I'll bet you \$200 that block weighs over five hundred pounds!" said the man who had insulted the Black Prince.

"I'll take that bet!" said Uncle John.

"I'll bet you \$300 the same way!" chimed in another.

In fifteen minutes every sure-thing gambler in Columbus had bet every dime he had in the world with Alexander that the hitching block weighed more than five hundred pounds.

When the betting ceased Uncle John asked: "Are there any more of you weight guessers who want to bet?"

There weren't. They had put it all "down on the line."

"Then," said Alexander, "there's nothing left to do but weigh the block. Get the porter to take his scales over there and we'll settle these bets right now."

The scales were shoved to Alexander's house, four or five men lifted the block and placed it on them and the porter began the task of finding the stone's weight. The bar stayed up at 400. He picked up another hundred pound marker, and the sure-thing boys smiled confidently. But when the porter placed it on top of the other markers the faces of the tin-horns and the bar of the scales both fell.

Removing the last placed marker the porter finished the weighing task with the sliding balance. When the bar finally came to rest it was found that the stone weighed exactly 490 pounds.

That night, as a lot of sure-thing gamblers were leaving Columbus as best they could, the Black Prince stood at the Neil House bar and invited suggestions as to how \$1800 could best be distributed among deserving poor of the city.

"I took that amount away from the sure-thing boys today by beating them at their own game," he explained. "After receiving a tip that they had weighed the rock night before last I sent a couple of stone masons around at 4 o'clock this morning and had them chisel forty pounds out of the bottom of the block. Heroic measures are sometimes necessary in a heroic case, I've heard."

When it comes to gambling for gambling's sake the white man must bow before the sons of Ham. If the time ever comes when dice shall burst into speech you may bet your last dollar that their teacher will turn out to be a gentleman of color.

Get a real, dyed-in-the-wool, eighteen carat Negro in a crap game and he will "shoot the works" including all that he possesses actually or theoretically. Who but a Negro, for instance, would do what "Savannah Sam" Washington, a dark-skinned

(Continued on page 68)

OF INTEREST TO  
**TRAVELERS**  
WHO ARE GOING ABROAD



This book, published by Brentano's, answers your every question about foreign travel. \$1 at all book stores. Free to purchasers of A·B·A Cheques for use abroad.

**HARRY FRANCK'S**  
**NEW Travel Book FREE**

To purchasers of A·B·A *Certified* Cheques

**H**OW much to tip the ship's stewards, the handling of baggage, the class to travel on different railroads—these and every other point you are in doubt about are covered in "ALL ABOUT GOING ABROAD" by the world-famous traveler, Harry Franck.

This new book is pocket size and contains useful maps and pages for a diary and expense account. A complimentary copy will be given to those who purchase A·B·A *Certified*

Cheques for use abroad.

A·B·A Cheques are the official travelers cheques of the American Bankers Association. They are the only *certified* travel cheques enjoying world-wide acceptance. Yet you pay only a nominal charge for this service and protection.

For safety and convenience when you travel, ask your bank for A·B·A *Certified* Cheques and get your copy of Harry Franck's intensely practical book.

*Better Than Gold*

**A·B·A** *Certified* **CHEQUES**



This cheque is certified by BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK  
Agent for the issuing banks, and is the only authorized travel cheque of the American Bankers Association

# Put Up or Shut Up

(Continued from page 67)

waiter did in a crap game at Palm Beach in the winter of 1909-10.

What did he do?

Well, John W. Gates, wintering in Palm Beach that season, arranged with Sam, who was a particularly good waiter, to take care of the Gates party in the main dining room. In explaining to Sam that he wanted him as his regular waiter Mr. Gates said, "Besides your tips, Sam,

I'll give you a \$5 extra fee each week."

Savannah Sam waited on the Gates party at every meal for several weeks. Then one morning when Gates went down to breakfast he found a new man waiting to take his order. Gates frowned, called the head waiter and asked why Sam was not waiting on him.

"I don't know Mr. Gates, but I'll call Sam," said the master of the dining room.

When Sam was brought to Gates and the latter asked for an explanation, the darkey said: "Hyah am de explanashun, sah: You big white folks, you goes down to de club to gamble. Well, we niggahs we has ouah little game o' craps. We had one o' them games las' night, sah an' I put up all de money I got from you, sah, an' I don los' you!"

And that's gambling.

## You and Your Bank

(Continued from page 23)

transactions how thoroughly reliable you are. Almost any established customer of a bank can borrow money on good collateral—stocks or bonds of recognized worth, or real estate where such loans are permitted by banking laws. And the foundations of not a few high credit reputations were laid by men who borrowed money on collateral when they had no great credit standing and who without fail paid their notes promptly when due. Experience like this with a customer gives the bank's loaning officer a feeling of assurance that when such a man borrows, he asks only for that amount of money which he can pay back on the dot.

Another way in which a customer may improve his standing at his bank is by keeping up the average balance in his checking account. Too many people fail to realize that keeping an active checking account in a bank without leaving a good balance there for the bank to earn interest on is an expense to the institution. Banks in many towns have advertised, "Open a checking account here, we give our best attention to all depositors, large and small," until the townspeople think they are doing the banker a favor by letting him take care of their wages for a few days after pay day.

A banker is like any other business man. He has to make money to stay in business. And he naturally looks with a less bilious eye on the requests of customers who let him make a little money on their accounts.

In the larger cities, such as New York and Chicago, the downtown banks as a class accept a checking account only on the stipulation that the customer maintain an average balance, or a minimum balance, of a specified size. For instance, in the national bank of which I am president we expect a minimum \$500 balance for private checking accounts. In our state bank under the same ownership we expect \$200. At that, we don't make much money on an account of average activity if the customer does not give us more of a balance than that.

So it is pretty good sense to let your banker make a little money on your account. Instead of rushing to invest the

money if you get \$500 saved up, try leaving it in your checking account. If you can't keep from spending it by any other means, try to forget that you have it there. Even if you manage to forget it in this way, your banker will not. You may even notice a difference in his air of friendliness when you walk past his desk.

Likewise the banker feels friendly toward the depositor who makes use of the various services the institution offers. I have known people in small communities to be refused banking accommodations which they would have been granted if they had previously made a point of patronizing the bank in other ways. For example, one banker in a small town turned down the request of a local business man for a commercial loan to tide over a lean period in his business. A city banker who happens to be well acquainted with the town asked why.

"I've been carrying his wife's account for the last eight years," he was told. "He has always carried his business account across the street with the other bank. That's all right, of course. His wife's account is overdrawn about half the time, while his own account has made money for my competitor—and I don't object to that either. But about two years ago, when he built his new house, the contractor tried to get him to place the mortgage here. Would he? I'll say he wouldn't. He went down the street to a real estate man who shaded the commission a half of one percent. Now he wants to borrow money here for his business, when he's hard up and the other bank doesn't want to lend him. Let him try to get it of the real estate man. He can't use me for a hitching post."

Do I hear you say that this is not a broad-minded position for a banker to take? Admittedly it is not. But as I have pointed out in another connection, a banker is primarily a human being. And if his attitude is not broad-minded, at least it is essentially human. None of us likes to be used for a hitching post.

Most banks have a number of other

services to offer their customers. Perhaps the best known of these is the savings department. It is a remarkable fact that almost every American has at least one savings account in childhood, while the number of adults who keep savings accounts is comparatively small. Foreign-born people are a far more important class of savings accounts users than are native Americans.

Even the man who makes a sizeable income can well afford to keep a savings account. Let us pass over the thrift advantages of such an account and consider it as a convenience. It can be so used by anyone forehanded enough to think of it in advance. Take insurance premiums—most men pay them once or twice a year, and if they are adequately insured the premiums are burdensome in a lump. The man who divides his annual premiums by twelve and regularly deposits a monthly sum in a savings account does not feel the heavy blow of the annual premium. He takes his money from his account and pays it to the insurance company.

Again, by the perversity of things in general, even a very prosperous individual finds himself facing heavy expenses just when he has the least ready money on hand. You know how it is: you buy a new automobile, and next week you discover that the roof of your house leaks and you have to get that job attended to right away. The man who gradually builds up a savings account, as he can, and holds it for emergency use has greater happiness and more peace of mind when the unexpected happens.

And then, too, take so simple a service as safe-deposit boxes. The bank which provides them seldom makes money by it. They cost too much for the rent that they yield. The bank provides them to give its customers a safe place for their valuables. And the customer who rents a box in such a bank is stirring a friendly feeling in his banker's heart for the material reason that he is helping reduce the loss on the safe-deposit department. He is safeguarding his property—the primary reason for renting a box—and is letting his

banker know he has possessions worth taking care of. No slight considerations.

Another service which most banks offer to their customers has to do with investments. The larger banks have, for the most part, regular bond sales departments. The smaller banks purchase bonds for their own investment and resell them to customers. Primarily they buy these bonds to keep their funds earning interest. And since the banker has the securities in his vault, he is usually glad to resell at least part of them to his customers at market prices.

The customer, especially in the smaller community where a full-fledged investment service is not available, who invests his funds through his bank is following a pretty sound course. The banker, by the very nature of his business, is better able to give sound investment advice than is the lawyer or the preacher or any one of the numerous classes of unqualified advisors to whom many people turn—to their subsequent sorrow—when they have a little money to tuck away.

As a general rule the man who does not have money to invest regularly is in need of competent assistance when he has an investment to make. He may, of course, know the difference between stocks and bonds and mortgages. He may even know the difference between various sub-classifications, such as first mortgage bonds, first and refunding, and debentures. He probably has in the back of his mind the principle—which is more important for its exceptions than for its generality—that bonds are safe and stocks are risky. This is all interesting, but rather too abstract to be of concrete use in enabling a man or woman to invest a \$2,000 legacy to the best advantage.

A banker ordinarily has sources of information about an investment which are not open to his customers. Not every banker is an investment authority, of course. But because any banker has to know something of securities, he can always balance the facts on a given issue against the facts of his customer's circumstances, and make definite recommendations as to what the customer should invest in.

These are a few of the ways in which you and your bank can work together for your good. There are other ways, too, of course, which apply to comparatively few individuals because of their unusual situations or because only a few banks have them available. And while the suggestions I have made are applicable in most banks, there are some few institutions where they would not all be applicable. In practically all institutions, however, the spirit is the same. There is a real desire to help the inexperienced man get his bearings.

After all, it nets down to a common sense relationship between you and your bank. You want to attain an ever greater prosperity. Your banker wants you to attain it, because as customers prosper he prospers too.

It is up to you to give your bank a chance to help you.

# BROWNING - ARMS -



## From Marne to Marsh!

An AUTOMATIC SHOTGUN invented by John M. Browning, who also produced the following arms, now standard equipment for the United States Forces:

- .30 Caliber Browning Machine Gun for ground, tank and aircraft.
- .50 Caliber Automatic Machine Rifle.
- .50 Caliber Machine Gun for ground and aircraft.
- .45 Caliber Automatic Pistol.

No Browning Military Arm, entered in competition with all other designs, has ever failed to be adopted by our Government. A signal victory in each case has resulted after the most severe tests known.

The BROWNING AUTOMATIC SHOTGUN, in 12 and 16 gauge, is standard equipment for the Sportsman. It gives the same mechanical excellence, superior design and workmanship that have characterized Browning patents for fifty years.

Admittedly, our Government does not make mistakes in adopting arms for its forces, and you will not, if you buy a Browning for your sporting use.

Get full information before you buy any shotgun. Use the coupon.

### 12 Gauge 16 Gauge

The 16 gauge—*the only 16 gauge Automatic*—is a lighter weight companion to the famous 12 gauge Browning Automatic which has been in use for more than a quarter of a century throughout the world.

#### You'll Like It Because . . .

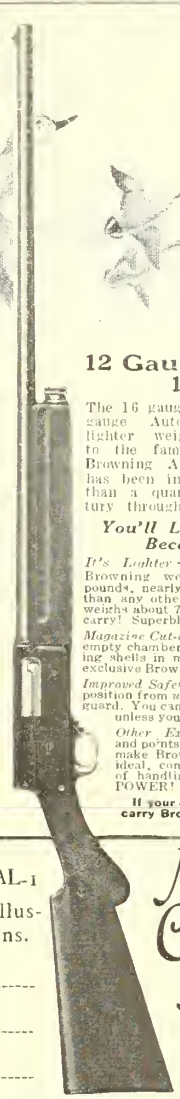
*It's Lighter*—The 12 gauge Browning weighs about 7 1/2 pounds, nearly one pound less than any other. The 16 gauge weighs about 7 pounds. Easy to carry! Superbly balanced!

*Magazine Cut-out* permits you to empty chamber without disturbing shells in magazine . . . an exclusive Browning feature!

*Improved Safety*—pushed to safe position from *without* the trigger guard. You can't fire a Browning unless you intend to!

*Other Exclusive Features* and points of superiority that make Browning Automatics ideal, comfort—speed—ease of handling—and smashing POWER!

If your dealer does not carry Brownings, write us



BROWNING ARMS COMPANY, OGDEN, UTAH AL-1

Please send me without charge or obligation, your illustrated catalog describing Browning Automatic Shotguns.

M.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....

Mail  
Coupon  
Now

## Legion Tours to France

"Approved Legion Tours"

### PRE CONVENTION TOURS

Tours "A" and "B" sail from New York on August 26, from Boston next day, on the Cunard SS. "Lancastria."

"A" includes Ireland, England, Holland, Belgium, Germany and the Rhine and France. Cost \$165.

"B" includes England, Holland, Germany, Switzerland and France. Cost \$160. These rates are inclusive except steamer and housing in Paris.

### POST CONVENTION TOURS

"1" to Switzerland and the Alps. 8 days. \$95.

"2" includes Switzerland, Italy, Monte Carlo and the Riviera. 22 days. \$260.

These prices include all expenses, drives, hotels, meals, tips, etc. All parties are limited and selective in character. Special attention to ladies.

Write for descriptive booklets and full information, address:

WALTER H. WOODS COMPANY

80 Boylston Street Little Building Boston, Mass.



# There's Only One Kind of Americanism

(Continued from page 13)

The institutions of our nation are magnificent in their ideas and ideals. It is proper to defend them from foreign attack or internal rebellion. But it is horrible to punish men for expressing their honest opinions or suggesting changes.

Men have been persecuted for advising changes in our Government which have since become almost foundation principles.

Most of those who denounce advocates of further changes would not have been even allowed to vote in the first quarter of a century of our independence, for property and religious qualifications existed everywhere.

Those who believed that the general public should be allowed to vote were called the equivalent of anarchist and Bolshevik. Fifty years from now many things will be considered sacred American doctrines which it is unsafe to suggest in public today.

During the late war I was unable to go to France with my old regiment, the Sixty-Ninth New York, on account of an impairment of hearing. I went to Washington as a swivel-chair soldier and was eventually put in charge of the military censorship section of the Military Intelligence Division. I could secure the suppression of any newspaper, book, photograph, news item or speech by putting certain machinery in motion. I did my best to prevent anybody from saying a good word for the Germans or a bad word for any of our Allies. I was particularly eager that nobody should say a word against war in general, and that war in particular. Yet I always felt that the suppression was only justified as a military measure, and the moment peace was declared I urged that absolutely every form of censorship should be ended at once, and completely. This was the opinion of the entire Administration, and the censorship machinery was junked immediately.

But a new censorship was instituted almost immediately by numbers of warm-hearted, hot-headed patriots, many of them returned soldiers, who believed that nobody should be allowed to criticize what they had fought to defend.

This was natural enough, but natural impulses are not always, not often, wise impulses; yet the thing has gone on and on and has grown until as late as 1926, it is actually true that a group of American ex-service men frightened a college president into cancelling the engagement of a woman who was to speak against what she calls militarism. A college professor claims that he has been investigated as a spy, and a public enemy. Pacifists are called traitors—a word which was used of George Washington once.

The favorite word of abuse is "red." To call a person "red" is supposed to end all argument, and amount to a sentence of imprisonment.

Now I am as bitter against pacifism as anybody. Few people have written more often or more ardently than I have in favor of military preparedness, compulsory training for public-school children, and the most liberal support of all branches of natural defense.

But I have never said, never felt for a moment, that the ladies and gentlemen who disagree with me were traitors or Russians. I always felt that there were better arguments against their arguments than dirty names and ridiculous threats. I could not call myself an American or any other complimentary name and demand that my opponents be forbidden to express themselves at all. To deny them the privilege of



publication or to use my influence to prevent them engaging a hall to speak in or to keep them from even meeting their audiences—that seems to me not merely cowardice, but complete surrender.

If I admit that my opponents have such convincing arguments that I will neither listen to them nor permit anybody else to listen to them, that is to admit that my own arguments are worthless. We boast that we are not slaves. We ridicule citizens of other countries who call themselves "subjects" to monarchs, even when their monarchs have far less power than our Presidents, and the subjects have far more freedom than we free Americans have.

But I would rather be the slave or subject of any single master or monarch than the cringing, gagged and terrorized victim of the mob.

When we think of all the things that men have been persecuted for thinking and saying, it seems to me that the only safe rule is to insist that in this country anybody can say or think anything that he wants to. In the case of criminal libel, the courts offer a place to seek damages in an orderly manner. In the case of open insurrection the

Government will call out the necessary reserves. But speech must be free.

The Alien and Sedition Laws ruined Washington's last years in the Presidency, and absolutely ended the Federal Party. Honest and patriotic noblemen like Washington simply could not believe that this country was safe if men as honest and patriotic as Jefferson were allowed to express themselves freely. They attacked foreigners especially. There were simply hideous persecutions of innocent old gentlemen, publishers of little papers, harmless and reasonable men who had rallied to the banner of freedom only to find that it did not mean freedom after all. The reaction was complete. Persecution destroyed itself.

Our "best people" tried to establish Czarism here, and the "Bolsheviks" of that day overturned the Government. Only an ignorant man or a blind bigot can deny that our first republic was an aristocracy. Property and religious qualifications lasted in many places till after 1830.

In one State it seemed heinous for an Episcopalian to hold office, as it seemed in another for a Baptist to vote. The Catholics were banned and attacked with weapons nearly everywhere. Their churches were burned. The Jews had few rights anywhere.

The same arguments were used then that are used now, and with just as much sincerity, and just as little reason. People who loved this country so well that they wanted it to be genuinely free were persecuted, slaughtered, denied the privilege of making themselves heard. Yet they advocated doctrines that every American today thinks of as bedrock principles.

The very men who abuse and mob the people who disagree with them could not today be citizens if other people had not endured persecution.

If this nation is never to grow, never to be allowed to improve itself, and advance to newer and greater heights of liberty, it is dead already. And the people who have killed it are those who are loudest in its defense.

Let me repeat that I abhor many of the doctrines that are advocated by many speakers and writers. I honestly think that their success would be fatal to the country. But I would fight for their right to utter what I consider nonsense or anarchy; for who am I that I shall decide finally what is good for my country? Who are you that you shall lock up all the auditoriums and scare off all the speakers whose views you dislike?

I think that no nobler and no wiser statement was ever made than one magnificent utterance of Voltaire. He spent his life in exile for expressing his views; he met persecution at every step; the government would not even permit the publication of a book of his describing Newton's theory of gravity!



Yet he said that much as he hated the abuse of his enemies, he would die in defense of their right to abuse him.

It was Voltaire whose writings turned Lafayette into a republican when he was only nine years old. It was Voltaire who made the French Revolution possible, as it was Tom Paine who made independence popular in this Republic; Washington himself admitted this. Yet both of them were persecuted by their countries for their love of liberty.

The duty of organized American veteranhood is plain. The opportunity superb. Let no patriotic organization longer be turned into an instrument of tyranny and the oppression and the suppression of free speech, by a few of its zealots. Let it fight in peace the fight it fought in war, for the same American ideal, freedom and equality. Let it stand always and more and more for absolute liberty.

The man who stands up and calls himself an American and in the same breath demands and calls for the gagging of freedom cancels his first claim by his second.

Thomas Jefferson was certainly American enough. He is thought of as one of the saints of human freedom, and he was one. In his own time he was widely denounced as a devil out of hell, and a traitor to all that was good and holy. Yet he won his battle, and Americanism means a different and a grander thing because he lived.

He pleaded for the freedom of speech even of those who would have destroyed the country, for, in 1801, at a time when the nation all but split up into a civil war, he made this glorious utterance:

"Let us reflect that, having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions... If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union or to change its Republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated when reason is left free to combat it."

How magnificent and poetic a figure of speech! Let the enemies of our country be granted such freedom that they shall, themselves, be monuments of the safety of freedom! Let reason, not persecution, combat error!

Dr. Johnson said, from bitter experience of too many vicious men who flew a flag to hide their evil purposes: "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel."

Let the American veteran redeem the tarnished word. Let him lead the nation in making the shadow of the flag a refuge for the oppressed and the suppressed. We must not tear out the tongues of fellow-beings.

There is only one liberty that deserves the name, and that is the liberty that grants even to its enemies every privilege it claims for itself. So long as we hold to that creed we cannot fear time or eternity. No other Americanism is American.



Insist on this red woven label. Nothing without it is "B.V.D."

© 1927 The B.V.D. Co., Inc.

## Where Fit and Freedom Meet

THE patented features of the "B.V.D." Union Suit—the scientific design, correct drape, and finished tailoring of all "B.V.D." garments—provide a combination of real fit and roomy ease obtainable in no other underwear.

"B.V.D."	"B.V.D."
Union Suits	Shirts
Men's \$1.50	and Drawers
Youths' 85c	85c the garment

Extra large sizes obtainable at an additional charge

The B.V.D. Company, Inc., N. Y.  
Sole Makers "B.V.D." Underwear

"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!"

{The first big motion picture}  
of history of the great war}

# "THE WORLD WAR!"

The great war in all its many phases is unfolded in this stupendous picture. It is a never-to-be-forgotten, official and authentic record of the world war, which every man, woman and child should see.

This great picture can be exhibited by your Post at a handsome profit. Write for our special Exhibiting Plan. FREE. No obligation.

Address

AMERICAN LEGION FILM SERVICE  
777 N. Meridian Street : Indianapolis, Ind.

# Falling Hair Dandruff Itching Scalp are Signs of Approaching BALDNESS



The Result of Neglect  
hair—and eventual baldness.

NATURE HAS WAYS of warning us when certain parts of our body are sick or under-nourished. In the case of our hair the danger signals are itching scalp—dandruff—and falling hair. If neglected, these conditions will result in thin, lifeless

## Curable through HOME TREATMENT

PROFESSOR MAURICE SCHOLDER, the internationally renowned specialist on ailments of hair and scalp, who has heretofore treated patients only at his Clinic, now offers a course of Home Treatment to any sufferer who is unable to come to his Clinic. Professor Scholder's Home Treatment System is based on the principle of individual analysis, diagnosis and prescription. In other words, he analyzes and treats each case as an individual ailment. This diagnosis and prescription, together with his secret formulas and individual treatment, account for his uniform success in stopping loss of hair, and actually growing strong, new hair, in cases where less gifted and less experienced practitioners have failed completely.



Professor Maurice Scholder

The newspapers in this country and abroad have proclaimed Professor Scholder as the marvel of his profession. Now, in his advancing years, Professor Scholder is not content to call a halt to the accomplishments of a long and honorable career. He is retiring gradually from treating patients at his Clinic and is devoting three days a week to treating patients by his Home Treatment System. His successful cures are numbered in the thousands and among his grateful patients are men and women of highest prominence.

## Send a Sample of Your Hair for Analysis

# FREE



Pres. Roosevelt  
One of Prof. Scholder's many famous patients

PROFESSOR SCHOLDER will accept no case that is incurable. To enable him to determine the condition of your hair, send a few of your hairs (ordinary combings will do) in an envelope with this coupon. You may also add any details which you think will help Professor Scholder with your case. He will then subject your hair to his laboratory tests and send you a report as soon as the analysis is completed. There is no charge made for this analysis and report.

### FREE ANALYSIS COUPON:

PROFESSOR MAURICE SCHOLDER, D.G. A.L. 7  
The Professor Scholder Institute, Inc.  
101 West 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing a few specimens of my hair for your analysis with the understanding that you will tell me what to do to save my hair and renew its growth. This places me under no obligation whatever.

Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State.....

## Reilly's Battery

(Continued from page 17)

splendid rugs and skins of wild animals, priceless pieces of jade and porcelain spilled from shattered shop fronts and tempted the artillerymen as they fought through the streets. But not the hardest egg among them stopped to snatch a share of loot. No looting, no grumbling, no explaining—those were Reilly's orders, and Reilly's orders went. But there was nothing against capturing banners from under which they had shot the enemy, and four Chinese battle flags were in the hands of the battery when orders for assembly reached the platoons from the battery commander.

The platoons converged on the goal of their long hike from the coast, galloping toward the Legations they had fought across China to rescue.

But they found that honor had fallen first to the lot of the British. The Tommies and Indian troops had advanced as agreed, but the American attack had drawn the Chinese defenders from the British front, so that the British had entered the city without opposition.

But a warm welcome was waiting for the 14th Infantry and Reilly's Battery as they marched into the compound. The haggard, hollow-eyed Marines of the Legation guard gripped hands and traded affectionate cussings with the men who had come to their aid all the way from the Philippines. It was a heart-warming meeting with the

brave civilians and missionaries who had taken their shares of stand-tos on the walls and at the loopholes, and with the plucky, worn-out women and thin children who had run the messes and hospitals and borne all the hardships of the siege in which sixty-five defenders had been killed and 135 wounded. The besieged had been driven back into the British compound and the ground beneath the walls had been mined. The relief had come none too soon.

The Allies had saved their countrymen of the Legations from torture and death, but the task of the expedition was not finished. With the enemy in force in the Imperial City and the citadel of the Forbidden City, inner rings of a knotty Chinese puzzle, the heart of Peking was still to be taken. No occupation or retreat was yet safe. For Reilly's Battery particularly the curtain was still up for a last glorious but tragic act.

Early on August 15th the battery broke park and soon four of its guns were in action from the top of the wall over the Chien gate, a position to which they had been hauled over ramps. They came crashing into a symphony of gunfire and musketry. Captain Reilly lean-

ing over a parapet and coolly observing and directing a rain of shells on the walls of the Forbidden City and the Shu-chin gate.

Clouds of smoke hovered over the ancient city of an ancient civilization. Stately pagodas and squalid hovels roared up into flames. Masonry built for the ages crumbled under the impact of steel, and the "foreign devils" of five nations closed in through breached barriers heaped on the ruins of centuries. The race to Peking had ended, but the race to enter first its inmost citadel, the Forbidden City, had only begun. American, Briton, Japanese, French and Russian—their years-old rivalry in China trade rose to the tempo of the clash of arms.

From assaulting column to column whose artillery was striving to pound a breach through mighty walls, the rumor spread that the wild Americans were preparing to fight their way into the Forbidden City by a frontal attack on its series of gates. Allied observers gathered to watch it sceptically—to watch the Americans get licked.

Near the Chien gate, the left platoon of Reilly's Battery waited in marching order while its fellow guns thundered on the wall above—waited, but not long. An orderly galloped up with the call from the infantry for which this platoon was held in readiness.

Lieutenant Summerall snapped his orders out as he read the last word of the field message and the platoon was off on a dead run at his horse's heels.

Captain Reilly must have watched them go from the wall. The eager young officer galloping in the lead—the four eight-horse teams streaking after him, heads tossing, manes and tails flying, reins gathered closely in the tense grips of the drivers—the guns and carriages rumbling and careening on two wheels through the narrow, twisting streets, while cannoneers clung for dear life to the limber and caisson seats—all these the battery commander must have followed with his eyes and felt a thrill of pride in the crack outfit his genius had built, followed until a veil of smoke hid them from him for the last time.

In front of the first gate of the Imperial City, the clattering teams circled and left two gray guns squatting in the open. The Allied observers saw the figures of the cannoneers, clad in the khaki blouses which Reilly made them wear instead of the more visible shirts of army blue, fling themselves upon those guns and prepare them for action. Bullets from the walls kicked up spurts of dust beside the wheels, but the gunners



at their unshielded posts squinted over their sights and the muzzles rose and glared with deadly certainty.

Then the Allied observers saw the artillery lieutenant walk forward calmly to the gate. Summerall examined attentively the strong eight-inch timber of its construction and peered through a crack at the heavy crossbeams secured by ponderous Chinese locks. Pulling a piece of chalk from his pocket, he marked the location of this bar, and, methodical preparations completed, he walked back to the guns.

Cannoneers sprang to the trails and wheels, rolling the piece to within twelve feet of the gate.

"Load with thorite," Lieutenant Summerall commanded. Cannoneers gingerly shoved shells of this previously untried explosive into the breaches.

Summerall pointed to the chalk mark he had made.

"Right thar, sir?" asked Gunner Smith of Tennessee, sighting the first piece.

"Right there," said Summerall.

The gun crew stood clear. The 3.2 roared and rolled back out of battery with the force of its recoil. With a splintering smash and a creak of ancient hinges, the gate swung open, and the Americans were staring into the Imperial City of Peking. The first gap in the centuries old stronghold of China had been made by one of the Allied armies. The Americans had scored the first victory.

From the second wall the fire of the Chinese rose in an angry crescendo. The foreign devils were threatening their holy of holies. Four walls still barred their way. Not another must fall.

But the hot fire of the sharpshooters of the 14th Infantry replied from the top of the captured first wall and the artillery platoon opened from the archway at seven hundred yards, as fast as they could load and fire.

White dust of shattered battlements again replaced the smoke of Chinese rifles. Again the advance rolled forward. Again Summerall carefully drew his chalk X on the great beams in front of the cross bar, while breathless observers stared at the pagoda that towered above him and waited for a torrent of boiling oil to hiss down on his head. But they saw him reach the guns unharmed, saw him nod. Gunner Smith had asked once more, "Right thar, sir?" A brief pause, and again a thorite shell played key to a gate of the Imperial City.

Those once sceptical Allied observers had seen enough. They were off, circling the walls to where the French 75's were one day to know so well were battering vainly, to where the British, Japanese and Russian light artillery were chipping away at massive masonry.

They were off with the message that unless the wild Americans were called off, they were in a fair way of entering the Forbidden City first and alone.

Four walls had been cleared and captured, four gates had burst open and Summerall's guns were laying on the gate of the Forbidden City, the last barrier, when an orderly from a hastily assembled conference of Allied commanders halted the memorable storming of the last defenses of Peking. Five minutes more and steel fists would have smashed open the last gate and admitted the cheering American assault. For "good diplomatic reasons", the Americans must wait until the Allies on the following day would enter the Forbidden City together, a triumphant procession which was to prove for the battery the last incident of note in a closing campaign.

If the artillerymen of the left platoon of Reilly's battery stood dazed before

the last gate, it was not merely because the fruits of victory had been denied them. Twice a sergeant had whispered to Lieutenant Summerall, "Sir, they say the Captain's been killed" Summerall would

not believe him—it was credible enough; Reilly always disregarded danger—yet it seemed that a veteran who has passed unscathed through four wars must survive his fifth. Was it possible that Reilly's charmed life had been snuffed out?

But the tragic word came unmistakably to the platoon as its hot guns stood smoking before that final gate. Taps had sounded for the battery commander.

As he stood on the wall above the Chien portal observing the fire of his guns, Captain Reilly had been struck by a Chinese bullet ricocheting from the masonry above him. Wounded mortally in the head, he fell unconscious and died in little Sergeant Follinsby's arms. He died as he would have chosen to, had he known his hour had come—with every gun of his splendid fighting machine in action and accomplishing the mission he had given.

A braver soldier, a truer friend than this very gallantly man never breathed, they say.

**T**O the story of the service of Reilly's Battery in the campaign of the China Relief Expedition there are two incidents of epic finality. Captain Reilly's beautiful horse, never mounted after his death, pined and died within a few weeks. And shortly an army reorganization changed the battery's designation, so that its insignia over its golden crossed cannon passed into history.

But its gallant memory lives and will live as long as red guidons are unfurled to the wind and the caissons go rolling along.



## Movie making simplified

**G**OING to Paris or staying at home? In either case there is fun galore for you in movies you can make yourself with a Ciné-Kodak. Easily, quickly, inexpensively.

Imagine the thrill of being able to live again the trip of the 2nd A. E. F., another ten years from today! Think of the fun of keeping forever the good times of this summer's vacation at home! There's nothing else like it.

The Ciné-Kodak is as simple to operate as the simplest "still" camera. No focusing—no cranking—no bothersome tripod. You hold the camera in your hand at either waist height or eye level, sight your subject, press the button and you're making movies. When the film in the yellow box (amateur standard 16 m/m) is exposed it is developed without extra charge in Eastman laboratories. In other words . . .

*You press the button . . . We do the rest*

The complete outfit, Ciné-Kodak B for movie taking, Kodoscope C for movie projecting, and screen can be had for as little as \$140. Thousands of Kodak dealers will be glad to demonstrate it, or write us for the booklet, "Motion Pictures the Kodak Way".

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY  
Rochester, New York

# Ciné-Kodak

*The Simplest of all Home Movie Cameras*





# Boston Garter

*Vent Grip*

The Agrippa Web Boston is made as a garter should be made,—ventilated open mesh web with non-skid back which prevents slipping even when worn very loose.

At stores everywhere—50 cents a pair

George Frost Company, Makers, Boston  
How Did Your Garters Look This A. M.?

## PIN A DOLLAR BILL TO THIS

and get this fine 5 card case. Genuine leather. Masonic or Shrine Emblem stamped on in gold free. (No other emblem supplied on this case.) Your name or other stamping 35c extra per line. (Cash must accompany order.)



We carry EVERYTHING MASONIC

Send for free catalogue No. 104L of Books, Monitors, Jewelry, No. 11 AL of Lodge Supplies.

We Have Been in Business 67 Years!

**REDDING & COMPANY**  
Dept. A. L. 200 Fifth Ave. New York

APRIL YOU COMING TO FRANK A GAIN PUNCHED A-MER-I-CAIN

**GET THIS NEW SONG**  
Written by a Legionnaire for the Legionnaires. If your dealer can't supply you send direct to the Publisher.  
Sheet music with Ukelele Arrangement - - 35c  
Orchestration, 11 Parts and Piano, with 4 Saxophones and Banjo, and with extra Novelty Chorus. A Great Dance Number - - - 40c  
Band Arrangement, 24 Parts - - - - - 50c  
**PAUL W. COLBY, Publisher**  
Box 23, Sta. A. Chattanooga, Tenn.

## 21 JEWEL STUDEBAKER

The Insured Watch

Sent For **\$1.00** Down Only

Only \$1.00 down brings you a genuine Studеbaker Watch direct from factory. Balance in easy monthly payments. You save 30% to 50%. 21 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels. 8 adjustments including heat, cold, isochronism and 5 positions. Amazingly accurate. So good we insure it for your lifetime. Over 100,000 sold. A sensational bargain! We ship anywhere. The Studеbaker Watch Company is directed by members of the famous Studеbaker family—known for 75 years of fair dealing.

### WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG!

Send at once for our \$1.00 down offer and beautiful six color catalog showing 80 newest Art Beauty Cases and dials. Latest designs in yellow gold, green gold and white gold effects. Men's strap watches, Ladies Bracelet Watches, Diamonds, and Jewelry, also sold at lowest prices and on easy monthly payments.

### Special Offer! Chain FREE!

For a limited time we are offering a magnificent Watch Chain FREE! To all who write immediately we will include full particulars. Write at once—before this special offer expires.

**STUDEBAKER WATCH CO.**  
Dept. R718, South Bend, Indiana Canadian Address Windsor, Ontario.

## First Aid

(Continued from page 45)

but I heard her story. Her three boys were in their twenties when war began—fine, strong young men. One night as she crept down the stairs to attend to some forgotten household duty, she heard them talking in the living room, trying to decide which two should enlist, which one stay home and care for her. Thoughtfully she crept back to bed—but not to sleep.

The next afternoon, when her boys, the lucky two and the envious third, went to enlist, a tall, graying, brave woman stood up at the back of the hall and called, "I have my two hands. My three boys will serve my country." They all three went. She got a job and did the best she could. The war ended and her three boys came home; two well and strong, the third to go to the hospital for the insane.

But that's not the end of the story. Of the two boys who went through the war untouched, one died shortly from appendicitis and the other was killed while hunting. Only the son who was mentally sick was left; only his pension kept the mother going. How she loved that boy! You can imagine—he was all she had. Then, a few months ago, he became worse. The American Legion welfare worker, Mrs. Hendricks, who had visited him regularly, sent for the mother. She came and stayed with him night and day. Finally her strength broke and Mrs. Hendricks insisted on taking turns with her, watching and waiting. The boy died and the mother almost went to pieces. Mrs. Hendricks took her to a hotel, gave her a bath, put her to bed and ordered a nourishing meal served in her room. Then, seeing her charge slip off into a deep sleep, she left to make arrangements.

It had been the mother's dream that her boy should have a military funeral. Imagine her delight when she found that the Rochester post was so honoring her son and that because of telegraphic arrangements with his home town post she and her soldier dead were met at the station and the boy was buried with all honor—as she had dreamed.

"I'm an old woman and I've had many experiences," she said to a friend when it was all over, "but it wasn't till I was a stranger in a strange town that some one gave me a bath, a meal in bed and paid attention to what I wanted most. God bless the Rochester Post and Auxiliary—they're wonderful!"

Of course long before I learned even this much of the work of the post, I had met its able commander, Gregory Gentling. No matter from what State a man comes; no matter whether he is rich or penniless, whether he is a member of the Legion or not, Commander Gentling is his friend, doing more than many a brother would think of doing, being in every way the true good Samaritan.

Before I had been around an hour, I had met Mrs. Hazel Hendricks. She is

a nurse, took her training at one of the Rochester hospitals; she is the wife of a Rochester man; she is President of the Auxiliary unit and is a hard worker. In addition, she is so good to look at, so cheerful and efficient, that she is a welcomed visitor everywhere. She has been the welfare worker for a year and a half—the first and only one to hold that important job—but she has been a volunteer visitor for years, giving countless hours to the service men. Now, when it's also her job, she does it ably; but she does a lot more than a mere job; she works evenings and Sundays—any time that she is needed.

Another worker at the Bureau is Miss Juanita Matthews, who comes from the Veterans Bureau of Minnesota. Three days each week she has office hours in Rochester, making contacts with the men from any State who happen to need help in questions connected with compensation or insurance.

Seated in the tiny little office on the second floor of the city public health building, I got some of the history of this justly famous post.

William T. McCoy Post was organized in the spring of 1910 with Mr. Gentling as temporary commander. W. J. Pierce was the first regular commander and is known as the father of the welfare program, a program made necessary by the great number of veterans who come to Rochester. His idea was to center the State work at Rochester, but it was very soon seen that even a state-wide program was insufficient. Men came from everywhere.

Because of the nation-wide reputation of the Mayo Clinic, ex-service men and their families are drawn to Rochester. Sometimes it is the faint, last hope that gets them there—the hope that even though there hasn't been a cure anywhere else, here in a sort of health court of last resort (as it seems to them) they can find health; sometimes the urge is put upon them by friends who themselves have been cured at the clinic. Whatever the reason that brings them, they come in large numbers. Many arrive with insufficient funds and inadequate information. They are not people who would ordinarily be dependent, far from it. But they have spent and spent in the vain attempt to get health; they think that even a few days in Rochester will work a speedy cure, while as a matter of fact it often takes weeks and sometimes months for treatment or convalescence.

"But you can't be responsible for all that," I exclaimed to Mr. Gentling.

"You mean we can't have an ex-service man worried by financial affairs when his business is to get well," replied Mr. Gentling, going to the heart of the matter. "We hope we won't have to pay it all; it would break us if we did. But we take the responsibility, relieve the sick man, then set about seeing what's to be done. We write to his home town;

maybe the post there has a relief fund; maybe his Legion department can help; perhaps there are relatives; you never know, till you start hunting, what help may turn up.

"Suppose nobody does anything, what then?" I asked.

"We do it ourselves," said the commander simply.

For the first four years or so, money for this work was raised in any way that could be suggested. There were carnivals, fairs, and what not; one gathers that life in the post was one continual scramble for cash with which to do the day's relief work.

Along about that time, Rochester men felt that there should be a state hospital devoted to the use of ex-service men, and a campaign for funds was begun. The sum of \$15,000 was raised very quickly. But as the plan was studied further, the tremendous cost of a modern hospital dawned on the workers, and they also began to realize that their work for men in Rochester that very minute was crippled by their plans for a building. After all, it wasn't a new hospital that was so needed, though a hospital would be a proud achievement, much to the credit of the Department, but rather, service; service today, not at some future time when funds might be ready. So the dream of a building was scrapped, funds were returned to the donors to be given again to the work instead of to a building, if they chose, and plans for the better financing of the welfare program were laid out. No longer could it be carried in such a hand-to-mouth fashion.

At the state Legion convention in '22, the Minnesota American Legion Hospital Association was formed with dues of fifty cents a member. A year later, dues were set at twenty-five cents each for members of posts and ten cents each for members of Auxiliary units. Membership was optional, however, and the dues from association members did not meet expenses. In '24, at the St. Cloud convention, all Legionnaires and Auxiliaries were assessed, and the plan really began to function. This hospital fund, coming from every post and unit in the State, now takes care of Minnesota men.

"How is the money spent?" I asked. "Who gets it?"

"It goes for hospital bills and such," explained Mr. Gentling. "Of course the Mayo Clinic co-operates with us one hundred percent in all our work. It would take a week to tell you all that organization has done and still does for service men. Both Dr. Charles H. Mayo and Dr. William J. Mayo are charter members of the post, and many of the staff are Legionnaires. They are

for us, heart and soul. All the hospitals give us the lowest rates possible. But even so, it costs money to be sick, especially to be sick away from home."

The first year that the Minnesota Hospital Association really got going, sixty-six cases were cared for at a cost of about \$6,500. Some needed only a few dollars, some several hundred, but one finds the average is about one hundred each. The next year, ninety-nine cases were handled for slightly less than ten thousand dollars. Not one penny of this went for overhead. All that work was done by volunteers. Legion men ran the organization, women helped make calls and write letters. Somehow the job was done. Sounds as though the Rochester people were altruistic, does it not? Department Commander Rufus R. Rand, Jr., of Minneapolis, was president of the association for four years. His successor is Sumner T. McKnight of Minneapolis. James M. Pruett, of Rochester, is the secretary.

But with all this financial help from the Hospital Association, the Rochester post still had all the outsiders to care for, and ex-service men patients at the clinic average about one from Minnesota to five from outside the State—with numbers growing. Something had to be done. In January of '26, the post organized what is known as The American Legion Welfare Bureau, and this bureau, joining with the Hospital Association,

employed a service worker. For the first time adequate records could be kept and volunteer workers could in a measure be relieved. Though in talking with the men of the post one gets the idea that what's important is doing a better job for the sick, not relieving workers. This Welfare Bureau has two aims: first, to take care of the members of the Minnesota Department of The American Legion; second, to take care of all ex-service patients from out of the State.

Thus the two organizations, the Hospital Association and the Welfare Bureau, function in the same office and with the same worker—a condition made both possible and necessary by the unique situation at Rochester. For this work the Hospital Association now pays forty dollars monthly, the Minnesota Department of the Legion pays forty; and the Minnesota Department of the Auxiliary pays twenty-five. In addition, the national Legion gave last year six hundred dollars for the actual expenses of service men from out of the State. This last is not available for running expenses, but goes for food, shelter and hospital bills of individual men—only a fraction of the amount needed for this single phase of the work. The Rochester (Continued on page 76)



## On From Paris!

AN unusual opportunity is within your grasp, one that you may never have again. Reduced rates have made it easy for you to reach Paris and the Convention; they will make it just as easy for you to see something of Europe afterward. Write for the booklet "On From Paris." It will provide an excellent solution to your travel problem.

You are assured personal service and the use of the best automobiles available for hire abroad. Also, the guidance of English-speaking drivers who know the country through which they travel and speak its language.

Complete attention is given to every necessary detail, through prearranged schedules, and the best accommodations are available anywhere, including steamships, railroads, hotels, automobiles and airplanes.

By joining an organized party you can travel most economically and yet enjoy every comfort and convenience under the leadership of American men and women who are thoroughly in touch with European conditions.

If you will give us your plans, we shall gladly arrange your itinerary to meet your individual requirements.

### FRANCO-BELGIQUE TOURS CO.

(An American Organization)

1440 Broadway New York

Edwards, Mullin & Vickery, Agents  
582 Market St. 750 S. Broad St.  
San Francisco, Cal. Los Angeles, Cal.

Approved Legion Tours  
Officially Approved by France Convention Committee

## Declaration of Independence

A FACSIMILE copy of the Declaration of Independence has been issued by the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company.

This reproduction is a composite reduced facsimile, one-quarter size, taken from a facsimile reproduction of the original Declaration of Independence made by W. I. Stone in 1823, under the direction of John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State. The original engrossed Declaration is in the custody of the Librarian of Congress at Washington. The John Hancock Company will send this copy of the Declaration free for framing.

Postage 5 cents

ADDRESS INQUIRY BUREAU

*John Hancock*  
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY  
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

If your policy bears the name John Hancock  
it is safe and secure in every way  
A. L.



**You  
Try It  
2 Weeks  
FREE**

**Guaranteed  
for  
One Year**

**Stop That Growing Bulge!**

GOOD-BYE to those extra inches and that uncomfortable feeling! The "Little Corporal" gives that springy step, youthful alertness and athletic poise which every man wants and needs. *Prove it by a two weeks' trial at our expense.*

**Little Corporal  
ELASTEX Belt**

New! An exclusive feature! The famous "Little Corporal" Belt has been greatly improved and is now being made entirely of the newly patented ELASTEX webbing. This marvelous fabric doesn't shrink, "creep" or lose elasticity and launders perfectly. Individually tailored. On and off in a jiffy. It's simple—no clasps, lacers, or buckles.

**Two Weeks' Trial Offer!**

Send coupon today for free literature and two weeks' trial offer. If you prefer to order a belt give your waist measure. The price is \$6.50. Enclose it with order or pay postman on delivery. If not entirely satisfied your money will be refunded promptly.

The Little Corporal Co. Phone Monroe 0102  
Dept. 7-V, 1215 W. Van Buren St., CHICAGO, Ill.  
Please send free literature and 2 weeks' trial offer.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
If you prefer to order belt, fill in below.  
Waist \_\_\_\_\_ Height \_\_\_\_\_ Weight \_\_\_\_\_



**RAILWAY  
POSTAL  
CLERK**

**\$1900 to \$2700 a year**



Long vacations with pay. Work easy. Travel on fast trains with all expenses paid, including hotel. No worries about the future. Ex-service men get preference.

**MY FREE BOOK TELLS HOW**

Get my big free book about the Civil Service which tells all about the Railway Postal Service, and other positions, and how I can help you. Write today.

**PATTERSON SCHOOL**

Arthur R. Patterson, Civil Service Expert  
637 Wisner Bldg. Rochester, N. Y.

**\$2  
DOWN**

**JOLT-PROOF  
Strap  
Watch \$25**

and  
it's  
Yours

Send \$2 with this Ad, and this guaranteed 15-Jewel 14 karat gold filled JOLT-PROOF Gent's Strap Watch with radium hands and numerals will come for a 15 day trial. If satisfied, pay \$2.30 monthly until \$25 is paid. Otherwise, return and your money will be refunded. Prompt delivery—no red tape—everything confidential.

**FREE**—Golden Jubilee Booklet showing 3000 other bargains. Send for it.

**L. W. SWEET, Inc.**  
Dept. 1097-M 1660 Broadway, New York

*First Aid*

(Continued from page 75)

post and its Auxiliary must meet all the rest of the expense.

"How much does the Auxiliary help?" I asked one of the members.

"The post does the most, of course," she replied, "but we help all we can. And like thrifty housewives everywhere, we always try to have something in our stocking when the men come to us—broke!"

"How do you get in touch with the men?" I asked. I was feeling a bit staggered by all these figures, and I wanted to get from figures to folks.

"We get them at the clinic," said Mr. Gentling. "Come on over and we'll show you."

We went into that world-famous building, filled to overflowing with people in quest of health, and around at the back we found a smallish room known as the hospital assignment room. There patients go when their diagnosis is complete; there they make arrangements for going to a hospital for treatment or operation. As a part of the registration, they are given cards on which they mark their church and club or lodge affiliations. In the list of organizations you find the word "ex-service." If a man marks that, his card goes over to the Legion Welfare Bureau, and within twenty-four hours he has a call from Mrs. Hendricks. From then on, whatever needs attending to is done; the patient is immediately a member of the great Legion family and is looked after as we care for our own.

"Just what do they do?" you are wondering, maybe. Well, of course, the biggest thing is the intangible friendliness. Those men and women and children are away from home, sick and lonesome. If the Legion did nothing but make calls (they made over seven thousand last year) they would do a wonderful work. But in addition to calls, in one year alone, they handled fifty-two compensation claims; supported three families through the winter; found employment for fifteen men; got information which enabled men to reinstate \$30,000 of life insurance; gave holiday dinners; handled death claims; gave flowers, candy, cigarettes and magazines—these last items run in the many thousands. All this in addition to advancing funds to men for hospital stay and other expenses and countless other kindnesses. It's an amazing list of kindly services—most of it done for people the post will never see or hear of again.

We had gone from the clinic back to the welfare office so that I could get accurate figures from the files, and while there our work was interrupted by one visitor after another who came for advice, encouragement and assistance. There was a man who wanted work so that he could stay and finish treatments; another who wanted to get in touch with friends; a call for Mrs. Hendricks to come to the hospital the next day to

stay with a man in that last difficult hour before an operation; a batch of mail that needed attention. But finally there came a lull and Mrs. Hendricks said, "Let's slip away while we can. I want you to see Shirley."

On the way over to one of the convalescent homes she told me the story. Shirley is four; on the first day of her life she had an injury to both hips. Just how serious it was no one appreciated till later, when it was time she should walk. Then her parents discovered that she couldn't take a step; couldn't even stand. Her father is a disabled veteran and his compensation barely cares for his little family—it certainly would not permit operations and lengthy treatments. But, mother-like, that fact did not bother Shirley's mother—she intended that her baby should be well. She brought her to the Mayo Clinic and found that there must be two difficult operations. The first was done at once, several months ago. They stayed in Rochester a month, then went to the grandmother's in the country for two months. Then they came back to Rochester and the second, more difficult, operation was done only a short time ago. Shirley is still in a cast, but some day she will walk—thanks to the Mayo Clinic and The American Legion.

I found Shirley's smile so beguiling that I wanted you to see it, too. But Shirley didn't think much of pictures. She thought I meant an X-ray and said she had had plenty. "They make such a funny noise," she explained politely. "I don't want one." I told her that this was to be a story-book picture; that her three little visitors could be in it and that she might have one for a gift to her mother. She was thrilled with that idea and gaily turned to smile while the camera clicked. It won't be long now till Shirley is out of that chair; till she is walking and playing like other children. If there hadn't been a Legion post at Rochester—but then, there was and Shirley will be well.

From there we went to call on Watson—he's a favorite with the post, too. Watson is now nine, and he has a mind and a personality that you would be proud to know. His trouble was with his knee—a long story; but now, after many difficulties, Watson can get around with only one crutch and hopes soon to walk alone. The Legion has done wonders for him; they interested the school board so that a teacher came daily all the time Watson was in the hospital and he hasn't missed a grade; they have clothed him and cared for him as their own—but he came to Rochester from Montana.

Shut up in the file cases in the Legion office there is enough of tragedy and of drama to make a hundred books—and they aren't all stories of poverty and want, either. Some are sheer drama. Take the case of the doctor and the

preacher. It's recital sounds more like fiction than fact, but fact it is really.

The doctor came from Ohio; the preacher from the far West. Both were service men; both had modest means; both had the same obscure and unusual disease. By some trick of fate, they arrived at the Mayo Clinic the same day and were assigned to the same room—a two-bed ward. Treatment, as might have been expected, was not successful. The only hope, the only possible hope, was an operation, but this was not advised, as the chance of success was about one to a thousand. One chance, you live, cured—otherwise, death. Together, from their beds, the men talked it over. They had no delusions, the doctor patient well knew what they were up against. The doctor had a wife, the preacher a wife and three children.

Finally the doctor said, "I'll have the operation. I'm not quite as much needed as a man with three children. I'll try first. If the operation succeeds with me, you have one; if it fails, go back home and get as much happiness as you can in the year that's left." Can you beat that in fiction?

The operation was performed. For a day it looked as if the man had won. Then he died. The preacher went home, mourning his friend, but inspired by the knowledge of his courage to get the most possible out of the few remaining months of life.

"I expect the post has a very large membership," I said to Mr. Gentling. "You must have, to do all this work."

"Not so many as we'd like," he replied. "One year we made a drive through the county till we got up to four hundred and seventy-six, but mostly three hundred is a good average. Of this number over one hundred are professional men or men in business for themselves." The post meets in various places—they won't take money from their welfare work to put up their own building. The executive committee meets once a week for a Dutch treat luncheon so as to keep in close touch with all work.

"With all your welfare program, I suppose you can't do any community work," I remarked, as I chatted with two of the members one morning.

"Well, no, we don't," the treasurer, E. C. Jensen, agreed. "Not much anyway. Of course, there's Soldier's Field and the county fair and the Drum Corps—"

"And the Junior Police," interrupted the other member, "and the safety program and the Fourth of July celebration and—"

"Wait till I get my pencil," I exclaimed. "I thought you had said you didn't do any community work!"

"Well, we don't, not as we'd like," they insisted, even as they answered my

questions about work actually accomplished. I went on with my examination.

It seems that the Olmstead County Fair, an old institution, was in danger of extinction for lack of financial nourishment. The Legion volunteered to take charge of all ticket selling, advertising, attractions and so forth, for 1926, without any charge for the work. This fine spirit spread till everyone helped; the budget was reduced about six thousand dollars and the fair was able to go over the top—a success. They mean to do it again, too. Then the post organized a Junior Police, training the boys and furnishing the badges. These police guard all crossings near schools. Then the post interested the city officials to the extent that arrests for traffic violations made by the boys are backed up by the city. In addition, the post put up forty signs, painted in Legion colors, inscribed with the Legion emblem and carrying the words, "Danger! Drive Slow!"

Speaking of signs, you will be interested to know of one means of raising money the post has worked out. In a central location they have built a great billboard on which they rent advertising space to local merchants. Last year this sign netted them over six hundred dollars and a second sign is now being installed. This money is for the welfare fund, of course.

The post maintains a fine drum corps that leads all parades and is the pride of Rochester. Decoration Day, Fourth of July, wouldn't be half so impressive without that drum corps, and they generously help in all business parades as well as in civic celebrations.

By way of a frolic, the post and its Auxiliary unit put on a rabbit hunt last year which was so successful that they did a bigger and better one this year. The morning before Easter the ladies of the Auxiliary hid three thousand Easter eggs (some real, some candy) in one of the city parks. Last year the children discovered the park selected and arrived too early, so this year the scene of the hunt was kept a great secret. At 9:30 in the morning the Legion Drum Corps met the children and paraded them through the streets while the eggs were being hid, then led them to the park. Two live bunnies were given to the child who found the most eggs. So great is childish faith that some fifty children carried with them gunny sacks in which they confidently expected to carry home the prize bunnies.

The post holds a sweet-pea contest among children and has a movie camera to photograph important events. The films are presented to the local historical society.

But the civic project nearest the heart of every member of the post is Soldier's Field, a tract (Continued on page 78)



## Why it Costs Less to Travel in Germany



### Tourists' Paradise

Just a few items to prove that it costs less to travel in Germany ...

Passport Visa—Free ... 1,000 Miles by Railroad—\$22.50. Room and board in vacation and health resorts, from \$2.00 day, up. Table d'hote dinner on Rhine steamers, 95¢.

And everywhere in the land of romance and wanderlust, German "Gemuetlichkeit". Truly a paradise for tourists—and for less money!

To help you enjoy a visit to picturesque Germany, we will gladly furnish, gratis, illustrated booklets and information on interest points, transportation, fares, spas, hotels, etc.



### German Railroads INFORMATION OFFICE

630 Fifth Avenue, New York

USE THIS COUPON

Please send me Illustrated Travel Brochures on Beautiful Germany.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

3

## "Keystone State"

### PARADE BUGLE

"American Made" Bugle with long rakish lines especially designed for Legion and Fraternal musical units. Remarkably easy to blow, instantly responsive. The clear, full trumpet tone is a revelation. 28 inches long, built in G with slide to F; low pitch—will chord with Military Band.

Beware of "Boche"—made imitations

Single Bugle, prepaid ... \$8  
Quantity prices on request

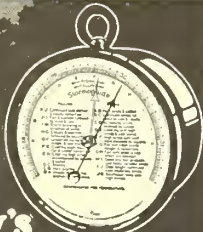
[ Special Outfit ]  
Complete musical equip- \$197.20  
ment for unit of 27 men

Write for Bugle folder and special outfit particulars

**H. A. WEYMANN & SON**  
1108 Chestnut Street  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Musical Instrument Manufacturers  
for Over 50 Years





**Knowing tomorrow's weather today is possible with a ~**  
**Tycos Stormoguide**  
*If your Dealer cannot supply You, write*  
**Taylor Instrument Companies**  
 ROCHESTER N.Y.  
 Canadian Plant, Tycos Bldg, Toronto  
 There's a Tycos or Taylor Thermometer for Every Purpose

*Taylor Instrument Companies*  
 Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.  
 Gentlemen: Please send me free Stormoguide Booklet.  
 Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_

**I made \$93 my first week**



"Since then I have earned over \$100 every week," says S. L. Patterson, of Iowa.  
**NEW! GRAB THIS FREE OUTFIT QUICK!**  
 Many others making big money. No wonder! Millions of interested prospects. A quality product. Fits lasting creases in trousers. Takes out bagginess—smoothes entire surface—demonstrates in 40 seconds. Sells quick to everyman. Quick, easy profit.  
**FREE Selling Outfit**  
 Your profits paid in advance. Simply write orders. We deliver and collect. Test it without cost, full time or side line. Send postcard for offer of free demonstrator. Join the big money-makers. Write today.  
 Folds to 15 inches  
**THE GETGEY-JUNG COMPANY, H-74 G-J Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio**

**LEARN to be a WATCHMAKER**  
 Fine trade commanding a good salary. Positions ready for every graduate. Largest and best school in America. We teach watch work, jewelry, engraving, clock work, optics, aviation and other fine instrument repair. Tuition reasonable. A \$9,000,000 endowed school.  
**FREE CATALOG**  
**BRADLEY POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE**  
 Peoria Dept. 6 Illinois

**I Offer You \$8.00 a Day and a CHEVROLET Coach**



Write quick for new proposition. We offer \$8.00 a day and a new Chevrolet Coach for demonstrating and taking orders for Comer Suits. Spare time. No experience required. Sample outfit free. Write now.  
**COMER MFG. CO. Dept. F-484, DAYTON, OHIO**

**You can now Own a Typewriter!**  
**\$3.00 down and its yours Guaranteed 5 years Small Monthly Payments Free Course in Typing**  
 Send Now for Big free Book



Shipman-Ward Mfg. Co., B-251 Shipman Bldg., Chicago  
 Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_

## First Aid

(Continued from page 77)

of land at the edge of the little city, and through which the pretty Zumbro River winds its way. Some time ago, Legionnaires conceived the idea of making that land a city playground. They got an option on the tract and last summer made a nine-hole golf course. Then a new question arose; should they try to buy the land—and then be short of funds for developing; or should they attempt to persuade the city of Rochester to make the purchase, thus making a real community-owned playground, and save their funds for improvements? They decided on the second plan and set about the tedious business of putting through the purchase. Probably it wasn't easy; usually such city projects are not; but it was successful. On the very day of my visit last spring, the deal went through; Rochester purchased that land for thirty thousand dollars. William T. McCoy Post will improve and enlarge the golf course; will build a beautiful memorial drive and put up a stately monument to the soldier dead; will build tennis courts and swimming pool and install a well-equipped playground. A large order that would seem to most of us; but the men insist that they don't do much community work—one wonders what they would call much.

In the early days of the post's work, there were many ex-service men at the Rochester State Hospital for the Insane, which is about a mile outside the city.

Then the Government Hospital was built at St. Cloud and it was expected that all service men would be cared for there. But it soon was full and in addition some thirty to fifty veterans are usually at the Rochester hospital; these always receive the brotherly care of McCoy Post. That means letters written, visits made, parties put on—countless other things done.

The second day I was in Rochester occurred one of these parties, and I had the privilege of attending with Mrs. Hendricks and Mr. Gentling. They put cakes, ice cream, cigarettes and picnic plates in his car and off we went. There were thirty-five mental cases at the hospital then, and most of them came to the party. We passed plates of goodies and the men gathered around the piano to hear a comrade play—he could play, too; you should have heard him! After the refreshments, two men sang and another comrade played the violin. The party was a quiet one—they take their pleasures stolidly; but it meant a lot, one could tell that plainly enough. Every man there was well enough mentally to know that some one was interested in his happiness.

Rarely does one live a busier, more eventful two days than those I spent in Rochester; days filled with new happenings and with vivid personalities. Through it all, the outstanding impression was of the kindness and the generosity of The American Legion men there.

## The Two That Killed the Twenty

(Continued from page 21)

white man who tricked and deceived them, who took their lands by force or fraud, who ruined them with rum or with disease and sold their women into slavery, they learned little that might have made them better men.

Their legends are full of the poetry of the wilderness. Many of them are extremely beautiful, fragrant with the scent of forest leaves, aglow with the love of the mother for her child, the young warrior for his sweetheart. No one can hear or read these legends without realizing that the forest Indian in his primal state was not the fiend incarnate which tradition paints—and which, indeed, in later years he often became when the bitter struggle with the encroaching whites had become a war to the death, a war in which no quarter was given by either side.

The Indian was the first American, the first of whom we have any certain and considerable knowledge; and most Americans of today know little about him, and the greater part of what they think they know is not true.

He was, when the white men first came, nearly always friendly and hospitable to the newcomers. He proved

himself, when the inevitable struggle with the whites developed, the most formidable fighting man that European colonists have ever encountered in any new country, more formidable even than the Zulu or the Maori. In fact, take him all in all, the forest Indian of the East and Middle West was undoubtedly one of the finest fighting men that the world has ever seen. Probably nowhere else has an uncivilized native people fought so bravely or so skillfully in defense of its patrimony against the aggressions of a civilized foe. Probably no other warrior race has ever equalled the forest Indian's almost incredible skill in utilizing to the utmost the nature of his battle ground.

He was not, as is commonly supposed, an undisciplined fighter. On the contrary, as Roosevelt points out in "The Winning of the West," the forest Indians were beautifully drilled in their own discipline, and it was the most effective possible sort of discipline for the work they had to do. "They attacked, retreated, rallied, or repelled a charge at the signal of command; and they were able to fight in open order in thick covers without losing touch of one an-



other—a feat that no European regiment was then able to perform." In their principal battles with the whites—in some of which the red warriors defeated the best troops of Europe—instead of always having numbers on their side, the Indians were often less numerous than their antagonists; and instead of having been, as so many believe, less formidable fighters than the mounted Indians of the Plains, who afterwards waged many wars with the whites, they were unquestionably far more formidable.

These are a few of the more common misconceptions about the strange and deeply interesting people who lived and hunted in the vast and teeming forest which covered all the eastern part of the continent from the prairies to the Atlantic coast—a forest which, with its amazingly abundant wild animal life, was one of the most magnificent and most wonderful on the face of the globe. It is safe to say that not one in five hundred of the readers of this article knows even the names of the more powerful Indian

nations which held the country between the Mississippi and the Atlantic when the first white men came; that not one in five hundred has more than the vaguest knowledge of their history or their folk-lore.

Through the miasma of hatred which grew up between the white man and the red, and which had its source in wrongs perpetrated by both sides, we have had only a partial and distorted vision of the Indian of the early days. It is time we saw him more clearly and more comprehensively—the good in him, as well as the evil—at his best, as well as at his worst. At his best he is a figure of romance; and he was not always, as in the lurid yarns of our boyhood, the villain of the piece.

For every man who loves the outdoors, for every lover of the chase, for every lover of wild animals and birds and the solitudes and the wild poetry of the woods, the story of the Indian in that superb unravished forest of America's adventurous youth prior to our civilization is a fascinating tale.

## A Personal View

(Continued from page 41)

as if he were four or five he captured the outnumbering entrenched garrison of Vincennes.

This made him a miracle man to the Indians. They gave him the name of Big Knife.

Red tape did not bind one whose imagination was peopling his chosen field with the migrations of settlers which made the West of today. He staked his own fortune and more. When Congress had no funds he gave his own credit for supplies. Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and the lands beyond he won for us.

In his old age, burdened with debts he had contracted for his country, maligned by his enemies, as he dreamed of the girl he had lost because he loved his country more, his spirit was still proof against bitterness. When you read the Gettysburg Address recall Clark who brought us the land from which Lincoln came. Remember the name, please, George Rogers Clark, young Virginian blade.

GANGWAY FOR P. R., foreign born and Legionnaire. He came back strong. He wins in our encounter by mail. All foreign-born or eighth-generation Americans please take notice. "I am a native of Switzerland (the Italian part)," he writes from Eureka, California, "and proud of it. But I do not belong to the Sons of William Tell, nor the Sons of Rhunenberg, the Sons of Italy, the Fascisti nor any foreign organization. If I want to be a member of any foreign society, I'll go back to that country. I am an American and proud of it. I am in the best republic. But there is no rea-

### Into the Bull's Eye

son why I should sit down and make no effort to improve it."

There will be no tourist display of wealth to irritate the debt-ridden French when the Second A. E. F. marches behind its bands in Paris. No estimate of each man by the dollars, always so pleasant to have, that he possesses. For each man in line the old estimate of '17-'18 when that was the kind of help France needed will thrill us and the French in joy of guest and welcome of host.

TY COBB WAS fumbling and fanning in a talk to schoolboys when young Questions and Answers sent him to the bench by asking him how he stole a base. No telling that. The Einstein theory easier to explain. Training, yes, but no telling how to gain the quickness of eye, the co-ordination of mind and muscle, the outguessing instinct and the born gift which aid swiftness of foot.

### How They Will Judge Us

ANOTHER LETTER slamming doctors. It says, "Country children are a derved sight better off being kept away from the modern medical idea." No friend of child welfare this writer who boasts that he is well. When you are well you forget the doctor. When you are ill, how you want him. If the writer could drop back to the days of pockmarked crippled children when infectious and contagious disease

Never Can Be Told

### Easy On the Doctors

(Continued on page 80)



HERBERT CLARKE  
World's Premier Cornetist

HERBERT CLARKE conceived a superior cornet. Frank Holton built it. With two possible exceptions, every American cornetist of national prominence uses it.

We named it the "Holton-Clarke Model"; the friends it made call it the "Miracle Cornet".

Holton history is rich in tributes like this to Holton ideals of craftsmanship and quality. Write for catalog.

FRANK HOLTON & COMPANY  
ELKHORN, WISCONSIN

**Holton**  
America's Greatest  
Band Instruments

**LAW** Free Book

Write today for FREE 128-page book, "THE LAW TRAINED MAN," which shows how to learn law in your spare time and earn more money. Quality for which analyzed executive position or prepare to enter the practice of law. Study at home through the Blackstone Course prepared by 80 prominent legal authorities including CHIEF JUSTICE WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT. Blackstone graduates practicing law everywhere. LL.B. degree conferred. Magnificent 25 volume law library furnished immediately upon enrollment. Moderate tuition fee. Low monthly terms. Money Back Guarantee. Write for book today.

**Blackstone Institute, Inc.** Dept. 130, 8 Chicago  
America's Foremost Non-Resident Law School

**Low Prices None Can Beat**

**Diamonds Here 60% of the Market**

Free Bulletin lists diamonds as low as \$60 per carat, also Gems of Finest Quality at higher per carat charges but proportionately Low Bargain Prices. This 1 less 3/16 carat correctly cut diamond a snappy blazing solitaire at \$88. This 75 year oldest largest Diamond Banking firm in all the world lends money on diamonds. Thousands of unpaid loans; and other bargains. Many from big cash deals with European Diamond Cutters. Must sell NOW.

**Why Pay Full Prices**  
Costs Nothing to See

Any Diamond sent for absolutely free examination at our risk. No obligation. No cost to you. Latest Listings—Unpaid Loans. Sent Free. Describes Diamond Bargains in Detail, gives cash loan values guaranteed. Explains unlimited exchange privilege. Write today for your copy of Diamond Bargain List. Postal card will do.

Jos. De Roy & Sons, 8758 De Roy Bldg., Only Domestic Post Office Pittsburgh, Pa.

This Ring \$88 1-3/16 Carat Correctly Cut



**Don't Be a Slave To a "Job!"**

**LEARN ELECTRICITY IN 90 DAYS Without Lessons**



**BY ACTUAL WORK**  
 Why keep your nose on the grindstone in just a job? at \$35 or \$40 a week all your life? Learn Electricity where opportunity is big and salaries run \$30-\$100-\$200 a week! Train in 12 happy weeks at the Great Shops of Coyne. **No books or dry lessons.** All Real, practical work on actual machinery. **No PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE OR EDUCATION NEEDED.** Experts work right with you every step of the way.

**BIG BOOK FREE!**

Send for illustrated book describing special offers. Free R. R. fare to all who enroll now. Free courses in Auto Elec. and Radio. Find out how we help you earn while learning. Free Employment Service for life. Get the facts now. Mail coupon today.

**COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL**

1300 W. Harrison Street Dept. B7-04 Chicago, Illinois

H. C. Lewis, Pres., Coyne Electrical School, Dept. B7-04  
 1300 West Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

Without obligation please send me your Free Illustrated Book on Electricity and Coyne. Also special offer of Free R. R. Fare.

NAME.....  
 ADDRESS.....  
 CITY.....STATE.....

**I'll Pay You \$40 A DAY!**

To Show My Mystery New Cigarette Lighter to Men

Quick, easy profit for you with this amazing invention. Lights cigarettes and cigars in strongest wind. Does work of expensive lighters but sells for only 50c. Guaranteed for 10 years.

**Men Making Big Money**

Elmers sold 48 in one day. Only one day's sales to dealers easily nets you \$35. Enormous steady repeat business. No experience necessary. Work full or spare time. Smokers and dealers buy on sight. Send 50c and name for special sample, and sure fire selling plans. Satisfaction guaranteed

**MASTERLITE MFG. CO.,**  
 110 E. 23rd St. New York City

Desk G-21

**Make \$12 a day from Start**

**SELL PIONEER \$23 50 All Wool Tailoring Full or Part Time**

Part time men \$5 an hour selling famous Pioneer tailored - to-measure all-wool suits at \$23.50. Commission's paid in advance. Striking leather brief case containing 100 large swatch samples furnished - other equally remarkable values at \$29.50 and \$35.00. We train the inexperienced. Men with determination and willingness to work for success write for this big money making opportunity today.

**Pioneer Tailoring Co., 159 W. Harrison St., Dept. G1005, Chicago**

**BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT**

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s. earn \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. 9,500 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s., including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

**LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 7761-H, Chicago**  
 The World's Largest Business Training Institution

**EASIEST PROFIT EVER OFFERED**

Big commissions! New plan brings easy sales! Huge repeat business! A sale in every home! Experience unnecessary. Your earnings in advance. Sell AMITY quality shirts at less than store prices. Write for proof and FREE SAMPLES.

**AMITY SHIRT CORP. DEPT. 104**  
 1440 Broadway New York, N. Y.

## A Personal View

(Continued from page 79)

killed right and left, he might want a doctor quick. The "modern medical idea" has given us the lowest child and adult mortality of all time.

ALTHOUGH ELECTION DAY is far away, the Auxiliary is starting now, which is the best time to start a campaign.

### Woman Takes a Hand

They propose to get out the woman vote. This is a good way to get out the man vote, too. Shame the haughty male. Once he finds that his women folk are better informed than he about public affairs he will not like being "The man I left behind me" when wife goes to the polls.

THE WAY to peace is the peaceful spirit; the way to mutual confidence among nations is candor and an end of propa-

### Let Nations Be Straight

ganda and of gouging intrigue behind fair words. Such was our attitude in the Washington Arms Conference. We scrapped nineteen capital ships in proof of our good faith. This is still our attitude. We kept the spirit of 5-5-3. Others improved technical openings. In any future naval reduction our spirit must be met in kind. No breaking of the spirit and yet keeping the letter of the law.

ONCE I SAW thirteen at table on the thirteenth and had a piece of luck the next day. Still I was not surprised when I

### Why "Thirteen?"

heard that a business man would not rent the thirteenth floor of an office building until it was changed to the fourteenth. In vain one seeks the origin of the superstition. Do

you know? If you do not know, do you have it? Why? A hunch! Then again, why?

THE PRESIDENT of Mexico may see the United States as a bully, but the Mexican people like to live under our rule. They are streaming into the United States for our higher pay and security, draining

### Mexicanizing the U. S. A.

Mexico itself of labor. Their colonies move farther and farther north past the border states, perhaps Mexicanizing us more than we are Americanizing Mexico. A fact for the American "melting-pot" to consider in studying immigration loopholes.

THE COOTIES fought both sides in France. They were enough trouble without fleas, which had been acting as

### The Fleas Make War

British allies in India. When airplane bombing drove rebellious Indian natives into caves they were bitten so hard by fleas that they came out and surrendered. In the next wars colonies of fleas may be shot into enemy dug-outs. But let us not be too serious.

THE NEW RADIO Commission is harder pressed than a billeting officer. It must be king. Even the air may no longer

### Ruling the Air

be free; it is being parceled out and ruled. There are only so many wave lengths. Better fewer broadcasting stations that all may hear than confusion that stuffs and rends our ears. But the air must ever be free—a free forum for all sides to be heard.

## Strictly Business

(Continued from page 40)

Lowell, a vice president, Mrs. Timothee Adamowski, a corresponding secretary, Mrs. Carabelle G. Francis, a recording secretary, Mrs. Grace A. Cormerais, a treasurer, Mrs. Robert Winsor, Jr., and an assistant treasurer and manager, Edmund T. Dungan.

Mr. Dungan is in the shop most of the time. Gentle faced and smiling, Mr. Dungan still bears all the marks of the typical Legionnaire in his enthusiasms, his bearing, his talk. Wherein this quality lies it would be hard to say, but no person of sense would ever say to him, "Join the Legion!" or "Were you in the service?" It is evident that he already has, and that he was. This is the man who manages the shop.

Mr. Dungan wants to help the ex-service man who is disabled to conquer discouragement and find a place where

he can stand on his own feet. He points to the success of Louis Douglas, who found himself paralyzed when the war was over. Mr. Douglas now supplies the shop constantly with pretty things in batik. Chiffon scarves, pajamas, negligees and other garments become, under his skilled fingers, lovely combinations of pastel colors in fascinating designs. The chiffon scarves, large enough for summer evening wraps, in varying designs and colors, sell for seven dollars. The pajamas and negligees are twenty-five dollars.

Gardner C. Means, another veteran who supplies the shop constantly, makes pretty blankets in big squares of blue and white, blue and tan, green and tan, all the pastel shades in combinations of two. The squares are about five inches. The blankets come in five sizes; the

cuddler (an adorable thing put up in a special decorative box as a gift for a newborn child) costs \$4.50.

Chenille rugs come from the Chelsea Naval Hospital in various pastel shades. Among the places which send in articles constantly to the shop are: United States Naval Hospitals at Chelsea, Massachusetts, Newport, Rhode Island, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Brooklyn, New York, and Washington, D. C.; United States Veterans Hospitals at West Roxbury and Rutland, Massachusetts, the Dug-Out, New York City; Women's Overseas Service League, Philadelphia; the California Hut, Los Angeles, as well as from various individuals scattered throughout the United States.

Among these latter persons is a man named Roman Jaramilo, who lives in El Rito, New Mexico, and suffers from neuritis as a result of the war. He makes Indian rugs which come in various designs and colors each one not only beautiful and effective, but with the look of individuality about it that only a hand-woven thing can possess. A large one in red and gray hangs prominently in the shop on the wall behind the counter, doing as much as anything else to lend distinction to the entrance. It is seven and a half feet by four feet three inches and sells for thirty-five dollars. Smaller rugs by the same man sell at \$10, \$7.50 and \$3.50.

There are too many remarkable and lovely articles to attempt to describe them all. A purse, exquisitely made by hand out of leather, is tan, trimmed with dull red. Conservative in design and useful in construction, it is a thing which once purchased will last forever, never going out of style, and always being good. It sells for \$6.50, and was made by a boy in Walter Reed Hospital, Washington.

For hand-made things these articles are remarkably cheap. "The reason for that is," said Mr. Dungan, smiling a little sadly, "that we have found that to make this shop a success we have had to compete with other firms on a business basis. The sympathetic angle is done," he said with decision. "Today we must produce the goods or go. A manufactured thing is always cheaper than a hand-made thing, and for this reason some people think that our prices are exorbitant. But in comparison to the genuine hand-made things offered in the commercial shops the things we offer are ridiculously cheap."

"Of course," went on Mr. Dungan, the sympathetic half smile still lighting his face, "the older women remember. They will always remember. And it is the women of the Auxiliary, such women as Mrs. Edwards, who have made such a shop as this possible. We are able, as it is, to stand between the ex-service man and the world. Gradually (sometimes it seems slowly) we are building up a trade for each man which puts him on his feet, makes him able to take care of himself. This is the secret dream of every patient still in the hospitals today. If he could know that he would be able to take care of himself for the rest of his life, by his own hon-

est efforts—I wonder how many men would find themselves walking out of the hospitals today?"

It is a question. I remember visiting a hospital at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, in June, 1919. Occupational therapy was a new story then. I saw the long line of men in wheeled chairs sitting beside looms, learning to weave. I saw others patiently laboring with metals. "The idea," said the young woman in charge—the nurses' aide (really a teacher), as she was called, "is to get their minds off of themselves, off of the terrible things they have been through." There were even then wonderful stories of healing people who had been hopelessly ill. Men who could remember nothing, whose minds were apparently gone, were being brought back slowly by being taught to use their hands again. One such man began by separating strands of raffia, then he learned to braid. Very slowly he progressed in the simple primitive occupation of basket making. And as he went on his mind came back to him. Today the Disabled Service Men's Exchange is marketing many raffia baskets and turning the money over to him.

Last year in June I saw the elaborate work carried on at the Veterans Bureau Hospital at Oteen, North Carolina. Here in the tuberculosis hospital the science of occupational therapy has developed amazingly. The large building, the facilities, the teachers, combine to give the men the best training available, so that the place took on the aspect of a big school in a city. Painting in oils and water colors, drawing, modeling, working in pottery, weaving,—the work is gigantic. It is hardly possible to imagine any field of craftsmanship that is not covered. The things made by the patients are many of them incredibly fine. Impressed by all this I still wondered why more of these things were not sold.

Of course the work in the hospital is primarily meant to aid the men in the return to health and help them in finding their place when they get out. The hospitals are perfectly willing that the men should sell their work, but at the same time they are not in touch with the general public. So it has remained for The American Legion Auxiliary to be the connecting link. There is no other organization so well fitted to take up the task. There are still, figuratively speaking, sweethearts, wives and mothers waiting on the docks for their boys to come back. One of the greatest hopes of the Auxiliary must always be to empty the hospitals.

It seems to have been evident to Mrs. Clarence Edwards when she was put in charge of rehabilitation for the Legion Auxiliary in 1922 that by giving the men courage to come out and face the world financially, she would be doing as much toward building up their minds and bodies as any one outside the hospitals may do. Each big city in the country would do well to follow Mrs. Edwards' example and set up a store which will be as much a boon to the people as it is to the men in the hospitals themselves.



\$280 worth of hunting, fishing or camping equipment will be awarded for the

**Six Biggest Small Mouth Bass Caught in 1927.**



Another \$280 worth of prizes for six biggest LARGE MOUTH BASS. There are 15 classes of game fish and prizes from \$100 to \$10 in outdoor equipment in each class—WINNERS SELECT THEIR OWN PRIZES.

## Big Fish Contest



Conducted by America's Leading Magazine for the Outdoorsman

## Field & Stream

This has been the great classic sporting event of American anglers for the past 16 years. The American Museum of Natural History cooperates and record fish are listed in World Almanac. It is free and open to all. Get into it this year yourself.

Full details in current issue. Get from newsstand or send \$1 for 5 months' trial subscription to Desk L-45 W. 45th St., New York City.

Send \$1 for 5 months trial

Field & Stream has over 50,000 feet of the finest motion pictures of hunting and fishing ever made, obtainable on terms amounting to FREE LOAN. The best entertainment for banquets, smokers or other meetings of clubs and associations of every kind, or private entertainments. Write for full particulars.



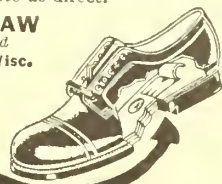
**MEN'S STRAP WATCH**  
DIRECT FROM SWITZERLAND  
\$3.99  
Radium Dial Jeweled Movement Silveroid, Cushion Shaped Case  
This fully guaranteed watch cannot be manufactured in America for less than \$12. Genuine leather strap. Accurate—durable—handome. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery \$3.99 plus postage. "FEDERAL."  
U. S. Swiss Agents, 561 Broadway, New York City, Dept. W11

**SHAW'S Trade Builders RACINE, WIS.**  
**A Shoe with an Arch Support for \$5.**

Here is a comfortable shoe, in sizes 5 to 15, that requires no breaking in.

It wears well and fits well and feels fine. Economy in manufacture makes this price possible. Ask your dealer for Shaw's Trade Builder shoes with the arch support, and if he can't supply you, write us direct.

**M. T. SHAW**  
Incorporated  
Racine, Wisc.



# 2200 OFFICIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS



## The LARGEST COLLECTION OF OFFICIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS EVER PUBLISHED

2200 U. S. Official War Pictures in One Beautiful, Bound Portfolio that will Last for Years

### Army, Navy and Marine Corps

**T**EN to one, you will find pictures of your old outfit, the ship you served on, the village you slept in, or even your own photograph—thousands of men have recognized themselves. Here you will find pictured every combat division in action; the French villages; training camps; photographic records of all the big offensives; Cantigny, Soissons, Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne, and all the others. In addition, you will find a special Navy and Marine Corps section with hundreds of pictures; also dozens of Air Service photographs, Tank Corps in action, Hospital Corps, Medical Corps, S. O. S., Sanitary Corps, Welfare Organizations; and every branch that contributed to the success of the combat forces.

The photographs appearing in this collection were taken by Government official photographers. It is their story of America's participation. This is the largest collection of official photographs ever assembled into one volume. Do not confuse it with similar publications that have been offered. Read the list of contents.

The actual size of this portfolio is 9x12 inches. It contains 1,000 pages and is beautifully bound in an art leather cover. Every photograph is reproduced by the beautiful rotogravure process, much clearer and much more comprehensive than original photographs.

Take advantage of this 30 days' examination offer. Fill out and mail the coupon today.

### CONTENTS

#### Army Section

1. Mobilization, photographs of training camps in America.
2. Convoys and transports. Dozens of these ships are shown.
3. Landing of the troops in France and England.
1. Training in France.
5. Cantigny; our first offensive.
6. Chateau-Thierry, 2nd and 3rd Divisions in action.
7. St. Mihiel; the first American army in its first offensive.
8. Meuse-Argonne. The most terrible scenes in the whole war.
9. Operations of the 2nd army.
10. Americans on the British front.
- 11 and 12. Americans on Italian and Russian fronts.
13. Service of supplies.
14. Victory and the armistice.
15. American army in Germany after the armistice.
16. Women in the war.
17. Welfare organizations.
18. Medical corps.
19. Combat Divisions, Histories; Medal of Honor Citations, maps and statistics.

#### Navy Section

1. Arrival of first American Destroyers overseas.
2. Transports and naval overseas Transportation Service.
3. Mine laying boats, with maps and descriptive matter.
4. Submarine Service.
5. Sub-Chaser Service.
6. On board the Battleships.
7. Aeroplane and Balloon Service; Naval Railway Guns, Mystery Ships.
8. Mine sweeper.
9. Training Stations. Several hundred good pictures showing all branches of naval training.
10. Flight of the N. C. Boats. Pictures and statistics of the first flight across the Atlantic.

#### Marine Corps Section

1. Training pictures in the U. S. A. and overseas.
2. Battle of Belleau Woods with special historical account by Major Edwin McClellan, O. I. C. Historical Section.
3. Battle of Les Mares Farm with official history of the operations.
4. Victory of Soissons.
5. Battle of Blanc Mont Ridge and night march to Beaumont.

Mail Today!

30 Days to Examine

#### THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY,

Book Department, P. O. Box 1357,  
Indianapolis, Indiana.

I enclose \$1.00 deposit. Send me, all charges prepaid, portfolio containing 2,200 United States official pictures of the World War. I will pay the mailman \$1.15 when the portfolio arrives. This is not, however, to be considered a purchase. If at any time within 30 days I am dissatisfied with the portfolio, I have the privilege of returning it and you agree to refund my money.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

A Pictorial Story of the War

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

# Then and Now

(Continued from page 58)

pounds in rear cockpit.' I also have some small snaps of the formation taken just a few moments before the crash. The picture of the wreckage shows wings and engine section completely wrecked, and fuselage and tail broken off at the rear of the observer's cockpit."

The metal name-plate, bearing a reproduction of a plane, a DH-4, and the serial numbers, has been sent to Comrade Carson and Trainor's wish that he hoped Sergeant Carson was still among the living as he "wanted to be the first one to congratulate him, because he certainly has nine lives if he could go through such a fall and live to tell about it," has been entirely gratified.

**L**EGIONNAIRE Phelan's request in the February issue that some one tell about the circus which was staged by the Camouflage Section, A. E. F., has more than produced results. Our friend Martin Phelan of Long Beach, New York, admitted that he had been a member of the circus troupe, but modestly refrained from telling how good it was. Now we hear from no one else but the other end of the circus horse of which Phelan was a part. Want to hear what our correspondent, Clay W. Miller of Elmira, New York, has to report? All right:

"I noted in Then and Now the desire of Legionnaire Phelan to hear something of the circus produced by the Camouflage Section, A. E. F., and I am glad of the privilege of giving some first-hand information. I, myself, participated in the circus as one of the horses—with Comrade Phelan as the other pair of legs.

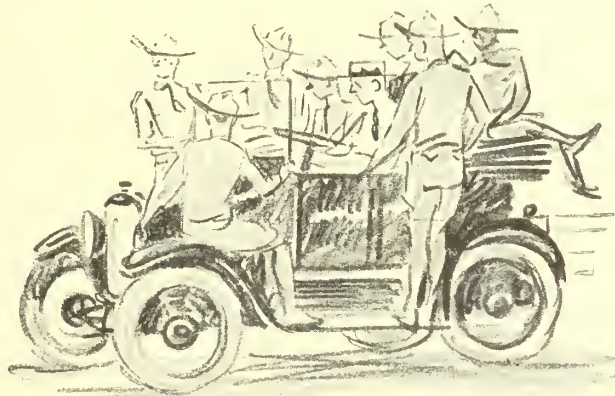
"Being a chariot horse, however, was not the limit of Phelan's ability by any means, he having produced an act, assisted by Carr, McGee and Mustachio, which would drive some of the present day big-time vaudeville to the sticks. I happen to be the proud possessor of a copy of a four-page program of the circus and I will give you a brief outline of its contents.

"With perhaps a little exaggeration, the cover heralds the circus as 'The Greatest Show on Earth Today,' presented in Dijon, France, at the Cirque Tivoli, on November 30 and December 1, 1918. The first performance was given on a Saturday night and was for the entertainment of the units stationed in and around Dijon. On Sunday, matinee and evening performances were open to the public. I do not recall the admission fee but one-half of the proceeds was given to a French war orphan fund and the balance used for a banquet for members of the Camouflage Corps fortunate enough to have returned from the front at that time.

"The Cirque Tivoli, as I remember it, was a large frame theatre building with a circular bowl-shaped auditorium, the center of which, when the seats and flooring were removed, gave ample space for the largest one-ring circus.

"The customary pageant, led by the band of the Second Pioneer Infantry, in two sections, conducted by Georges Kazamaek, included horses, cages of animals, performers, etc., which of course had nothing on the street parade which proved as popular as in our own States.

"Following the concert came (1) The Wizards of Ring Bar, (2) The



Wild-eyed Larieteer—Le Champion du Lasso; (3) Dance — l'Après-midi d'Amour; (4) Bull Fight, direct from Seville—Course de Toureaux Sevillane; (5) Emma, The Strong Maiden—La Jeune fille forte et l'Homme aux poutons extremement developpes; (6) Waki-shimarsa, the Great, from Juggleland—Le Roi de l'Equilibre; (7) The Rip-Roarin' Hoochie—La Danse du Ventre, (Phelan may recall himself as 'La Belle Marie').

"Then came in Part Two: Chariot Race; The Grand Combat de Boxe; Ziri, the Wizard of All Eternity; Pianorena, The World's Greatest Artist on the Piano (this was Phelan's masterpiece), and finally, Visions in Bronze, a series of eight tableaux.

**T**HE costumes, cages, props, horses and other animals," continues our correspondent and erstwhile circus performer, Miller, "were designed and executed by Master Engineer Swem and a score or more members of the corps, many of whom were from the picture studios of Hollywood and from Greenwich Village, the artists' colony in New York City, and as I look back it seems as if many of them ranked second to none in their particular lines."

Now we understand Legionnaire Phelan's modesty and we are grateful to Legionnaire Miller for his press agent stunt. We hope that the French equivalents won't be questioned, as our A. E. F. French is rusty and we relied on

Miller's carefiness in copying the program correctly, assuming, of course, that originally it was properly edited.

Not all of our time in service was spent in combat. Let's hear more about the theatrical or athletic or other non-combat activities of outfits. Press agents fall in on the right.

**A**LTHOUGH thirty thousand Legionnaires, Auxiliares and their families are expected to be present when the Second A. E. F. sails for France for the Legion and Auxiliary 1927 conventions, there are some of us who will be unable to make the journey. Failing to see friends of the old outfits at the conventions doesn't mean that there won't be some opportunities of meeting with them this year on this side of the Atlantic. While a few outfit reunions are being planned in conjunction with the conventions overseas, most of the get-togethers will be held here in the States. Notices of reunions and of other activities of interest to veterans will be included in these columns. Information should be sent to the Company Clerk at least six weeks prior to the first of the month in which the announcement should appear. A list of scheduled events follows:

**NATIONAL YEOMEN F.**—Organization formed at the 1926 convention of the Legion in Philadelphia, to hold annual reunions of Yeomen F in conjunction with Legion national conventions. Due to the 1927 Legion convention being held in Paris, the first annual meeting is scheduled to convene in the All Wars Memorial Building, Atlantic City, New Jersey, July 3d. Address M. Cecilia Geiger, 1711 Nedro ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

**103D FIELD SIG. BN. AND FIRST PA. FIELD SIG. BN.**—Reunion and banquet in Pittsburgh on tenth anniversary of muster, July 15. Address A. M. Mitchell, 100 Eastern ave., Aspinwall, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**32D INF. AND 32D INF. BAND**—Sixth annual reunion Sept. 3-4 at Steubenville, Ohio. Address H. C. Ewing, Steubenville.

**316TH INF. ASSOC.**—Annual reunion in conjunction with Pennsylvania Legion Department Convention, Aug. 6, at York, Pa. Address Raymond A. Cullen, 7127 Elmwood ave., Philadelphia.

**127TH INF.**—Third annual reunion Sept. 3-4 at Eau Claire, Wis. Former members are requested to send names and addresses to 127th Infantry Association at Eau Claire.

**113TH FIELD ART.**—Reunion July 22-23 at Fort Bragg, near Fayetteville, N. C. Address Major Robert M. Hanes, chairman reunion committee, Winston-Salem, N. C.

**FIFTH CO., FIRST FORT SNELLING O. T. C.**—Reunion August 13. Luncheon at Fort Snelling and reunion dinner at Minneapolis Athletic Club, Minneapolis, Minn. Address Clarence B. Winter, 754 Builders Exchange, Minneapolis.

**CAMP BEAUREGARD BASE HOSP.**—Men who helped establish hospital in August, 1917, and former members of Med. Sup. Depot, Camp Beauregard, interested in proposed reunion during Legion convention in Paris, address Henry R. Zelle, 585 Billings ave., Paulsboro, N. J.

**11TH CONSTR. CO. BRICKLAYING, AIR SERV.**—Former members interested in proposed reunion in conjunction with 1928 national convention of the Legion in San Antonio, address John W. Reth, 9 Park st., Boston, Mass.

**BTTY. E, 325TH F. A.**—Former members interested in proposed fifth annual reunion, address Homer C. Landis, 1640 E. 78th st., Cleveland, Ohio. (Continued on page 81)

Karl W. Detzer's  
**True Tales**  
 of the  
**D. C. I.**



THE mystic letters D. C. I. stand for Division of Criminal Investigation, a company of intrepid detectives, who cleaned Europe of A. E. F. criminals, A. W. O. L. soldiers, and men and women who were just *bad*.

**The Most Thrilling Stories of the A. E. F. Underworld**

TRUE Tales of the D. C. I. are true, no romancing, no desperate effort to attract attention by twisting the truth—the DIFFERENT book about the *seamy* side of the A. E. F. No flag-waving here. No bands blaring and folks cheering, just plain elemental passions, breaking under the strain of war and the loss of restraint. *Life* with the lid off and boiling! Kind of a book you can't lay down until the last thrilling page is regretfully turned. "True Tales of the D. C. I." lifts the curtain and gives you a little peek at things dreadful and fascinating, mysterious and alive with thrills.

Send for your copy today! Only a limited number of copies left.  
 Price \$2.00.

Mail coupon now!

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY Book Department, P. O. Box 1357, Indianapolis, Indiana

Gentlemen:

I am enclosing \$2.00. Please send me, post paid, one copy of Karl W. Detzer's Book—True Tales of the D. C. I.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

*Then and Now*

(Continued from page 83)

SEVENTH DIV.—The History of the Seventh Division, 1917-1918, is ready for distribution. Price, five dollars. Remit to Seventh Division Officers' Assoc. Send orders to Addison B. Freeman, 1808 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

82D DIV. ASSOC.—Reunion dinner and reception for former members in New York City just prior to embarkation of Legionnaires for Paris convention. Address H. A. Meehan, 27 West 25th st., New York City.

20TH AERO SQDRN.—The first edition of The History of the 20th Aero Squadron is exhausted. Former members interested in ob-

taining copies are requested to write to C. G. Barth, 554 E. Second st., Winona, Minn., who can arrange reprint.

SECOND BN., 51ST ART., C. A. C.—Former members of Batteries F, G and H are requested to write to Henry C. Rice, Room 18, City Hall, Portland, Me., regarding proposed reunion.

S. S. U. 515 AND S. S. U. 575—Former members interested in proposed reunion in France during Legion convention, address Harold W. Low, Clear Lake, Iowa.

THE COMPANY CLERK.

*The Affair at the Spanish Restaurant*

(Continued from page 27)

reputation, and held the rank of private first class. He had been granted permission to go to the city for the afternoon and evening.

A tall, lean, brown-skinned fellow, with chestnut hair and gray eyes, he offered to the casual eye none of the common criminal markings.

"Tell me about it," Flora said.

Tom Sharp did not understand.

"It was your knife!" Flora accused.

"No, sir! It was not! If Ryan says that it was my knife...."

Captain Flora nodded to the stenographer, who in turn opened a card index file and began sorting through the cards.

"Four Ryans," the stenographer reported. "Two of them sergeants, one in the hospital, one a private in Casual Company 116...that's Sharp's own company!"

Sharp shook his head.

"Don't know a soul in Company 116. Sure, I'm a member. But it was organized yesterday, casuals, going home...."

Flora, with an orderly to guide him, once more crossed the wide, muddy fields of the Forwarding Camp to the tin-roofed quarters of Casual Company 116. The sergeant in charge lay on his cot just within the door.

"Ryan?" the noncommissioned officer asked. "Sure. Oh!" Captain Flora had tossed his identification to the soldier's bed. "Just a moment, sir."

Rain drummed noisily upon the roof. The air within the hut was heavy with the breath of many sleepers. Bunks ranged three high along both sides of a narrow center aisle. In the third bunk from the opposite end, second tier, Private John Ryan lay asleep.

He was a small soldier, as Americans go, a mountaineer from Kentucky, either Breathitt or Hardin County. He measured five feet three inches tall, weighed about one hundred and thirty-five pounds, was slight of feature as well as figure, thought and spoke slowly.

In camp headquarters he faced Tom Sharp across the desk. Other officers and soldiers had drifted into the room. They crowded around. Flora, in his raincoat and dripping cap, watched the pair as they stared one at another.

"Well?" he asked. "Sharp says it was your knife...."

"Who's Sharp?" asked Private Ryan. "This man? Never saw him afore in my days." He spoke with a slow drawl. "Why for you got me out of bed, anyhow?"

"You are charged with murder," Flora said.

"Murder?" repeated Private Ryan. "Trying to stick something on me?"

"Come, Sharp, you tell us about it," Flora insisted.

Private Sharp looked at Private Ryan, looked at the police officer and at the faces crowding around him.

"I don't know what you're getting at," he protested. "I never saw this fellow before....met a man in town tonight who said his name was Ryan, and I borrowed his knife to sharpen some pencils at the Red Cross hut....was writing letters home....I broke the blade of his knife and felt bad about it, that's what I meant."

"Never saw this here man afore either," said Ryan stubbornly. "Just come into this company yesterday...."

"Bring them both along," Flora ordered the sergeants. "They're our men. We'll have the old pair at the restaurant identify them."

A single light still burned in the Spanish Restaurant. Local gendarmes had arrived to investigate the murder, and with open ink pots on the dining table talked excitedly and wrote the facts in their procès verbal blanks. Rain still rattled against the windows. The massive bosom of Madame Benito heaved with emotion.

Two wet, bedraggled Americans who claimed never to have seen each other before were escorted into the establishment.

"Those are the savages!" the madame screamed.

"Have a care, wife!" urged her husband. "Make sure!"

Madame Benito took the lamp from her desk, held it high above her head, and advanced cautiously toward the prisoners. At her heel followed her husband.

"It looks like them," he said, "but....what think you, wife?"

"It cannot be!" she answered posi-

tively, and set down the lamp. "These are not large enough, not homely enough, not savage enough... you have the wrong men."

IV

**C**APTAIN Flora returned to his own office, positive that he had the guilty men, and once more hotly indignant at French ideas of identification. An hour he questioned the pair. Both denied any knowledge of each other, of the Restaurant Espagnole, or of the murder. Then came word from the morgue that the body of the French soldier was ready for disposition by the authorities.

The morgue lay in a dark angle of Le Mans. Flora had been there many times, but never on so wet, gusty, disconsolate a night.

In the middle of a low, cold, stone room, upon a slab under one staring white electric light, lay the murdered body of Corporal Georges Latouche. It was a thin body, stripped of its padded horizon blue, a gray body with protruding ribs and a great scar over the heart.

Flora watched his two prisoners. They approached it boldly, examined it with steady eyes, and with good military precision awaited orders.

"To the left side, you, Sharp," the officer directed. "Ryan, stand on the right."

His voice echoed along the ceiling.

"Place your finger tips on the slab," he commanded. "Stand there, so. Now think . . . think where you have been tonight . . ." He drew back into the shadows. "Six o'clock . . . think what you were doing at six o'clock . . . at six fifteen. . ."

His voice droned. "At seven o'clock . . . eight . . . nine . . ."

"At nine fifteen. . ."

An hour passed; an hour and a quarter; an hour and a half . . . still the men stood there, facing each other, in hand's reach a murdered body.

Tom Sharp choked suddenly and made as if to cough. He lifted his finger tips from the table.

"Put them down," bade Flora.

Sharp stared once at Private Ryan, once at the dead face below, once into Flora's steady eyes. Then he reeled, cried out, and fainted.

"I'll tell you!" were his first words as he revived.

Over the body of the dead man he confessed with full details his share in the crime. He told of the drinks he had taken with Ryan, whom he had known only a few days, of approaching the girls in the Restaurant Espagnole, of striking the French corporal, of Ryan's bone-handled knife. And when Sharp was done, Ryan recited his own part. He had tossed the knife into the river Huisne as he crossed its bridge going back to camp. Later that night both men signed their confessions, in the presence of witnesses, and several days later Ryan came to trial.

He repudiated his confession on the witness stand. Private Sharp, who persisted in his, was used as the chief prose-

cuting witness and drew a light sentence.

How had Captain Flora gone about it? It is simple, looking back upon the case. He found a wet raincoat with no identification. It was old and worn. To every American soldier who passed through the Forwarding Camp, the quartermaster presented a brand new raincoat . . . and every soldier in the Embarkation Area went through the Forwarding Camp before he went anywhere else in the area. So the man with an old raincoat who fought with Corporal Latouche must be a recent arrival among sixty thousand men at the Forwarding Camp.

Of course more than one soldier might be abroad that night without a raincoat. Of course. There was that chance. But the night was wild and wet, as had been the afternoon. There was small likelihood that any man who possessed a raincoat—and they all did—would leave camp without it. So Flora hurried to the gate where homecoming revelers would register in, and waited for the first wet American in plain olive drab. Within an hour he was rewarded by the sight of Tom Sharp, without his raincoat . . . the rest was easy.

Two or three days later an American board of inquiry gave Private Ryan his preliminary hearing. When he went to trial on the charge of murder in the public courthouse on the Bois de Commerce, with a keen major defending him, a major general presided, with a court of twelve officers of high rank.

The second day of the trial the heart of Corporal Latouche was displayed in court. French spectators arose in one count, did a rear march at double time, and fled from the extraordinary exhibit. The court deliberated, and after hearing the testimony of Private Antoine Lesche of the French Army, Marie Flambeau and dark-skinned Josie who had no last name (all of whom the Le Mans gendarmes had located) it sentenced Private John Ryan to life imprisonment at hard labor.

There the case should have ended.

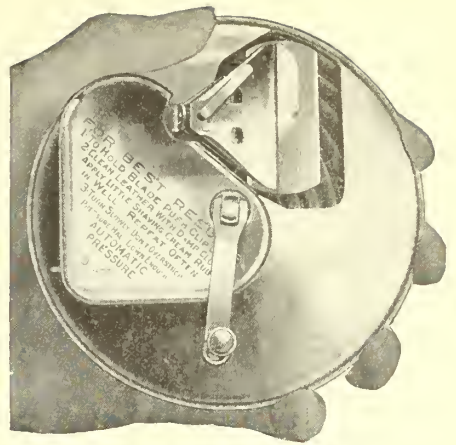
What more?

Published in Le Mans is a daily newspaper of socialist politics and radical leanings. It happened that during the same week a Frenchman had been caught for the murder of an American. A French court made quick work of him. He was sent to the guillotine.

In the Le Mans newspaper, in deadly parallel, one beside the other, ran the two stories with an important error in one of them. The headlines, as I remember them, were about like this:

FRENCHMAN YANK KILLS  
KILLS YANK— FRENCHMAN—  
GUILLOTINE FIVE YEARS

Of course the Yank in question would have preferred five years. Instead of a sentence for life . . . five years . . . a slight margin of difference. But the editor of the newspaper, working himself into a frothing frenzy, penned a long and vitriolic editorial, and the civil population began to find fault with American justice. (Continued on page 86)



## Amazing New Way to Shave Astonishes Experts

Keen, velvety shaves forever and no more blades to buy! That's what the amazing invention of a St. Louis man offers you today.

KRISS-KROSS—the super-stropper prolongs the life of any-make blade for months and even years! Straps on diagonal. Employ's barbers' secret principle. Gives keenest edge that steel can take in only 11 seconds. Automatic timer signals when blade is done. You'll say that magic device is almost human!

Right now the inventor is offering a new kind of mystery razor FREE—to introduce KRISS-KROSS stropper. Really 3 razors in one. Instantly adjustable. Absolutely unique and astonishing!

### Write for FREE offer

Amazing KRISS-KROSS inventions are never sold in stores. Write for details and FREE mystery razor offer.

**AGENTS** wanted. Generous commissions and big profits. H. King made \$66 a day. J. C. Kellogg made \$200 in 7 days. Even spare time workers make \$6-\$12 a day extra. Nine out of 10 men want to buy on sight. Really astonishing. Get details at once. Mail coupon today.

Dept. H-411 RHODES MFG. COMPANY 1418 Pendleton Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

RHODES MFG. CO., Dept. H-411 1418 Pendleton Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri

Without obligation, please send me details of your amazing KRISS-KROSS stropper and FREE 3-way razor. Also proposition showing generous agent commissions.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Check here if interested in becoming representative.

## INVENTORS

but vital facts before applying for Patents. Our book *Patent-Sense* gives these facts; sent free. Write.

Lacey & Lacey, 643 F St., Wash., D. C. Estab. 1869

Numerous Legionnaire References

**I made my first week** **\$176**

A. E. Mohr of N. Y. hung up that record

**MARCELWAVER**  
WORLD'S GREATEST WONDER OF THE AGE  
Amazing invention of French expert gives perfect marcel wave in 15 minutes—costs 2c.  
**NEW** Women everywhere wild over astonishing results. Agents—men and women—cleaning up biggest profits in years—no competition—patented in all countries—tries—\$3.00

**QUICK MONEY** cash profit on every sale—every woman and girl buys on sight. Exclusive territories now being allotted—no time to lose. Send name, address and territory wanted. Get FREE SUPER-SELLING OFFER. Send NOW.  
**MARCELWAVER COMPANY**  
DEPT. H-74 CINCINNATI, OHIO

**REAL PROFIT**  
Steinert made \$389 in 1 week!  
Eberts made \$29 first day!  
Wander \$213 in 4 days!  
Mrs. Krone \$40 a week spare time alone.

**FREE** Marcelwaver Super-Selling Quick Offer to any woman. Information free.

# LEARN TO WRITE WRITE TO EARN

"Genius itself must learn the machinery of expression."



"Since authorship is essentially a matter of home work," says Rupert Hughes, biographer of *George Washington: The Human Being and the Hero*, "it is one of the few arts that can be taught by correspondence. The Palmer Institute, under the presidency of so eminent a literary artist as Clayton Hamilton, and as conducted by Frederick Palmer and his associates, is qualified to render invaluable aid in the art and business of authorship."

Palmer training is uniquely personal. It can develop that talent of yours until you, too, can write the kind of stories that tug at heart strings . . . that grip the imagination . . . that editors buy.

**PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP**  
Dept. 111-U, Palmer Building, Hollywood, Calif.  
CLAYTON HAMILTON - - President  
FREDERICK PALMER - Vice-president

Please send me, without obligation or expense, information about your course in  
 Short Story Writing     English and Self-Expression  
 (Each course is complete in itself.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
*All correspondence strictly confidential  
 No salesman will call upon you*



**How to Obtain  
A Perfect Looking Nose**  
 My latest improved Model 25 corrects now ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently and comfortably at home. It is the only noseshaping appliance of precise adjustment and a safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Write for free booklet which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose. M. Triletz, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist, Dept. 2892, Binghamton, N. Y.

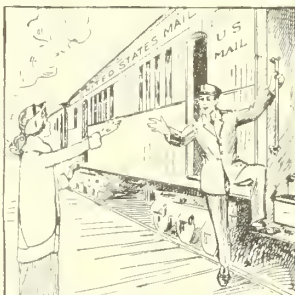
*Free Suggestions in*  
**BRONZE TABLETS**  
 MEMORIAL FLAGPOLES, GATEWAYS, ETC.  
*The Flour City Ornamental Iron Co.*  
 2657-27th AVE. SO. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

## Travel for "Uncle Sam" RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS

**\$1900 to \$2700 Year**  
**POSTOFFICE CLERKS**  
**MAIL CARRIERS**  
**Ex-Service Men Get Preference**

Steady Work  
 No Layoffs  
 Paid Vacations

Common  
 Education  
 Sufficient



MAIL  
 COUPON  
 TOUPY  
 SURE

**FRANKLIN INSTITUTE,**  
 Dept. L 198, Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush to me without charge, 32 page book with (1) Sample Railway Postal Clerk questions; (2) List of U. S. Government Jobs now open to Ex-Service Men. (3) Full particulars regarding preference to Ex-Service Men.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_

## The Affair at the Spanish Restaurant

(Continued from page 85)

The Prefet of the department of the Sarthe, a dignitary ranking much as a governor of a State does in this country, lost his temper over the seemingly unfair business and wrote an unnecessary letter to the American general in command of the area. Telephones buzzed; orderlies hurried; crowds talked. Soldiers in blue, and others in olive drab, grew restless on the street, one with another. At a midnight meeting of American generals, there was talk of the necessity of moving all American soldiers out of the territory in twenty-four hours.

Then the editor discovered that he had made a mistake. Private Ryan had been sentenced for life instead of for five years. He bent one stiff, radical

knee in apology. The Prefet of the Sarthe wrote a letter asking pardon, explained that his heart was devastated, that his spirit was bowed down . . . a thousand million pardons.

But in the meantime the President of France had heard of the outrage to justice. Zut! What savages these Yanks! So when everything else had been settled, the American general sat down to his desk and dictated a letter to the president of the republic, a letter in which he expressed deep regret that a French comrade had died with American steel between his ribs.

That settled the matter. For everyone except Private John Ryan of Kentucky and the near relatives of Corporal Georges Latouche.

## The Wolf Moon

(Continued from page 11)

yet at that last sound he moved forward more cautiously, for he was unarmed save for a short belt-axe, and even the most cowardly pack is formidable when the kill is at hand.

Then, as he rounded a bend in the path, he saw a sight which thrust him instantly off the trail into the deep shadows of the trees—a death-ring of monster wolves around the ruined cabin of the dead Frenchman. Although he had never been far enough north to meet the Arctic wolves, yet he recognized these grim white beasts as belonging to that terrible clan, and decided that they had been running a deer which had taken refuge in the old cabin.

Then, even as he gave a great sigh of relief that he had passed unseen around the white figures grouped about the ruined hut, he heard a sound which was like fire and ice against his heart—the sound of a woman's sobs.

As in a dream he saw the fierce faces of the pack crowd closer to the gaping doorway and their great bodies tense themselves for the last rush which would end only with the blood-choked growls of the kill. He was armed only with a short axe, the odds against him were a thousand to one—yet as in a lightning flash, he suddenly saw with absolute clearness that never, never again could he face Joan or his own soul if he crept by and left that hapless wayfarer to her fate.

As he slipped off his long skiis, he thought dully of death, of Joan, of his cabin with the roaring fire that he would never see again. Then, as if sent to him by some protecting power, there flashed into his mind the picture of fat Joe Bunker, the storekeeper of the Valley, putting to flight a savage dog with a sponge soaked with ammonia, and he remembered that in his coat was a great bottle of that cleansing fluid which he was bringing home to Joan.

With hands that dared not tremble, he drew the bottle from his pocket, and taking off one of his puttees, soaked it in the acrid liquid. Then, breathing deep as if about to plunge into cold water, he drew the axe from his belt and, with the dripping cloth wound about his left hand, rushed toward the wolves.

His moccasins made no sound in the snow, and just as the pack were crowding through the doorway, with a great shout he was upon them. All thoughts of death or defeat went out of him with that cry and, as one of his Viking ancestors might have done a thousand years before, he heaved up his axe and sank the blade deep into the spine of the nearest animal.

As the great beast sank to the ground with a yell, two more of the pack sprang at him from either side. There was a dull rending sound as the keen edge split the skull of the first and at the same moment the young trapper thrust the fuming, ammonia-soaked cloth directly into the open jaws of the other. Gasping and choking for breath, the wolf backed away and allowed the man to enter the cabin unmolested.

The next instant two arms were around his neck and a voice that he had never thought to hear again was speaking to him through the dark.

"Ah, Dan, Dan darling!" it said. "I knew you would come to me! God wouldn't let me die in the dark without seeing you just once more."

Amazement, love, pity, and finally a berserker rage seized upon the man at her words.

"Get back, you bastards!" he shouted mightily, and thrust the girl behind him as the famished pack again rushed forward.

Through the doorway sprang the gaunt leader with a wolf on either side, launching that triple attack which was part of their deadly tactics. One, per-



haps two, might fall, but the third was sure to gain the grip which he sought.

Crafty as fierce, the largest wolf feinted a spring. Then, as Dan's axe met only the empty air, he leaped straight at his throat with bared teeth and flashing eyes. Instantly, with the terrible team-work of a wolf-pack, the other two sprang upon him from either side, slashing at the tendons back of his knees.

Without trying to recover his balance or raise his weapon, as the huge wolf sprang, Dan made a sidelong sweep of the axe and sank the blade deep into the beast's shaggy breast just as its teeth were closing upon his throat. At the same moment he routed his left-hand assailant with the dripping cloth, and swerving his body from the hips, avoided by a hair's breadth the hamstringing snap of the third.

Before he could bring either hand into play again, the lean muzzle of the last wolf was once more at his leg. Then, just as the trap-like jaws were closing, he felt a touch at his belt; Joan's hand flashed past his face, and the next instant the long blade of his hunting knife plunged deep into the wolf's throat. With a gurgle the beast fell back dead and the others retreated, leaving the man and woman standing in the doorway.

For a moment Dan stared at Joan as if he had never seen her before. With the dripping knife clenched in her hand, she stood exulting in her mate and in her victory as some dawn-woman might have done half a million years ago. "Come on, you curs, try it again!" she screamed to the pack that still stood just outside the door.

Then, swift as the shadow of a wind-blown bough, they were gone, leaving their dead behind.

"We've driven them off, we've beaten them!" exulted the girl. "Let's go home now, Dan. Your dinner's waiting for you there."

The man held her back. "You don't know the breed," he warned her. "They'd never have fooled your great-grandfather that way. Look," and he placed the girl's knitted cap on the end of a long stick, which lay on the floor beside them, and thrust it past the corner of the doorway out into the moonlight. There was a sudden snap like the strike of a trout and the cap disappeared. A second later a ring of fierce heads showed again in the opening, aroused by the man-scent of the thing which they had torn to pieces, and ready to burst in if there were any sign that the besieged were disabled.

Dan shouted at them, raising his axe, and the next moment they were gone.

"They'll hide and lurk and wait all the rest of the night," he told Joan. "Just before dawn they'll come again and we must be ready for them."

Through a night which seemed longer than all the years which they had lived,

the two waited and watched the doorway, ready for the rush which never came.

At last the brilliance of the moonlight began to pale and the ghostly light that comes just before the dawn seemed to rise like a mist from the ground. Suddenly from the rear of the cabin came an ominous sound of gnawing at the back wall where the chinking had already been scratched away. There the pack had discovered that the rotting logs were soft enough to yield before their teeth and claws. This time the man shouted in vain. Only too well the wolves knew that if they could but attack from front and rear the two within must go down.

Three of the pack dug and pulled side by side until suddenly with a crash one of the decayed logs dropped out, leaving a great hole in the side of the cabin. Fast as fire the wolves scratched and burrowed until the log above was tottering to its fall. At that moment the rest of the pack suddenly appeared about the doorway, sensing by some instinct for killing that the time had come for their delayed attack.

In the moonlight the young trapper's face showed white and haggard. He knew only too well that even if by some miracle he should hold off the six lurking at the door, it would be impossible for Joan, armed only with his knife, to keep back the three who were breaking through the wall.

Once again the log cracked and in a second the moonlight, shining through the doorway, was blotted out by a crowd of fierce faces that glared hungrily upon the two within.

Involuntarily Dan drew Joan close to him.

"We'll go down fighting, dear," he whispered, "together."

For answer the girl's lips met his and there was that look in her eyes which not time nor fear nor death itself can change. As the pack came closer, Dan poured out the last of the ammonia and raised his axe. For a moment Joan's arms clung to him desperately and then, gripping the knife, she turned toward the opening in the wall through which grim heads were already showing.

Then, as the log cracked and bent, the eastern sky suddenly flared an intolerable crimson, and the next moment a flaming rim thrust itself above the edge of the world and shot long arrows of gold across the white snow.

Up at that sun which they had never expected to see again, the two stared. When they looked down again, the fatal eyes were no longer watching them through the doorway nor were there any wolves about the opening in the wall. Far away among the trees they saw the pack disappearing like vampires hastening back to the grave at cockcrow.

Before them stretched only the shining trail which led back to life and love and home.



**3 Greatest SPECIALS \$29.75**  
Your Choice at

**A Full Year To Pay**

The greatest genuine jewelry bargains ever offered! Credit values which defy cash store competition. Pin only \$1 to your order and your choice comes to you parcel post prepaid on **10 Days Free Trial**. Then pay postman only \$1 more on delivery; after free trial period pay balance in 12 equal monthly payments of **\$2.32 each**. Satisfaction absolutely guaranteed or your money refunded—our policy for 32 years.

**FREE—Royal Book of Gems**

Thousands of special values in genuine diamonds, jewelry and watches. Send for your copy at once.

**Wear while paying.**

**AA1—Gorgeously pierced, lace design dinner ring; 18K white gold set with 3 perfectly matched genuine diamonds. Special \$29.75**

**AA2—Spectacular value! Lady's wrist watch, 14K solid white gold engraved case set with 2 genuine diamonds and 4 French Blue Sapphires; guaranteed 15 jewel movement. Special \$29.75**

**15 JEWELS**

**Elgin or Waltham**

**AA3—Never before offered at so low a price! Gents strap watch; 20 year guaranteed, newest Olympic octagon case, white or green gold filled. Fitted with 15 jewel nationally advertised Waltham or Elgin movement. Special \$29.75**

**ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.**  
ESTABLISHED 1895  
ADDRESS DEPT 1829 170 BROADWAY NY

Our representatives are making \$75 to \$150 a week! You can do the same—sell all-wool made to measure clothes at **\$25 Retail**

You make \$4 to \$8 on each sale. Bonus plan makes larger earnings possible. Our guarantee of satisfaction to the customer is bonded by the United States Fidelity & Guaranty Co. Six day delivery. Free sample outfit with leather case. Exclusive territory. Experience unnecessary. Fall line now ready. Write at once to

**Homeland Tailoring Co. Inc.**  
218-220 E. Lexington St.  
Dept. F-106 Baltimore, Md.

**We Pay \$2 Cash per name**

If you live on a farm, small town, or city, you can easily earn from \$2. to \$200. by just sending us the names and addresses of certain kinds of people found EVERYWHERE. Nothing for you to sell or buy. Just get such names as we want and earn \$2. for each. Write for particulars. **HURRY!**

DENVER OPTIC CO. 730 QUINCY DENVER, COLO.

**Infallible!**  
**SEA-SICKNESS CURE**

**CHANTEAUD'S ANTINAUSIC Granules**

the most efficacious and most certain preventive remedy

**ALL DRUGGISTS**

# The Answer—

HAVE you ever been asked this question—  
Can I subscribe to THE AMERICAN LEGION  
MONTHLY? Constantly we have this question  
asked us. The answer is that anyone can sub-  
scribe—and many do who are not LEGIONNAIRES.



**YOUR Banker, Merchant,  
Doctor ALL READ—**

**Why not THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY?**

In every community there are people—your banker,  
doctor, postmaster, minister—who would subscribe to  
your magazine if you would only suggest to them that  
they *can* and *should*, if they want to read an interesting,  
clean and worth while publication.

*The cost of a twelve months' subscription is \$1.50. The coupon below  
makes it easy to send it in. Clip the coupon and get a subscriber.*

DO IT NOW—GET A NEW READER TODAY

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY

Subscription Department

P. O. Box 1357 INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

I enclose \$1.50 for a one year's subscription. Please send the Monthly to

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## They Also Serve

(Continued from page 37)

thransferred to Remount, the batttery  
commander wrote in the proper space on  
that service record: 'Thransferred to  
Remount Station Number whatever-the-  
damn-thing was, wit' the date, an' under  
authority av Ginerol Ordher Number  
whatever-it-was, Headquarters of our  
division, Camp Doniphan, Oklahoma, U.  
S. A.' Thin he signed it, blotted away  
his tears an' sint us into exile. Later  
he sint our service records over to the  
office av the regimental adjutant, who  
forwarded thim to the adjutant av the  
Remount Station an' wit' that act all  
record av our service in the ould bat-  
ttery was obliterated. Whin we were  
ordhered to France, another indorse-  
mint was made on our service records  
av that fact, the name of the place to  
which we were to report for djuty and a  
notation of the proper ordher assigning  
us there. Ye must know, Ernie, that  
wherever a soger goes his serrvice record  
goes wit' him, an' that bein' so, I know,  
as thrue as God is me judge, that your  
service record an' mine wint aboard  
that thransport. An' since 'tis not hu-  
man for an adjutant to burrden himself  
wit' serrvice records whilst preparin' for  
a sudden night swim in the English Chan-  
nel, I'm safe in statin' that our militihary  
records are now at the bottom av the  
sea an' all that's known about us is the  
fact that the original passenger list re-  
tained by the boardin' officer at Mobile  
shows that Privates Rogan an' Givens  
were seen to go aboard that thransport.  
We were checked in officially and  
checked out unofficially, so until we re-  
turn to duty, provin' that we're men av  
conscience, we'll be reported as dead to  
our next av kin, an' dhropped from the  
payroll."

"Hell's fire," said Ern, "I must cable  
my mother. Who's your next of kin,  
Pat?"

"I have none, Ernie."

"But how about your war risk insur-  
ance? Surely we must confess we're  
alive, else the government will pay the  
policies—"

"I have no insurance policy. For why  
should I pay out seven and a half a  
month, that I might as well enjoy me-  
self wit', to provide a fortune for some-  
body I don't give a hoot in a holler for?"

"Well, my mother is the beneficiary  
of my policy and I've got the policy in  
my pocket this minute—a bit disfigured  
from salt water but legible. I had in-  
tended mailing it to her before we sailed  
but forgot about it. So she can't collect  
on it until she gets it, and when I cable  
her to disregard the report of my death  
and then send her the policy, she'll wait  
until she knows for certain I'm a corpse  
before submitting her claim. You going  
to take out some insurance for Laurette,  
Pat?"

Pat squirmed. "Damn their red tape,"  
he growled, "a soger can't leave his in-  
surance to his sweetheart. She must be  
related to him—wife, mother, sister,  
aunt or grandmother. Holy Moses, I'll  
have to marry Laurette ather all if I'm

to lave her that ten thousand dollars." "Right! But to get back to the subject of our service records."

"They're lost. There isn't the scratch of a pen in France to prove that our division commander, out av the great love he had for us, blooeyed us from artillery to Remount. An' this is well, since it gives us an opporchunity to come back to the artillery wit'out consultin' the ould vagabone."

"What if we should run into him some day?"

"Shmall danger. Ernie, he'll not be in France very long for whin the big pinch comes 'tis only the men big enough to sthand pinchin' that survive. The ould dugouts and incompetents may get by in thrainin' camps, but on the fields av glory they blow up an' the benzine board finds for thim a job more suited to their talents."

"So then we're definitely out of Remount, Pat?"

"Until we choose to go back and report ourselves, which we do not choose to do. We must find the ould batth'ry, because there's where we belong."

"But Sam Burwell can't take us on again without proper authority, Pat. You know that. He'd be two privates in excess on his morning report, and the colonel would want to know how come."

"So he would, Ernie, so he would. But ye'll grant that we'll be welcomed home, nevertheless."

"I think so—in fact, I know it."

"Far be it from the Ould Man or the batth'ry commander to chase out of that part of France two good men an' th'ue that nobody owns, since they're officially dead. The supply sergeant will lind us a pair av blankets an' new uniforms, an' the mess sergeant will feed us until the arrival av authority to annex us officially. As for quarters, the Lord will provide. Sure the Ould Man'll write to G. H. Q. and relate our lish'ory—how we so loved our batth'ry we wept whin we left it; how we escaped from the sea an' come back to it like lovin' childher, bringin' an army mule we'd salvaged; how we're officially lost to Remount now an' wasted on it anyhow, so please, General Pershing, may he have us back, an' shtart us from scratch wit' a duplicate serv'ice record?"

"You think there's a chance, Pat?"

"I know there is. G. H. Q. (by the way, O'Malley, that means General Headquarters) is much too busy wit' affairs av shtate to concern itself wit' the fate av two privates in an army av two million, so the first assistant chief av staff that letther is handed to will endorse it 'Approved,' an' thim a field clerrk will put an order through formally assignin' us to the ould regiment, an' whin that order arrives the adjutant will pick us up on the regimental

rolls and assign us back to the ould batth'ry—and that night at retreat I'll be stable sergeant again."

"What'll I be, Pat?"

"Well, since ye have little or no value in a milit'ry way, 'tis probable ye'll be a cook's police the first day. Thin ye'll do a guard and as soon as Sam Burwell can find an excuse to bust a sergeant ye'll get ye're chevrons again."

"Granted we get duplicate service records, how about Tip? His service record went down with the ship, too."

"Tip," said Rogan with a smile like a cat that has just swallowed the canary, "will unofficially be attached to the outfit for rations. He'll be an excess mule with no accountability on him, consequently he will require no duplicate serv'ice record. His record is in the hearts av his counthrymen, and as an excess mule he'll be loved more than ever, since an excess mule is a direct gift from God in campaign. We never have enough mules as it is, what wit' the wastage; we can always use more than they'll give us. God knows, many's the gun I've helped haul because they wouldn't or were so sick they couldn't."

"And The Professor—"

"Is a civilian, and was never anything else. Officially, his half brother died for him. He has no government brand."

"Won't Lieutenant Burwell be amazed to see The Professor again?"

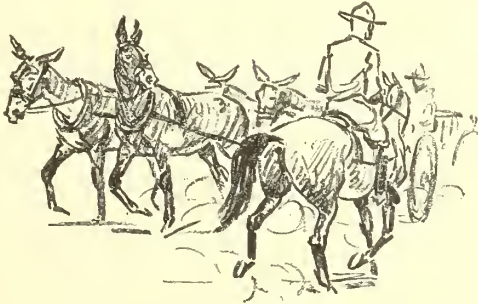
"Have a care would you tell him," Rogan warned. "All human beings enjoy a pleasant surprise. Do you, Ernie, like the good man, write a letter to the batth'ry commandher, addressin' him in care of the ould regiment, A. E. F., France, askin' him will he let ye have the equivalent in French francs of the two hundhred an' fifty dollar check ye enclose to him."

"We don't need two hundred dollars. We have a hundred and fifty dollars in good old U. S. gold certificates."

"We must have an excuse to hear from him, Ernie. His letter will give us the name of the town he's in; then we'll find that town on the map an' away we'll go, hell for leather, back home. Th'ue for ye we do not need more money right now, but we're at war, Ernie, me bhoy, an' war is filled wit' horrible surprises. 'Tis not to me taste to find meself broke an' on the bum in a foreign land. I'll have me rations three times daily if I can get thim, an' a bed to shleep in."

"There are American soldiers all over France, Pat. We'd never go hungry or homeless."

"There are milith'ry police all over France, too," Rogan reminded him, "an' 'tis not in me mind to be picked up by wan av those laddy-bucks as a skulker or deserter an' sint down to some brigade depot. I'll not be a casual—me wit' me  
(Continued on page 90)



Take a Pair to Franco!

# "Stronger, Clearer, Better Binoculars



than those costing double." E. F. D., Annapolis, Md.  
"Didn't need 10 days' trial—10 minutes was enough." L. H. K., Ralispell, Montana



**8 POWER PRISMS**

IMPORTED, French and German makes; 8-POWER magnification; 11 prisms, genuine prisms, famous FRENCH MIERE QUALITE. 11 prisms illumination, exquisite definition, WIDER field of vision. Individual eye-strength and width adjustments. Leather case neck and shoulder straps.

Tested by the GOVERNMENT

TESTED BY BUREAU OF STANDARDS AT WASHINGTON. See miles away! Conquer distance! Bring people, ships, game, scenes—right to your feet! Explore vistas of nature! Double the thrill of dashing sports! You'll find these Binoculars a never-ending pleasure—a life-time treasure! Usually sell from \$10.00 to \$50.00. As leading importers, selling "Direct-by-Mail," our price is ONLY \$23.50. We are selling thousands to Army, Navy Officers, Explorers, Motorists, Tourists, Yachtsmen, Big Game Hunters, Globe-Trotters, Naturalists, Men and Women all over the World, at this Bargain Price. **\$23.50**

10-Days' Trial ABSOLUTELY FREE!

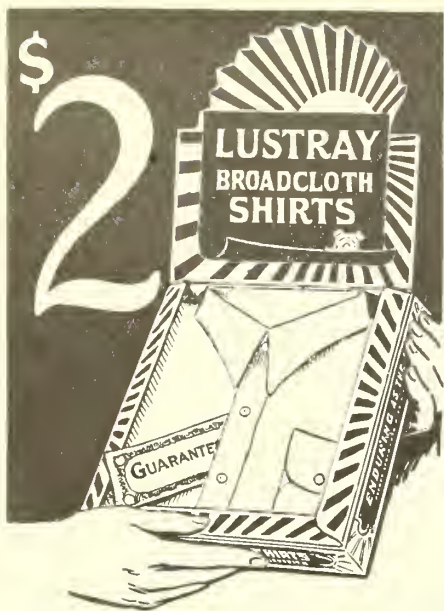
Our Plan is Different! ABSOLUTELY FREE

If pleased, you may pay on Budget Plan: **\$5.00 MONTHLY \$21.75** or if you prefer to pay cash at end of 10 DAYS, deduct \$1.75 and send Check or Money Order for \$21.75 in FULL SETTLEMENT. Otherwise return them. Order NOW at this Bargain Price! Send No Money! Pay NOTHING on Delivery!

**SEAVEER-WILLIAMS CO.**  
Importers, Exporters, International Mail-Order House  
"Generators of Honorable Dealings"  
365 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.  
Largest Retailers of Binoculars in the World  
Gentlemen:—Send me the 8-POWER BINOCULARS for 10 days' FREE TRIAL on your "No Money Down—No Money on Delivery" plan.  
Name .....  
Address .....  
Clip and mail this Ad. NOW. If a new customer, please tell us something about yourself. We will appreciate and respect the information. THANK YOU. Am. Leg. 7-27

**LAW STUDY AT HOME**  
Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Be independent. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training. Law-trained men earn \$5,000 to \$10,000 Annually.  
We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL.B. conferred. LaSalle students found among practicing attorneys of every state. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our value 106-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.  
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 7361-L, Chicago  
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

**WHY PAY MORE?**  
BUY DIRECT FROM FACTORY FOR \$16.85  
Full size 7x7 ft. Umbrella Tent  
This high grade UMBRELLA TENT has every quality and practical feature of the highest priced tents; extension awning, screened window with storm flap, inside operated, sewed-in floor. Made of extra strong waterproof fabric. Comes complete with center pole, frame assembly, awning poles and guy ropes. Nothing else to buy. Packs in small bundle.  
Tents as Represented or Money Back  
TENTS—ALL STYLES & SIZES—and LATEST CAMP EQUIPMENT AT LOWEST PRICES!  
Write for FREE Catalog  
**MURRAY & CO.**  
Tent Makers Since 1871  
924 W. Huron St. Chicago



## Your Money Back

if you're displeased—yes, even after you've worn your Lustray shirt

ONLY THINK, a shirt for \$2, sold with a sweeping unconditional guarantee. Guaranteed with a Gold Bond to fit, wear and wash, same as my

### BUCKSKIN

What a shirt—glistening white, sturdy, long wearing English broadcloth! Tailored to fit by expert shirt craftsmen—with a half century of careful shirt-making behind them. And what a comfortable shirt! Full cut, yet shapely; with a smart attached collar that hugs the neck, convenient pocket; plain neck band style (pre-shrunk) if preferred. Coat style. Seams won't rip. Buttons stick to their post.

Ask your dealer for a Lustray. If he hasn't one left in stock, just fill out and mail me the coupon below. Relieve your mind of vacation shopping and order three Lustrays. You'll like them.

*Buck Skin For*

Free—Convince Yourself with the "Thumb-and-Finger Test"

Lustray shirts have one high quality of standardized make. They range in price of course according to the fabric. These fabrics are enclosed in the famous Lustray Test Box. Whether you buy direct from me or from your dealer, I will send you this miniature box free. Just use the coupon.

# LUSTRAY

ENGLISH BROADCLOTH SHIRTS

Lustberg Nast & Co., Inc., Manufacturers,  
Dept. L-7, 331 Broadway, New York City.

Kindly see that I get, as marked below:  
(How many?)

..... White Lustray Shirts (Red Label) at \$2  
Attached Collar  Neckband style

My collar size is.....

I enclose \$..... (money order  check )

Send me Free Lustray Test Box

Name.....

Address.....

## They Also Serve

(Continued from page 89)

long service—to be sint to the first outfit that needs casualty replacements. What if they sint us to the infantry? Why our hearts would break. An' what if they sint us to a labor battalion? We'd die av the disgrace. No, Ernie, we were red legs wanst an' red legs we'll be again, plaze God, until we're mustered out of the serrvice."

"How will the military police know we're soldiers? We'll tell them we're a couple of Americans ashore from a steamer, for a look at the war."

"Faith we'll do that. 'Tis as good a shtory as I could think up meself, but be the same token we'll not be in khaki whin we tell it. We must buy each av us a suit av civilian clothes an' a couple av saddles an' bridles, if we're to go stravagin' the counthry, like ould Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, lookin' for adventure."

Ern thought there was sense in that, so he got out his little water-soaked check book and wrote a check on the Siskiyou County Bank at Yreka, California, although he did ask Rogan if Sam Burwell might not, reasonably enough, decline to cash the check. "He doesn't know whether I have a cent in bank back home or not."

"Would you cash his check for two hundred and fifty dollars, Ernie?"

"Of course I would, provided I had the money handy. He's a gentleman."

"How do you know he is. The president can make an officer but only God an' the right breedin' can make a gintleman."

"You Hibernian idiot! I know a man when I see one."

"So does Sam Burwell," Rogan retorted sagely. "Tell him ye're stationed in this village wit' me, for the presint, an' as we are undher some expinse an' see no signs of pay-day or paymaster, inasmuch as we are detached indefinitely from our command, 'twill be a load off both our minds if he'll cash this check. Say nothin' more to him except to presint ye're respectful duty to him an' say that I do likewise."

So Ern wrote the letter and posted it. We waited two weeks but received no answer. In the meantime Ern had paid all our bills—the doctor and the apothecary, Laurette for board and lodging for him and Rogan, and an old peasant for forage, grazing and the rent of the stable for Tip and me. Also, at Rogan's earnest solicitation, Ern had bought a complete outfit of glad rags for Laurette—a nice blue suit, silk stockings, a pair of shoes and a hat and something else that Ern called doodads. She had refused to accept pay for nursing Rogan, but after some urging she consented to accept a present. The first Sunday she wore her new clothes Rogan went to mass with her, and to show what a good sport he was and how little he cared for money he put a one hundred franc note on the col-

lection plate. Laurette (so I learned from subsequent conversation between Ern and Rogan) tried to make change for it, but there wasn't more than ten francs on the plate so the bet had to ride as it went. The girl was horrified at his prodigality and thought him a heller and a waster. As for the village curé (that's whet they call the priest) that hundred francs threw him so far out of gear he went crazy, devoted his sermon to fulsome praise of the A. E. F. and wept right there on the altar. Rogan told Ern that after mass everybody came up and shook his hand.

"Sure they did," said Ern, who was not a church-going man (although probably he would have been if he had had as good an excuse as that other heretic, Rogan). "They wanted to get next to the good thing. The way you spend money, Pat, a feller would think I make it out in the barn. What do they use for money where you were raised? Clam shells or woodpecker heads?"

"Will ye shut up?" Rogan pleaded. "What do we care for a hundred francs. The money from Sam Burwell will be along directly."

"Then it's coming by slow freight, Pat."

"How much have we left?"

"Thirty-seven dollars and a handful of monkey money."

"What the devil have ye done wit' our bankroll?" Rogan roared.

"I've paid our just debts, that's what I've done with it. I've given maybe five dollars to the kids around town and bought a few rounds of drinks for his honor, the mayor, but you've chucked away a whole hundred francs to the church. A dollar is worth five francs and sixty-five centimes. Why, you've wasted over eighteen dollars!"

Rogan thought this over a little while and finally decided that while no fair man could expect him to be a short sport with his girl's pastor, he would even matters up by including that hundred francs in the curé's fee for marrying him and Laurette. He was so serious about this that Ern burst into a roar of laughter, and to prove he wasn't holding any grudge because of Rogan's prodigality, he rode me bareback eight miles to a good-sized town next day and bought a nice new collar for Demmy, some English tobacco for Rogan (providentially Rogan had his pipe in his pocket the night he went overboard), a toothbrush and toothpaste, a razor, shaving brush, soap and strop, a pair of shears and a comb.

These two understood each other and Ern had observed that Rogan was very restless. As an engaged man he did not feel right. He missed the sort of baths he'd been accustomed to; he missed his toothbrush, his morning shave and his weekly hair-cut; he felt unclean and every fiber of his military

soul revolted against such a condition. So when Ern got back he gave Rogan the toothbrush and paste; then he shaved his buddy and cut his hair and after that he heated some water in Laurette's kitchen, emptied it in a washtub in the barn and gave Rogan a good scrubbing, for the old boy was still pretty weak and required some help.

The necessity for acquiring a working knowledge of the French language was so apparent to Ern Givens, that a few days after Rogan became convalescent and could leave his bed, Ern purchased some French-English books and Laurette proceeded to teach him and Rogan. They plodded along, making heavy going, during those two weeks they waited for an answer from Ern's letter to Sam Burwell, and Rogan was quite the despair of Laurette, because (as he explained to Ern) his French proved him English, while his English proved him Irish. He would talk French with a Celtic burr. One day he got so disgusted trying to pronounce the word rue—a street—that he swore in Spanish.

Right then and there his French lessons ceased. It developed that Laurette's childhood had been spent in the Basses-Pyrénées—some mountains close to the Spanish frontier—and she spoke Spanish as well as she did French. And in-

asmuch as more than ten years of his life had been spent soldiering in Cuba, the Canal Zone and the Philippines, Rogan spoke Spanish surprisingly well. Instantly he informed Laurette that he loved her to distraction and was never going to get over it. Then he asked her to marry him and she put her arms around his neck, right in Ern Givens' presence, and kissed him and said she would.

Ern warned him to make a careful reconnaissance before accepting battle. "She may be marrying you for your money, Pat. Remember you gave the padre a hundred francs, and only multimillionaires do that in France. Have you told her about your war risk insurance?"

Rogan just glared at him, and talked Spanish with Laurette all day, nor would he even interpret an occasional question put to her by Ern. Yes, Rogan knew how to get even for Ern's dirty digs.

He came out to the barn that evening as Ern was putting us up for the night. "Just think, Ernie, lad," he almost groaned. "We've been here a month, an' for half that time I've been dyin' to talk sweet nothin's to me darlin'. Faith, I'm set now, an' be the Great Gun av Athlone, I'll make up for lost time. It's terrible, so it is, to have to make love wit' winks an' arm signals."

The very next day Ern Givens received a registered letter from Sam Burwell, containing a trifle over fourteen hundred francs. There was a nice note from Sam also, saying how glad he was to hear from Ern and Rogan and that if they would let him know the name and station of the unit to which they had been assigned he would see what he could do toward having them transferred back to the battery, although he doubted his ability to make that grade. He said he was glad to oblige Ern by cashing his check and had been delayed in answering because he had been ill with influenza and confined to his bed in quarters—hence unable to get to town and cash two hundred and fifty dollars on his letter of credit. He informed them that the outfit was at Camp De Souge, near Bordeaux, training, and would be there for another month.

The next day Ern purchased a map of France and an automobile touring book, and with the aid of Laurette they proceeded to outline the route to Bordeaux in red ink. The distance was in kilometers, so they reduced that to miles and Rogan sat thinking hard.

"Thirty days more they'll be at De Souge. Hum-m! Well, I'll be married tomorrow or the day after, and spend the next two weeks in conubial bliss,

whilst you, Ernie, prepare for the journey. We must have saddles an' bridles, an' civilian clothes an' Tip an' the Professor must be shod."

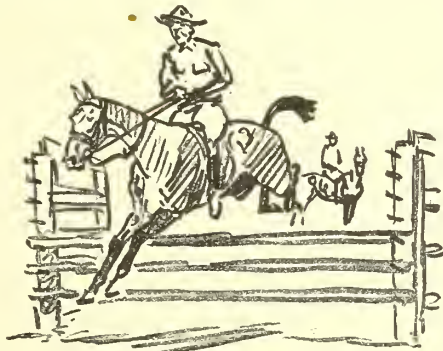
"If I can find shoes and nails I'll shoe them myself, Pat."

"If you couldn't I'd do it meself. I doubt me, however, if ye'll find mule shoes in France, so do you get some light plates and I'll reforge them to fit Tip. The village blacksmith has gone to the war but his forge is handy."

"If we march thirty miles a day we can get to De Souge in a week," Ern figured. "Ample time. Well, get busy on your marriage, Pat."

So Rogan and Laurette called to see the mayor, who said he couldn't do a thing for them unless Rogan produced a birth certificate. It seems it's against the French law to marry people who hadn't been born officially. So Laurette spoke to Rogan in Spanish and Rogan produced a hundred franc note, which the mayor said would do as well as a birth certificate, provided Rogan was certain he had been born, and could tell him when and where.

But his honor reckoned without Laurette. Before Rogan could slip the mayor the bill Laurette got her hands on it, and, after directing the mayor to make out the marriage license, she went up to the post office and got that bill changed. (Continued on page 93)



# Post Adjutants

This Device will save you Time, Work and Money. Send out your Meeting Notices with a

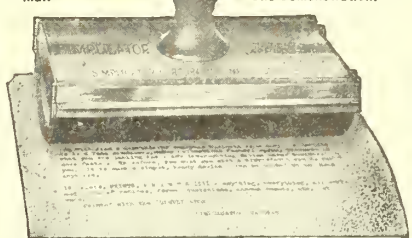
## SIMPLICATOR

The Desk Duplicator

1. Typewrite or Draw on DRY Stencil.
2. Clamp on the Simplicator.
3. Print 60 Copies a Minute from Original.



TO SALESMEN:  
You can make over 100 per cent Profit in Ozen Lots. You can easily develop a Large "Supply" Business. The Simplicator Sells on One Demonstration.



THOUSANDS SOLD—COMPLETE SATISFACTION

Being used by Offices, Schools, Stores, Restaurants, Churches, Clubs, Business and Social Organizations.

- Post Card Outfit . . . \$10.00
- Pete Size Outfit . . . \$18.00
- Letter Size Outfit . . . \$25.00

We will mail you one complete outfit, of any size, on receipt of Money Order, or by Parcel Post, C. O. D. Satisfaction guaranteed, or full purchase price refunded if returned in 10 days.

Salemen who seek a Big-Paying Business write for proposition. Exclusive territory open.

**SIMPLICATOR CORPORATION**  
136-D Liberty Street New York City

## \$100 a Week Selling Shirts



**SAMPLE LINE—FREE Fits Pocket—Send for It!**  
Sell Carlton's custom quality Shirts, Pajamas and Underwear. Biggest commissions, Extra bonuses, Profit sharing. Write today.  
D. J. S., Texas, makes \$5 an hour. So can you!  
**Carlton Mills, Inc. Dept.**  
114 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 308-A

## PATENTS Secured. Trademarks and Copyrights registered.

Attorney at Law  
**E. E. STEVENS,** Registered Patent Attorney  
Late of the 115th U. S. Infantry.

**LEGIONNAIRE OF MARYLAND**  
Solicits as a member of the old established firm of MILB. STEVENS & CO., the business of his fellow Legionnaires and of their friends. We offer a strictly professional service at moderate fees. Preliminary advice without charge. Send sketch or model for examination. Offices W. L. & T. Bldg., Washington, D. C.; 338 Monadnock Block, Chicago, Ill.

### GET OUT OF YOUR RUT

Make your dreams come true!  
Increase your income. Better your position. Restore the joy of living and doing. Tear yourself free from the fetters of the past. Strike for a new and brighter future! Membership with us shows you how. Full information on request. No obligation. It's free. Just write your name and address on a postal and send to us. NOW!

**Self Improvement League of America**  
Suite 451, 75 Westland Avenue, Boston, Mass.

## Auto Owners Wanted

to sell **HYDRO Insured TIRES**—the only tires in America Insured for One Year against all road hazards regardless of mileage. Insurance Policy with every tire. Made by the only tire factory in America selling its product through authorized Salesmen-Agents. We offer opportunity of life-time to establish profitable tire business of your own. No capital required. Sales Kit and advertising helps furnished. Exclusive territory granted. Write today for catalog and complete information about the Hydro Agency Plan.

**HYDRO Insured TIRES**  
"The Most Beautiful Tire in America"

ADDRESS NEAREST BRANCH:  
DEPT. 49, HYDRO-UNITED TIRE CORPORATION  
POTTSTOWN, PA. CHICAGO, ILL.



# Roll Call of the Second A.E.F. at Paris Sept. 19 to 23

1 9 2 7

THE NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN DAYS of '17 and '18 will be relived by thousands of Legionnaires during this roll call of the Second A. E. F.

The Legion's pilgrimage to France this year offers a glorious opportunity to a limited number of Legionnaires of seeing Paris and of roaming at will through beautiful, historic France. Old friendships to be renewed—familiar haunts to be revisited—and new ones to be explored. It is a chance of a lifetime to make that much-talked-of trip to France.

Everything has been arranged for you—railroad accommodations, palatial ships, housing in Paris and side trips to the battlefields and cemeteries that you will want to see. All at surprisingly reduced rates! No annoying details. You will marvel at how cheaply and simply your trip can be arranged.

The number who can go is limited. You must act quickly. Don't delay. Mail that coupon NOW! It will bring full details FREE.

## AMERICAN LEGION CONVENTION

*Paris, France, September 19-23, 1927*

THE  
AMERICAN  
LEGION, 777  
N. Meridian St.  
Indianapolis, Ind.

Please forward me full details of the Legion's Paris Pilgrimage. This is to be supplied FREE and with the understanding that it places me under no obligation whatsoever.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Post No. \_\_\_\_\_ Dept. of \_\_\_\_\_

## They Also Serve

(Continued from page 91)

The marriage license was ready when she returned, so Laurette slipped the mayor his regular fee and gave him a five-franc tip. On account of being short-changed that way the mayor was very angry and a furious word battle ensued between him and Laurette. He called her a camel and she called him a camel with two humps. Then he called her a hippopotamus and she called him an infected rabbit, and there being nothing worse in a Frenchman's mind than an infected rabbit, he shook his fist under her nose. Fortunately, Ern Givens had been attracted to the scene by the angry recriminations, so when the mayor shook his fist under Laurette's nose Ern felt that the moment for action had arrived.

"I'll teach you to threaten my buddy's sweetheart," he roared, and cuffed the mayor—once. The mayor immediately broke down and wept, so Ern apologized in English and Rogan translated his apology to Laurette in Spanish. Then Laurette translated it into French and gave the mayor two francs additional; whereupon he accepted the apology and the entire party shook hands all around and went up to the church, where the curé married them. Ern was best man, of course, and a friend of Laurette was bridesmaid. Rogan wanted Ern to buy the bridesmaid a decent outfit for the ceremony but Ern said we couldn't afford any more extravagance, and gave the girl ten francs and a kiss, which pleased her greatly—according to Rogan—whom I often heard relate the tale subsequently.

### CHAPTER XXIV

THE day following Rogan's marriage, Ern and Tip and I went over to the big town eight miles away. Ern was armed with a note in French from Laurette, informing whom it might concern of the things he desired to buy. At the entrance to the town Ern showed this letter to an old lady, who promptly led us to a saddlery shop, and there Ern bargained for two superannuated French field officers' saddles and bridles. The battle was long and bitterly contested, so finally Ern played his last trump. He jumped on me and started to ride away. A bargain was struck at once. Then Ern bought two saddle blankets from a woman whose son, having been killed in the war, would never occupy the spare bed at home again, and after a long search we found some horse-shoes for me and some mule shoes that would fit Tip. The shoes we were wearing were too badly worn to reset.

It takes so long to drive any kind of a bargain with a Frenchman that the day was far gone before Ern suc-

ceeded in getting those mule shoes. The Frenchman who had them for sale appeared to realize that he had the only mule shoes in that part of France and in the end Ern had to pay through the nose for them!

We jogged back to our village for dinner, and the next day Ern had Laurette measure her husband for his suit of civilian clothes; armed with these measurements he saddled me and rode back to that big town. He had made his purchases and we were on our way home, when up the street came a big khaki-colored American staff car with a sergeant driving it, so we knew there must be a major-general inside.

There was. And who? Nobody but the pin-head major-general of our division—the horsethief who had blooeyed Ern and Rogan to Remount. Four of his staff were with him, and at sight of an American soldier, mounted on the best-looking horse in France (pardon me, Taffy, but the truth may not always be withheld) they were, naturally enough, interested. Indeed, I believe they all recognized me, for I had been a marked horse at Camp Doniphan and, undoubtedly, they had seen me frequently cavorting around the drill-ground there. As I subsequently learned, however, what particularly interested them was the sight of an American soldier in a portion of France where no American forces were or ever would be billeted!

The car slid to a halt and the general stuck his head out. "Come here, my man," he ordered Ern. "Ha, you! The man Givens, eh? Thought I recognized you. Come here, I say. Dismount! Don't you know enough to dismount and stand to head when an officer summons you to report to him?"

Ern dismounted, took me by the bridle, walked up to the car and saluted. "Private Givens reports to the general," he said.

"What are you doing here, Givens?" "Reporting to the general, sir."

"None of your infernal impudence, Givens," the general roared. "I'll have a look at that horse."

He got out and inspected my hoofs. "So! Not a government horse, eh? The same horse you had in Doniphan? How did you get him here?"

"I swam him here, sir."

"Colonel," said the general, turning to his chief of staff, "Make a note of this man's impertinent answer to a legal question. So you swam your horse to France, eh? How did you get here yourself?"

"I put on a life preserver, sir, looped the halter shank around my horse's neck and was towed by him."

The general turned to his staff. "This man is,



## 10 Inches Off Waistline In 35 Days

"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."

The Director Belt gets at the cause of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

### Sent on Trial

Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Mail the coupon NOW!

**LONDON & WARNER**  
332 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

London & Warner, Dept. K-7, 332 S. La Salle, Chicago

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

Name.....  
Address.....

### Sell LIFE PROTECTION

**\$50 to \$100 TO AGENTS**  
A WEEK  
Amazing Anti-Glare Device for Automobiles

Prevents loss of life and makes big money for salesmen. Motorists buy on 30-second demonstration. Treated by secret process. Shields the eyes from dazzling head-lights. Also used by day as a rear-view mirror. Unique, mystifying. Big season now. Write for details of our generous trial offer and sensational money-making plan with special discount prices to agents. No obligation. Address: THE LEE SEE CO., Dept. 237, Kewaunee, Wisconsin.

**READ!**  
Rhanney sold 108 in less than a week. Balance made \$40 in a day. \$200 in a week. Grissinger sold six first fifteen minutes. It's a winner for salesmen.

## GET ON "UNCLE SAM'S" PAYROLL

Courtesy of Leslie's Copyrighted

**\$1700 to \$3300 a Year**  
Ex-Service Men Get Preference



Common Education Sufficient

Mail Coupon today - SURE

Franklin Institute Dept. L191, Rochester, N. Y.

Rush to me, 32-page book with list of U. S. Government big paid positions now open to Ex-Service men. Advise me also regarding the salaries, hours, work, vacation and tell me about preference to Ex-Service men.

"Due to your well prepared training, I received my appointment eight days after my name was placed on the register."  
David W. Tucker.

Name.....  
Address.....

# AGENTS

Here's a **Automatic Traffic-Cop**  
**NEW ONE**



The Best  
Back Seat Driver  
on the Road!

He does all the "stop" and "slow down" signaling for the driver without instructions from the front seat. All metal—lithographed in colors—durable—good-looking. Entirely automatic—no wiring—no battery—works entirely from momentum of the car—attached inside rear window in about 10 seconds.

\$10 to \$15 a Day

—and we don't mean maybe  
Absolutely the greatest novelty ever introduced—the Safety-First Traffic Policeman. Not only good to look at, but of practical value. Auto owners buy it at sight.

Sells for \$1.00

—as fast as you can hand it out. Good for \$10 a day easily as a side line and for twice that much as a full-time proposition. To show it is to sell it—no long sales talk necessary. Carry it in your coat pocket. No selling outfit required, just the sample to show.

Greatest Car Novelty in Years!

Send a dollar for a sample, or still better, send \$6.50 for a dozen and an extra demonstrator free. Do it quick, territory is going fast.

TRAFFIC COP, Dept. E, 240 Clinton St., Buffalo, N. Y.



**RESHAPE  
your NOSE**  
to beautiful proportions—while you sleep!



**ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER**

is SAFE, painless, comfortable. Speedy, permanent results guaranteed. Doctors praise it. No metal to harm you. Small cost.

Gold Medal Won 1923

Write for FREE BOOKLET



ANITA CO., Dept. G-48. ANITA Bldg. NEWARK, J. N.

## Absorbing!



THE first edition of the official history of the American Legion Auxiliary is just off the press! Splendidly written and profusely illustrated, it presents in a most absorbing manner a record of the events incident to the organization of the American Legion Auxiliary and of its first three years of existence. It includes a brief account of the personnel and activities of each of its fifty-three Departments.

EACH Legion Post and Auxiliary Unit should procure a copy of this interesting book for its historical records. The honor of acquiring one of these first editions will fall only to a few, for the supply is limited.

**\$2.00 Post-paid**

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS  
THE AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY  
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

## They Also Serve

(Continued from page 93)

obviously, ripe for the psychopathic ward," he declared. He turned again to Ern Givens. "What are you doing in this part of France?"

"I came to this town to purchase some articles for my personal use, sir."

"Who sent you here?"

"Former Stable Sergeant Patrick Rogan, of Battery F, —th Field Artillery. The general will recall that in Doniphan he blooeyed me from that outfit to Remount for declining to sell him my horse, and the following week the general also blooeyed Sergeant Rogan for declining to lend him his shooting dog."

"Silence!"

Ern was silent, but his eyes, cool, hard and blue, roved over the general in a steady stare of hatred and contempt. Behind the general's back the staff looked aghast.

"So that fellow Rogan is with you, is he? How did he get here?"

"He helped himself to a government mule and the mule, swimming, towed him ashore also."

"Where are you two billeted?"

"In the village of Neuilly, eight miles from here, sir."

"Who is your commanding officer?"

"I don't know, sir. We had one on the horse transport, but he probably drowned when the ship was torpedoed."

"Perhaps not a psychopathic subject after all, sir," the chief of staff urged gently. "He doesn't look crazy to me, sir."

"I'll be the judge of his sanity, Colonel," the general retorted crisply. "Now, then, Givens, answer me this. The ship you came over on was torpedoed, and you got your horse up on deck and Rogan got a mule up on deck; then you both jumped them overboard and swam ashore. Are those the facts in the case?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was the name of your transport?"

"The *Tecumseh*, sir."

The staff exchanged glances, and the chief of staff, who, evidently, was a hard man to silence, spoke up.

"Did anything dramatic occur to you or Rogan after you left the doomed transport, Private Givens?"

Ern pondered this for half a minute.

"Why, yes, sir, now that you mention it, sir, I believe something dramatic did occur. We swam into the submarine that sunk us. There were three Germans on her deck, so I bumped all three off. Then another Heine stuck his head out the turret to see what the riot was all about and I bumped him off too. You see, sir, I had my pistol. Did my best to save all the government property possible."

The general and his staff looked at each other. "Good God!" said the chief of staff. "It's the man! His major, floating on a life raft a little distance away, saw this act of con-

spicuous gallantry, general, and the English editions of the Paris papers carried the story." And without an instant's hesitation the chief of staff climbed out of the car. "Let me shake your hand, son," he commanded. "If I had a company of men like you I'd be content to remain a captain all of my days. You're a hell-cracking, non-quitting, fighting fool and if you ever need a friend in the Army, command me." And he handed Ern Givens his card. Then he favored his commanding general with a look that said: "Well, you can run a rannikiboo on a friendless private but if you start anything with me I'm the boy who will finish it."

The general grew very red in the face and didn't seem to know what to do—particularly when the remainder of his staff got out and gladly paid the tribute which one brave man never begrudges another. They all assured him how happy they were to know that he and Rogan had managed to reach shore, and the chief of staff added that he was going to make it his business to see to it that Ern was recommended for the Distinguished Service Cross.

"Oh, please don't go to any fuss about me, sir," Ern pleaded. "I didn't do anything distinguished. I enlisted to fight in the Field Artillery, but after I was blooeyed to the Remount Service it didn't seem as if I'd ever get any fighting, so, naturally, when I bumped into a fat chance to get me a few Germans, I had to smother it. Anybody else would have done the same. It's nothing to write home about."

"Ahem! Humph-h!" The general was coming up for air. "Tell me, my man, how you managed to ship a civilian horse on a government transport?"

"Certainly, sir. There was a half-brother of this horse of mine came to our corrals near Doniphan. He was an exact duplicate of my horse. Now, my horse is the best hazing horse in the world and because I used him when breaking government horses, the commanding officer sort of overlooked his presence where he had no legal right. And somehow, when we were shipping, my horse was mistaken for the government horse and—"

"You're a brave man, but a damned rascal, Givens," the general interrupted. "However, I have neither the time nor the inclination to pry too closely into this illegal act of yours. Why have you permitted weeks to pass without making some effort to report yourself to the nearest American command?"

"Rogan has been sick with pneumonia, sir, and I had to stick around and nurse him. He's well now and fit to travel, so we were going to start tomorrow and see if we could find a Remount Station."

"Well, of course, Rogan would do that. With all his faults he is, at least, a soldier, and would never evade his



duty. Where were you going to hunt for a Remount Station?"

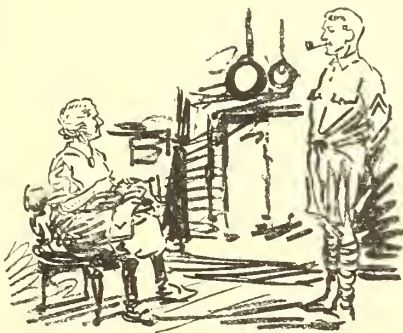
"Why, we heard there was one down near Bordeaux, sir."

"There is. You'll find your old major down there, no doubt. Well, see that you get going tomorrow and report to him at the earliest possible date."

"We've been troubled in our minds, sir, about the military police. They'll pick us up, unless we have travel orders—"

"Quite so, quite so, Givens. Colonel, get out a travel order for Privates Givens and Rogan."

An orderly sitting in the front seat with the sergeant chauffeur hopped into the passenger compartment, pulled down the collapsible table with which all staff cars are equipped, so the staff can spread maps out on them, dug up a portable typewriter, paper and carbon, and wrote out an order, directing Private Ernest Givens, No. 93-631 and Private Pat Rogan, No. 87-243, Remount Service, together with one horse and one mule, to proceed to the Remount Service at San Sulpice, Gironde, France, and report for duty to the commanding officer thereof. The chief of staff signed this order and the orderly affixed the division seal and handed



a carbon copy to Ern Givens, who thanked the general. Then they all climbed into the car and rolled away and Ern Givens returned to the store where he'd bought the civilian clothes and sold them back to the man for fifty percent of what he had just paid for them.

When we got back to our village Rogan was out in the barn putting hay in our mangers. Ern related his experience with the general and Rogan listened intently, while a cloud gathered on his dark brow.

"I suppose, Ernie, me son, ye're of the opinion ye've done a smart bit av wurk tellin' that divil how come ye got to France, an' inviglin' him out of a travel order?"

Ern admitted he thought he had been pretty foxy in addition to saving some money and Rogan groaned.

"Why did ye do it?" he roared. "Ye were comfortably dead. Why the divil didn't ye shtay that way?"

"But he caught me and recognized me and asked me questions. I never lie, Rogan. It's so much more comfortable to tell the truth, because then you can forget what you said. But you have to remember your lies so you can repeat them, if necessary."

"The lie," Rogan thundered, "is the bulwark av war. Lies, deceit an' all manner av shennanigans can be used to deceive the inimy, and if that ould blackguard isn't our inimy, who is? He'll sind a copy av that order in advance av us to the commandin' officer

av that Remount Station at San Sulpice, an' whin we fail to turn up the country will be raised agin us, as deserters. They'll think we've jined Pershing's Wanderers."

"Who are Pershing's Wanderers?"

"The skulkers from the front—the bums an' vagabones—the A. W. O. L. dhrunks an' deserters."

"I'm sorry, Pat. I didn't know. But the chief of staff said he was going to see to it that I'm recommended for the D. S. C., so I thought—"

"For what, avic? Gettin' the tail av you wet?"

"For tunnelin' those four Germans on the submarine we bumped into?"

"What four Germans? I saw no Germans tunneled."

"You would have, if you'd looked around that night. You bore off to the right but I went straight for that sub. The enemy were out on her deck—I had my pistol—and I tunneled them."

"Ye everlastin' numbskull. Why didn't I hear av this before?"

"You didn't ask me—and if I'd told you about it you'd have thought I was a liar and a braggart."

"Ye'll never get the D. S. C. unless an officer witnessed the act."

"The chief of staff says the major saw it from where he was floating around on a life raft. He says he read it in the English editions of the Paris papers."

"So our dear major is alive, is he? Well, thank God for that. Hum! Well, I'm not denyin' ye did a worthy job, Ernie, lad—an' the Service loves a modest man... and far be it from me to shtand in the way av me bunkie gettin' a D. S. C. I have van meself—so we'll be a pair to dhrav to. 'Twill win us considheration whin our application for a transfer comes up."

"We'll have to report to Remount now, of course."

"God help us, we will, since ye promised. But The Professor never took the oath av enlistmint an' the identity av Tip is unrevealed, so, since he's officially dead, begorra Tip's ghost will go back to the field artillery where it belongs. An' The Professor will go wit' him." Rogan scratched his ingenious head. "'Tis well to have a friend in a chief av shtaff," he added. "Sure, nobody but a complete jackass would think av wastin' two fightin' min in Remount. Whin do we shtart?"

"Tomorrow morning, Pat."

"Thin," said Private Pat Rogan, No. 87-243, "bad cess to the day I ever became a married man, for tomorrow mornin' me ould heart will break in two halves, so it will. Why in the name av common sinse couldn't I have remained an indacent civilian."

"Search me, Pat," said Ern Givens. (To be continued)

The Old Reliable Credit Jewellers

# LOFTIS BROS. & CO. EST'D 1858

Dept. B-36 109 N. State St. Chicago Ill.

Satisfaction Guaranteed, or money back. Goods sent for your free examination on request.

QUALITY GIFTS

## GENUINE Diamonds GUARANTEED

Our Diamonds are all sparkling blue white gems of amazing beauty, set in exceptionally artistic Solid 18 karat White Gold mountings. Credit Terms: Pay one-tenth down; balance weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly at your convenience. All goods delivered on first payment. Send for Big Diamond Catalog—Absolutely Free.

CASH or CREDIT

Men's strap watch, nickel, cushion shape, 6-jewel, high-grade movement, fine leather strap. \$9.95

17-Jewel ELGIN—No. 15—Green gold, Elgin Watch; gilt dial, \$30. \$3 down \$2.50 a wk.

No. 657—Ladies' wrist watch, gold 14k white gold, 15 Jewels. \$27.50 \$2.75 Down; \$2.75 a Month

Our References: Any Bank or Banker in the U. S. A.

# MEN! BIG MONEY

IN SPARE TIME

## And this Suit FREE

You can easily earn \$50 a week in spare time taking orders from your friends and neighbors for our fine tailoring. Orders come easy when you show our swell samples and smart styles. We Show You How—you don't need to know anything about tailoring—simply follow our directions—we make it easy.

**YOUR SUIT FREE**

Our new plan enables you to get one of our fine made-to-order suits, in any style you want, without one penny cost to you.

**FREE New Big Sample OUTFIT.** New style convenient carry ing case outfit; large, all-wool samples and all supplies furnished FREE. Write at once.

**PROGRESS TAILORING CO., Dept. G105, CHICAGO**

# PUNCTURE-PROOFS

Tires in ONE minute

Agents—Big—Quick Profits

Tires hammered full of nails, leak no air. Amazing new invention banishes puncture trouble forever. Punctures heal instantly. Stops slow leaks. Preserves rubber. Increases tire life. Clean, scientifically correct. Not a Liquid.

**FREE SAMPLE** Immediate— Tremendous profits. No talking—just drive nails in an old tire. GET THE FACTS. Territory going fast. Full particulars—Big Book and **FREE SAMPLE** postpaid by return mail. Send No Money, just your name but **ACT NOW.**

**C. F. JOHNSON & CO. 19 W. Jackson Blvd. Dept. 542, CHICAGO**

## A Better Lighter

# QUICKLITE

Men and women wanting to earn big money selling this excellent Pocket Lighter. Lights instantly as cap is pulled off. Burns any inflammable liquid. Unequaled advertising novelty. Send 50c for highly polished nickel sample. Dozen \$3.00. Gold plated in jewel box \$1.00

**RAPID MFG. CO., W-799 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY**

# GOV'T. POSITIONS

\$35 TO \$75 WEEKLY

( ) Railway Mail Clerk	( ) Meat Inspector
( ) P. O. Clerk	( ) Special Agent
( ) Forest Ranger	( ) Investigator
( ) File Clerk	( ) Stenographer-Typist
( ) Matron	( ) Immigrant Inspector
( ) General Clerk	( ) City Mail Carrier
( ) Chauffeur-Carrier	( ) U. S. Border Patrol
( ) Skilled Laborer	( ) Typist
( ) Watchman	( ) Seamstress
( ) Postmaster	( ) Steno-Secretary
( ) RFD Carrier	( ) Auditor

Mr. Ozment, Dept. 110, St. Louis, Mo. Send me particulars about positions marked "X"—salaries, locations, opportunities, etc.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

---

# *Listen, Mr. Legionnaire*

---

**T**HE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY  
is a gigantic Communication System.

More than that it is a MAGAZINE which offers you the best of entertainment.

Its STORIES are from the pens of America's FOREMOST AUTHORS.

Its ARTICLES are by people who KNOW.

As one Legionnaire writes, "Your index looks like a page from WHO'S WHO."

Now all this fine fiction and fact costs Plenty.

Your subscriptions are necessary and a big help—but they can not begin to meet the publication costs.

What makes a magazine a financial Success?

ADVERTISING.

Advertisers use The American Legion Monthly because they want to reach the tremendous LEGIONNAIRE MARKET.

The Legionnaire is a typical, representative American with Money to Spend.

More and more Advertisers are finding that out.

Now take it from us, products advertised in The American Legion Monthly are GOOD GOODS. We Guarantee that — NET!

It's YOUR magazine. Get behind it!

READ ITS ADVERTISEMENTS as you read its stories and articles.

And let us know how The American Legion Monthly ADVERTISING appeals to You.

Let us hear from you. Write,

**THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY**

*Advertising Department*

331 MADISON AVENUE      NEW YORK CITY

---

PRODUCTS ADVERTISED IN THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY ARE WORTH WHILE

---



# *Over the Top of the world to Paris*

**NINTH ANNUAL CONVENTION**  
*The American Legion - Sept. 19 to 23, 1927*

Of course, you expect to go. Everything has been arranged for you—railroad accommodation, palatial ships, housing in Paris and side trips to the battlefields and cemeteries that you will want to see. All at surprisingly reduced rates. No annoying details. You will marvel at how cheaply and simply your trip can be arranged.

The number who can go is limited. You must act quickly. Don't delay. Mail coupon NOW! It will bring full details FREE.

THE AMERICAN LEGION  
777 North Meridian St.  
Indianapolis, Indiana

Please forward me full details of the Legion's Paris Pilgrimage. This is to be supplied FREE and with the understanding that it places me under no obligation whatsoever.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Post No. \_\_\_\_\_ Dept. of \_\_\_\_\_



Because it's toasted, the  
hidden flavors of the world's  
finest tobaccos are developed

**LUCKY STRIKE**

"IT'S TOASTED"

*Your Throat Protection*